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MEMENTOES,

HISTORICAL AND CLASSICAL,

OF

A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY,

IN THE YEARS 1821 AND 1822:

INCLUDING A

SUMMARY HISTORY OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES,

AND OF THE

MOST MEMORABLE REVOLUTIONS;

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

FAMED EDIFICES, AND WORKS OF ART,

ANCIENT, AS WELL AS MODERN;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING CLASSIC FICTIONS AND CEREMONIES; AND OF SUCH RELICS STILL REMAINING.

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"Quoniam diu vixisse denegatur, aliquid faciamus quo possimus ostendere nos vixisse."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ERRATA.

Page 31, line 14, *for* Marius *read* Marcus.
35, —— 4, *dele* are.
88, —— 16, *insert* then *at the beginning.*
116, last line, *for* eruion *read* eruption.
146, line 18, *for* shook *read* shock.
164, —— 11, *for* Guilio *read* Giulio.
164, —— 19, *for* Danæ *read* Danae.
176, —— 4, *for* Capræ *read* Capreæ.

MEMENTOES,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VATICAN—SCALA REGIA—SCULPTURES—IL TORSO—APOLLO BELVEDERE—CANOVA—THE LAOCOON—SALA DEGL' ANIMALI—ANTIQUE CHARIOT, AND CHARIOTEER, &c.—SALA DEI CANDELABRI, AND SUMMARY OF THE SCULPTURES, MOSAICS, INSCRIPTIONS, &c. &c. &c. IN THE VARIOUS OTHER GALLERIES—LE LOGGIE DI RAFAELLO, AND HIS GRAND PICTURES—TAPESTRY—CAPELLA SISTINA, AND MICHAEL ANGELO'S LAST JUDGMENT—LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN, AND RARITIES—RAPHAEL'S TRANSFIGURATION—DOMENICHINO'S ST. JEROME—OTHER PICTURES.

THE Vatican Palace adjoins St. Peter's. The treasures of art in every department contained here are so exhaustless, and so invaluable, that as I ranged, lost in admiration, smitten with delight, through its sumptuous, endless, galleries, a train of ideas was lit up, connected with the past and present glories of Rome, and I thought to myself that, were I compelled to exchange my birth-right, the proud boast of being born an Englishman, I would be a Roman.

Of the extent of this palace the best proof is to state that the number of rooms it is affirmed to

contain are 11,000; and, if the subterranean be included, 13,000 is the vast amount.

Of the galleries of art some are subdivided into smaller rooms sweeping around a large circular court; others again follow one rectilinear direction, of which the perspective seems almost aerial, diminishing to a point. The modern arrangement of the rooms seems to emulate in taste, and grandeur, the antique treasures they contain; the Gods seem once more lodged in temples worthy of their divinity; and if "Mighty Mars"—"Creator Venus"—"Genial Power of Love"—and if "the Thunderer"—

> ———the Imperial God
> Who shakes Heav'n's axle with his awful nod. *Dryden.*

have not each to themselves a splendid temple, and votive rites, as erst, yet here are they assembled in halls, and palaces, glorious as those when they sat for solemn council in high Olympus's starry bowers, there to inhale the fragrant incense, and deepest vows of suppliant mortals, or to

> "Sip ambrosial cates with nectar rosy red."

One of the staircases leading to a principal suite of rooms, and which, by way of eminence, is denominated La Scala Regia, is asserted to be the finest staircase in the world. It springs from the equestrian statue of Constantine, and is formed of flights of marble steps between a double range of Ionic pilasters and columns.

These galleries of the Vatican being the depo-

sitary of the chefs-d'œuvre of antique, and modern, art, here may the unbiassed critic scan the comparative merits of the two. As I do not lay claim to the learning, or the discrimination, of some professed, and very hypercritical, judges: and as I am occasionally still less convinced by the remarks they make, or by the reasons they adduce for preference, I only propose to notice the principal of the many valuables here collected which most struck me, without canvassing those technical distinctions, often so subtle as to lose all applicability, and oftener, as I think, no more than the fiction of a critic.

Shall we begin with the marbles in the Museo Chiaramonti?

Ranging down one immensely long gallery, occupied by gods and goddesses, heroes and demigods, muses and emperors, poets and philosophers, sarcophagi, cinerary urns, altars, and inscriptions, sacrificial, dedicatory, or otherwise allusive, the vista is terminated by the famed Torso, sculptured by Apollonius, son of Nestor of Athens, a matchless, yet melancholy, fragment of a reposing Hercules.

Other rotundos lead to an octangular court, whose several rooms are appropriated to the generally acknowledged choicest remains of sculpture.

The Apollo Belvedere.—Some there may be who prefer the Venus de' Medici to the Apollo. I have not forgotten how lavishly I spoke of the

Venus, but, if stronger terms of admiration be left, now let me use them when the Apollo is my theme.

When planting my foot on the threshold of the temple appropriated to this Divinity, my eye first glanced upon his statue—mute, and struck with awe and admiration, I stood transfixed as though in the presence of a God. No subsequent impression has effaced this; and having now seen most of, if not all, the most celebrated sculptures, I hesitate not to pronounce this to be, in my judgment, the very finest of them all.

Beauty too perfect for mortal frame, worthy only of a God; and that Divinity, though veiled in the cold, and chaste, marble, the little medium the sculptor has to tell his apprehensions of a Deity, yet beaming in every feature of the celestial face, and front!

Did Apollo, God of eloquence, of music, of poetry, and arts, himself inspire the artist, and guide his hands? Or did he, immortal in the heavens, decree this one work to immortalise him on earth? and which has thus come down to this present day more perfect, more fair, and freer from stain or blemish, than any other known sculpture.

The act was worthy of the God; and the look, the air, the tread, the expression, announce that the act was done as a God.* On earth the

* The Serpent Python, which Apollo has just shot, is fabled to have sprung from the mud caused by the deluge of Deuca-

"heavenly archer" now deigns to be; but while we gaze, we acknowledge that it is from his habitation in high Olympus that he has here flown to reveal his mortal form.

This statue is of Grecian workmanship, and supposed imported by Nero.

Ages have rolled away since this once insensate marble of the quarry was bidden into life by the heaven-aspiring genius of the sculptor;—through ages has it been gazed upon with admiration, and we fix our eyes upon that which the former monarchs of the earth were proud to possess, and which the bards of those days delighted to sing. It is in the Vatican, fit place, that this God presides! It is Rome, where he was once worshipped, that he again inhabits, and where he is again adored! Time has robbed us of the name of the deathless artist, but his fame is immortal as the refulgent Deity of Day whom he has here transfused, and embodied, in an earthly medium, that he may ever dwell, and radiate, among us.

I cannot omit to insert one story in proof of its

lion, though more generally it is thought that this monster was created expressly by Juno to terrify and persecute Latona, of whom Jupiter was enamoured. The unhappy mother wandered from place to place, for ever haunted by the fear of Python, till Jupiter, in compassion, changed her into a quail, restoring her to her form at the hour of giving birth to Apollo and Diana, in the isle of Delos, which Neptune raised from the bottom of the sea, because Latona could find no place of refuge on earth.

Apollo revenged his mother's wrongs by destroying the monster, and also instituted the Pythian Games.

transcendent beauty.—It is asserted, that a damsel of France, stricken with Love's deepest dart for the cold, but breathing, marble, day by day came to gaze upon it, to adore it, to offer it the fairest flowers. Reason, no doubt, was toppled from her seat; but, long time struggling with this chaste yet unrequited passion, she ultimately sank under the force of it!

In a temple near the Apollo are Canova's Perseus, and his two Boxers. My opinion of this living sculptor, and descriptions of these productions, I have already given at some length. The affinity of the two subjects of the Apollo and the Perseus has induced a similarity of attitude.

Being near each other, many spectators occupy themselves in critically comparing the two. What a tribute! For, even allowing that the antique exceed the modern—yet—to bear comparison with the finest statue in the world!

Another room has the beautiful Antinous, and a further the matchless Laocoon.

This latter group in the days of Pliny was deemed a prodigy of art, and, as we are told by him, was the united production of three sculptors of Rhodes; Agesander, Athenodorus, and Polydorus. It was then in the palace of Titus, and in these ruins it was discovered about three centuries ago.

To me this group seemed worthy of all that

has been said and written in praise of it, and deserving to rank second only to the Apollo.

The Apollo has the tranquil majesty of a God: the Laocoon has the agonies of a mortal, but of a mortal contending with a God. We gaze on the breathing marble till we feel and sympathise with the intensity of suffering in the father, and the yet greater paternal anguish for his hapless boys, writhing in the horrid, involving, serpent folds that crack their tender limbs, and with the venomed black and poisoned bite, that eats their veins, and penetrates the heart;—and we continue to look till involuntarily we deplore the ill-fated parent with his bold, vigorous form, and swollen muscles, straining his outstretched arms, and every sinew with giant strength to shake off the hideous, sea-begotten serpents that heed not his fruitless efforts; his deepest woe; or frantic cries to heaven;—and leave him not, or children, till life's last struggling, bitterest, gasp!*

* Laocoon was priest of Apollo, and son of Priam (king of Troy) and Hecuba. He is supposed to have offended the God of Day by marrying against his consent, or by a debauchery in his temple, and he vehemently attempted to dissuade the Trojans from admitting into their city the wooden horse, which proved to be filled with armed Greeks, and by which artifice Troy fell. The horse, moreover, had been consecrated to Minerva; and Laocoon, penetrating the fatal deception, in his rage had impiously hurled a javelin at it. As Laocoon was sacrificing a bullock on the sea-shore, Neptune, at the instigation of Apollo, sent two enormous sea-serpents,

Two rooms near these, divided by a vestibule, and granite columns, are distinguished as La Sala degl' Animali. Animals real, and fabulous, wrought in marble, alabaster, &c., are placed on valued tables of ancient, and modern, design. These are as beautiful of their kind as any thing else, and are certainly very curious. Among them are a lion pouncing upon a horse, the latter sinking with the weight, and the blood streaming from the terrific paw fixed in his broad chest. A stag in party-coloured alabaster. A tiger, and a griffin in spotted marble. A lion whose teeth and tongue are of one colour, and the body of another. Hercules, and Cerberus. Hercules, and that Diomed who was devoured by his horses; a lobster, a sphinx, and a stork, with innumerable other birds and beasts, natural and fictitious; some tranquil, some in action, but all appropriate, all mimicking life, and all cut in rare, and curiously spotted, stones and marbles.

An antique chariot, drawn by two fiery steeds, is the principal ornament of the beautiful circular temple entitled the Chamber of the Chariot, or La Stanza della Biga. The car is marble as well

which, seizing upon the father and his two sons, squeezed them in their deadly, terrific folds till they all expired in agony. This being accomplished, the dragons of the deep, gliding away, reached the sacred temple of Minerva, and there for protection hid themselves beneath the feet of her venerated effigy, and under the orb of her broad shield. (Æn. II. v. 200.)

as the steeds, one of which is modern; yet it were difficult to find any grouping more spirited.

> So four fierce coursers starting to the race
> Scour thro' the plain and lengthen ev'ry pace;
> Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries they fear,
> But force along the trembling charioteer. *Dryden.*

It were hardly probable that ancient charioteers should eclipse the improvements of modern whips; yet in this case, instead of the strait bar that keeps together and in pace the horses of a modern curricle, there is, apparently, the same object, but having the shape of a snake with its graceful curves and wreathings.

Most appropriately in this chamber, besides the admirable statues of Sardanapalus, or the Bearded Bacchus; of Alcibiades; of the figure veiled, in the act of sacrificing; &c. &c. there is an ancient Auriga, or Charioteer, and a Discobolus; together with Sarcophagi, sculptured with the beautiful design of little playful loves and genii, indulging in the sports of the circus.

La Sala de' Candelabri is one magnificent gallery divided into six compartments by marble columns, &c. It is graced with a collection of the most beautiful, matchless, and unrivalled, regal and sacred candelabras, tripods, vases, cinerary urns, statues, sarcophagi, Egyptian relics, and busts, together with some very ancient and curious maps, &c. &c.

To record some few of the further preeminent

works of art dispersed around :—Here is the Meleager, asserted as one of the finest sculptures that the world can boast. The Ariadne abandoned; or perhaps more justly Cleopatra;—but the distinction signifies not; I gaze upon it with delight for its beauty; I see, and I sympathise in the sorrows of a broken female heart thus admirably pourtrayed.

Here is the plain, but venerated peperin, or Alban stone, sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, great grandfather of Scipio Africanus, together with various inscriptions relative to the Scipio race, which amid all the convulsions of Rome, reposed deep in their hallowed tomb from about three centuries before the christian era, till discovered 1780 years after.

The unrivalled *Stanza delle Maschere* has its ceiling painted with the modern classic pencil of Domenico d'Angelis; it is upheld by 16 columns and pilasters of the purest Oriental alabaster, and its pavement is formed of such mosaics representing Masks, &c. as were worthy of the imperial Adrian's villa at Tivoli; mosaics which his eyes may often have gazed upon, and his feet have trodden; and from which same spot was taken the matchless laughing Faun in *rosso antico*. Here also are the Ganymede, the Venus, the Adonis; suffice it to say all of them of superlative merit.

The Grand Circular Hall has one vast porphyry vase, or basin, in circumference forty-one feet, which overshadows an antique mosaic pavement

found at Otriculi, depicting a colossal Medusa's head, together with the combats of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ; the whole encircled by another mosaic band found at Scrofano, representing marine monsters. Here also is the frowning bust of Jupiter Serapis, once additionally dignified with the rays of the seven planets; the statue of Imperial Juno as queen of heaven; and again as Juno Sospita, or Lanuvina, arrayed in her goat-skin garb, her conical shoes, and brandishing her dart and buckler.

The Hall of the Muses contains the "Heavenly Sisters Nine," with Apollo Musagetes, or Cyterodos. Among this celestial choir are ranged the Hermes of antient poets, and philosophers; the pavement is a mosaic found at Lorium, depicting comic and tragic actors, and the ceiling is upheld by sixteen columns of Carrara marble, whose capitals were taken from Adrian's villa. These invaluable Muses were found in 1774 in Cassius's villa at Tivoli.

In the Gallery of Statues are the two sculptures of Menander and Posidippus, and in the Museo Chiaramonti is the Tiberius, found at Piperno, formerly Privernum;—three sitting statues equally remarkable for their happy expression, and perfect ease of attitude.

The magnificent Sala della Croce Greca, built by Pius VI. has its door upheld by two colossal Egyptian Caryatides, formed of red granite, found in Adrian's villa, and, it is presumed, meant to repre-

sent; and thus to perpetuate his favourite Antinous. This saloon contains Egyptian idols, sphinxes: Roman cippi, statues, bassi-rilievi: it has the very mosaic pavement of Minerva's head, and arabesques, which, being dug up at Tusculum, allow one to suppose, that it may have belonged to the villa of Cicero; and it further possesses the particularly sumptuous porphyry sarcophagi of Helena and Constantia, mother, and daughter, of Constantine the Great: both of these are the more valuable from their sculptured bassi-rilievi.

Add to this imperfect list those further masterpieces, the Thunderer with his vengeful bolts; the majestic Ceres; the beneficent Nerva; and the oft-repeated mystic Mithras, God of Persia, and God of the sun; youthful in appearance, his head bound with the oriental turban, pressing to the earth a prostrate bull, and plunging the dagger in his throat.

But I fear it may be tiresome and unmeaning, thus to attempt descriptions of this kind. All arts have their bounds, and writing does not convey a clear idea of these imitative arts. Suffice it then to say, that the galleries of the Vatican exceed in their range every other in Europe, and that those of the Louvre, and of Florence, though deservedly boasted, are not worthy of the slightest comparison:—collections which the world cannot match, and which centuries could not replace. A range of more than a mile and a half (including some

doublings unavoidably taken) through galleries of art, where the eye is ever feasted by beauty, and the mind ever excited by diversity.

I have not particularised the suites of rooms appropriated to Egyptian antiquities, or to Grecian relics; the corridors of christian inscriptions in the days of persecution, taken from the Catacombs; and the Roman inscriptions found at various times, now inserted in the walls, and classed as funerary, votive, dedicatory, military, sacred, legal, sacrificial, &c. &c., and which throw so much light upon Roman usages. I have not adequately spoken of the many superb sarcophagi of basalt, granite, porphyry, with their beautiful classical bassi-rilievi sculptures upon them; battles, games, cupids, apotheoses, &c. &c., where death is divested of its terrors, and the tomb of the deceased is a poetic gratification and excitement to the living. I have hardly spoken of the further innumerable bassi, and alti rilievi, historical and poetical; of the valued ancent bathing vessels; of the ancient sacred, and magisterial, seats, and tables; of the mosaic floors and pavements, and pictures of matchless beauty: of the unique collection of busts, and Hermes and Termini, and statues without end; all arranged with consummate art, in rooms whose lofty domes are upheld by the exquisite marble columns of the temples of Greece and Rome, and modern grandeurs of faultless purity, and beauty,

to match them: nor have I at all adequately described the Rotonda, the Gabinetto, or La Sala a Croce Greca, which, in themselves, independently of the treasures they hold, are matchless in architectural beauty, and pure decoration. Halls where the massive and solemn Egyptian relics, preserve in their unfathomable hieroglyphics that mystic meaning which, if ever developed, might tell their laws, their religion, and perhaps those of ages before them, but which seem doomed to silence as deep as the tomb of their sculptor:—and Temples where the lighter, the gayer effusions, and the refined sentiments of Greek and Roman souls are embodied with exquisite art, and perpetuated in their eternal marbles. The one nation seeking to veil their perceptions in profoundest, monotonous, allegoric, darkness; the other pouring out their thoughts, their adorations, their poetic fictions, the past, the present, and the bright visions of their future Elysium, in the plainest speaking, and in the purest sculptured, and pictorial, art.

These, to be appreciated, must be seen; and whoever has a taste for art, may exult if his good fortune allow him to see the Vatican.

Nevertheless I proceed to sum up some other departments of the palace.

Le Loggie di Rafaello.—Of Raphael I may say that great as was my admiration of him, it is at

Rome that I have learnt more adequately to appreciate his transcendent talents. I do not mean to apply such eulogium to all his productions. We all vary in excellence at times; none, I think, more so than Raphael; though of him I would say that as, generally, his later productions incomparably exceed his earlier, so has he the greater merit of having perfected the bent of innate genius by the studies of maturer years.

The Chambers which bear his name, were constructed under his directions during the pontificate of Julius II., though not completed till the reign of his successor, Leo X.

The Loggie, or open galleries, will first arrest the attention. They contain many scriptural representations, and endless fantastic arabesques, fruits, treillage, and foliage, by the hands of Raphael and his scholars.

In the Stanze di Rafaello, who but must lament that the paintings with which they are enriched, the embodied conceptions of the divine Raphael, of that heaven-gifted genius which imagined, and imaged, grace, and expression, and beauty, and sublimity, passing mortal bounds; and whose creations, while we gaze upon them, elevate us to those purer regions where his fancy ever revelled; who, I say, but must lament that such productions should by neglect, or by damp, be injured and effaced; and yet more so by the barbarity of

invaders, who have smoked them by the fires they lit in these very rooms? *

Of the four principal paintings it is hard to decide which is the most admirable: the Burning of the Borgo; the School of Athens; Heliodorus vanquished by Miracle in the Temple at Jerusalem; or the Battle of Constantine. Though the balance of merit may be equal, the decision of preference will be given from particular bias; and I therefore decide for the Battle. No two subjects can well be more opposed to each other; the personification of philosophy, the cool, dignified, and deliberate, operations of human reasoning as exhibited in the fifty-two inimitable figures, and portraits, with appropriate representations of the greatest sages of antiquity; and where every architectural delineation is in a corresponding style of uniform grandeur and simplicity; or the Battle of Constantine against Maxentius, near the Ponte Molle, all fire, animation, and hot confusion. But how perfect every detail! How noble and commanding the Emperor! How readily the eye fixes on him, and acknowledges the victory to be his! and how affecting amid the horrors of the fight to repose on the minor figures whom the painter has purposely detached from the battle to awake the softer feelings!

The Burning of the Borgo, or suburb of Santo

* The army of Charles V.

Spirito, represents a fire at Rome in the ninth century, and during the pontificate of Leo IV.; who is seen in the distance above the crowds of suppliants who are invoking his appeal to heaven; and also introduces that celebrated groupe apparently representing Eneas, Anchises, Ascanius, and Creusa.

The same pontiff has another picture pourtraying his victory over the Saracens at Ostia.

The Heliodorus is the incident taken from the Maccabees, when this prefect being sent by king Seleucus to pillage the Temple of Jerusalem, was, by the prayers of the high priest Onias, overthrown by two angels, and a warrior, on horseback. One other great picture is the Parnassus, where the painter rivals the poets he introduces in his details of the abode of the Muses.

In the various compartments around these rooms are a multitude of other designs, historical, allegorical, and sacred, by Raphael, assisted by Julio Romano, Polidore da Caravaggio, and others; each a school of art, and a study of excellence. Immediately above the great window of the third room, and which cuts the picture into parts, is Raphael's oft vaunted, inimitable, Liberation of St Peter from Prison. The difficulties he had thus to contend with, have only excited the greater powers of art; and this painting independently of Raphael's usual graces depicts the most beautifully

contrived dazzling delusions from four varying lights: the two glories of the Angel; the soldier's torch; and the refulgent moon-beams.

The Coronation of Charlemagne; and Attila, with his army retreating from the intended siege of Rome, at the vision of Saints Peter and Paul in the clouds, and introducing Pope St. Leo I.; —these again are works displaying certain beauties which the conceptions and powers of the divine Raphael alone could execute.

Nevertheless of all which I have thus hastily glanced at, the School of Athens is perhaps confessedly the very finest. But the pen can neither paint nor describe a picture: the due appreciation and enjoyment of those I have named is a boon to those only who can inspect them. Of all I have described, the colours are so far faded that their brightness will allure none; the loiterer may pass them unheeded; the critic will be arrested. Centuries have revolved, and these productions of Raphael, so varied in their subjects, are still deemed the finest, and the grandest, efforts of the painter's art.

I must not omit to mention that there are other rooms decorated with tapestry; executed, I believe, in Flanders, and being copies of some of Raphael's Cartoons, painted for Leo X. These represent some subjects which we do not possess in England; nor do I remember to have seen there, all those

we have here. Seven cartoons only are at Hampton Court; the remaining great originals are utterly lost.

The Capella Sistina, has Michael Angelo's well-known picture of the Last Judgment. I cannot join in the extravagant encomiums which have been lavished on this production. Perhaps it is but fair to acknowledge, that it is more effaced and injured by damp, and smoke, than any other picture in the Vatican, and I must admit that it depicts admirably the horrors of souls and bodies, eternally condemned; but what a perpetual repetition of unnatural contortions, and images, and of such huge, brawny, muscular, bodies; and what an idea to represent skeletons putting on their skins, as men put on their clothes! There are detached groups conveying the most appalling, and consequently the most appropriate, expression of the horrors of such a moment: there are saints and martyrs with their respective emblems: there are beatified spirits, and the angels of Heaven winging their flight with the souls of the blest into Paradise; yet, nevertheless, as a whole, it seems more a study of art than a picture to gaze upon. I may say it is grand, even sublime, energetic, awful; but it is harsh, extravagant, coarse. Its colours are faded, its beauty is gone, its intermediate gradations of tints are lost; and though these contingencies do not disparage the merit of the

original work, yet Michael Angelo, always so rigid, so terrible, cannot be deprived of the few softer touches and feelings he scattered in a production of so awful a nature.

In a work of this great magnitude, and which occupied the artist some years, I am at a loss to know what could prompt the introduction of the heathen fable of Charon, and his ferry-boat; and, finally, though all who believe in the awful and tremendous occurrence of such a future day, must naturally think, and speak, of it most reverently; and though no one can say how such an hour shall be arranged; yet to me it would seem more consistent with the omnipotent power of God, the Father, to whom neither miracle, nor creation, nor annihilation, were an effort; and also more consonant to the mercy and righteousness of the Great Judge, to represent Him calm and dignified, rather than, as is here shown, wrathful and indignant; thus assimilating the Supreme Deity with the petty passions which sway us, poor mortals as we are! But the faculties of man, all wondrous as they may be, are finite; and never yet, though oft attempted, did succeed, or ever will, in representing Infinity: and though man be an emanation of the Deity, he is but as a spark of that ethereal fire which cannot image the whole; no more than can a little light in a corner convey an idea of the sun.

The Library of the Vatican is one of the noblest and richest in the world. The books are almost entirely concealed from sight by being kept in detached cases. The walls are painted with various allusions to the lives of the popes and their principal acts, and the various galleries are terminated by cabinets reserved for the choicest ancient gems, medals, cameos, relics, &c. &c. Bonaparte having presented the reigning Pontiff* with two most superb candelabras of Seve china, his Holiness has deposited them in the library.

The Stanza dei Papiri, or depositary of ancient manuscripts on Papyrus, is unique in its beautiful marble decorations. Its ceiling has also paintings of Raphael Mengs, where this artist has lavished his utmost powers in allegorical painting, and with such success that perhaps the world cannot match the exquisite beauty of these frescoes. Of the perspective effect of this range of galleries, it is sufficient to state that their extent is nearly 1,000 feet in length.

The number of books is hardly known, but the manuscripts are the most valued, and are counted at from 30,000 to 40,000, including some of the oldest, and rarest, poets, and authors. Here are Missals, and Bibles in several Oriental languages, with their illuminations; manuscripts on papyrus;

* Pius VII. lately dead.

ancient, and secret, annals, and archives; a manuscript Pliny, with coloured animals; a Virgil of the fifth century, with the miniature heroes of the Æneid in their proper costumes; a Terence illuminated with ancient masks; a Dante enriched by the famed Giulio Clovio; and some works of our Henry VIII. including his original Treatise on the Seven Sacraments, and a letter to Anna Boleyn, indicating his impatience to join his love, and finishing thus:—"No more to you at this time, my own darling, but that with a whistle I wish we were together one evening.—By the hand of yours, HENRY."

Other apartments of this unrivalled suite are filled with a collection of prints, with valued antique vases, urns, busts, cameos, rings, seals, salvers, &c. &c.; and there is also a collection of Christian antiquities, taken from the Catacombs, with many instruments of torture used upon these victims; and, finally, that nothing may be wanting to this library, there are Interpreters always in the vestibule for the explanation of the foreign languages, and for the satisfaction of the visitor. I must not omit to notice that beautiful column of Oriental alabaster, spiral and fluted; also that singular relic of a Roman sarcophagus, being a sheet, or cloth, formed of the Asbestos, indestructible by fire, and, therefore, so valued by the wealthy Roman for the preservation of his funeral ashes; together with the

actual hair, or tresses, probably of a Roman belle, found when all else had perished in a tomb on the Appian Way.

The galleries up-stairs, or Il Appartamento Borgia, contain a few, but some of the very finest, old pictures in the world.—Raphael's Transfiguration: Detach the sublime, the expressive, the glorified, and celestial Saviour from this picture, and which figure may be deemed the triumph of conception and execution, and I do not think that the remainder rivals some other of Raphael's works.—The attitudes of Moses and Elias almost approach to a burlesque upon the heavenly buoyancy of Christ; nor do I see any connexion or affinity in the story represented below, though I understand it was thus painted in pursuance of the commands of those monks in whose church it was to hang—St. Peter, in Montorio. Each head beams with every variety of intelligence, and expression, but all this is directed, not to their God above, but to the frantic gestures of a demoniac beneath.

Dominichino's Communion of St. Jerome.—This again can scarcely be enough admired.—Vigour of conception, splendour of coloring, perfection of execution; the sufferings of mortality, the divine consolations of purest, ministering, angels! I do not think that the pencil has ever achieved a finer effort than this representation of the Saint.—Just expiring, the light fast fading from his dim eyes,

the imbecility of extreme old age depicted in every wrinkle of his withered limbs, and his arms upheld by others, unable, from the feebleness of sickness, to support themselves, the Saint makes one last effort to extend them to receive the Holy Sacrament, which the cherub angels above only wait for; while his soul, anticipating release from earth, and the eternal beatitude of heaven, seems hovering but to partake of this last ghostly comfort ere it flit from its mortal hold.

If I do not describe, let me at least mention, the invaluable Martyrdom of St. Peter by Guido; the Madonna, Saviour, and Saints, by Titian; St. Romualdo's Dream by Andrea Sacchi; and Raphael's Madonna di Foligno.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAPITOL—EQUESTRIAN MARCUS AURELIUS—TROPHIES OF MARIUS, &c.—SCULPTURES—THE DYING GLADIATOR—SUMMARY OF THE MOST CELEBRATED SCULPTURES, VASES, BASSI-RILIEVI, INSCRIPTIONS, &c. &c.—PLINY'S MOSAIC—HALL OF EMPERORS—EGYPTIAN RELICS—ROSTRAL COLUMN—BRONZE GEESE—BRONZE SHE WOLF—HISTORY, AND VARYING OPINIONS—PRINCIPAL PICTURES—BASSI-RILIEVI.

THE modern Capitol.—Very, inferior indeed is the building now occupying the brow of the Capitoline Hill to the majesty of the former temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, of which I have already spoken. The eye is arrested, and far more struck, by the equestrian statue occupying the centre of the square; that of Marcus Aurelius. This work of art, like many others, has been the unfortunate medium of proving the sagacity of critics, by the faults they have found with it. Methinks that, to an unprejudiced mind, and to an observer of art, a more spirited, or finer, horse was never cast in bronze. Proud of his imperial rider, his eyes shoot fire; he seems to disdain the earth he treads upon, and appears in rapid progress to leave behind him the pedestal upon which he is placed.

The Museum has a collection of sculptures inferior only to the Vatican. In speaking of them I shall not have much opportunity of finding fault, as I only mean to quote the best; neither, if I did

consider myself as qualified so to do, would it be my present aim.

In traversing Rome, in examining its relics of art, I seek not so much to scan them with an hypercritical eye, or try to point out a possible inaccuracy, or contradiction; my pleasure is rather derived from their classical associations, and from the veneration I feel for relics which have been preserved through so many ages, empires, and revolutions, and which, at this day, tell us so forcibly and intimately of the glories, of the policies, and of the habits of this once acknowledged Mistress of the Globe.

One of the most repulsive feelings excited, at least to me, on entering the Capitol was to find a handsome ball room, a Salle de Bal, erected by the French on the brow of the Capitoline hill! perhaps on the very spot where, once, nations prostrated themselves at the feet of the Thunderer! and this also close upon a relic of old Rome, dictated by so opposite a national feeling; a statue of Rome triumphant, armed; a lance in her hand, and a captive kingdom, probably Dacia, at her feet! So great was the confidence of Rome, latterly, as frequently to exhibit such vain-glorious monuments of her own omnipotence. Two statues of kings are by her side; their hands are wanting; and, according to Winkelman, they represent two kings of the Scordisci, in Pannonia, or Thrace, thus

originally sculptured, from the Roman practice of cutting off the hands of their Thracian prisoners.—(*Florus.*)

On the balustrade of the staircase are those two antique sculptured marbles, known as the Trophies of Marius, and erected in consequence of his victories over the Cimbri. Even in the days of Fabricius these were much mutilated, as appears in his fourteenth Chapter, where he describes them as two trunks of marble hung round with military spoils, helmets, shields, &c. with images of victory; and having a captive youth in front.

Ascending the staircase, we see inserted in the walls twenty-six fragments of plans of the ancient city. In viewing these curious remains, and in perusing the innumerable inscriptions found at various times, all illustrative of foreign or domestic Roman history, and which are here systematically arranged, it is wonderful to find so much remain, and how much information on every point may be gleaned therefrom.

In the Gallery of Sculpture, among the principal beauties, is that ever-famed and matchless representation of an expiring man, the Dying Gladiator, or Warrior, or Herald, or Shield-bearer. The criticisms on both sides, to prove it the one or the other, I waive; I look at it with admiration for its force of expression, where life seems fast sinking away, and where shame for defeat yet mingles with

other, better, greater, feelings; or, in the words of Byron, which form the best panegyric upon this wonderful statue that I can give,

> I see before me the Gladiator lie;
> He leans upon his hand;—his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony,
> And his droop'd head sinks gradually low.

and again,

> ———His eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away:
> He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize;
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
> There were his young barbarians all at play;
> There was their Dacian mother;—he, their sire,
> Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.
>
> *Childe Harold.*

This oft admired sculpture has been affirmed, with apparent reason, to be a copy of that masterpiece of Ctesilaus alluded to by Pliny.

Cupid and Psyche embracing. How delicate and chaste!

The Faun with his goat, about the size of life. This inimitable sculpture of antiquity, in red marble, was found in Adrian's villa, at Tivoli, and is a most animated and matchless representation of the laughing, drunken, grape-loving deity. The goat seems as merry as his master.

Of the Venus, surnamed the Venus of the Capitol, I have not much to say, thinking her inferior to many others I have seen. The two

Centaurs, formerly in the possession of Cardinal Furietti, also found in Adrian's villa, are most remarkable for the force, and vigour, of the chisel. Every muscle, every vein of both man and horse, seems in full action: I thought them prodigiously fine. Add the beautiful Antinous, the ugly Hecuba, or Præfica, (a woman hired to make lamentations at a funeral, and to howl the *nenia* or *lessus*,) and the innocent Child playing with a Swan. These are a few, out of many *capi d'opera*, not forgetting to name the noble white marble vase, and its sculptured foliage, found near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and placed upon a pedestal, an ancient puteal, of equally valued sculpture, representing the twelve superior Deities.

The bassi-rilievi of the many sarcophagi, urns, vases, pedestals, &c. are among the objects I take most pleasure in examining. What a treasure of classical lore, what a fund of information as to ancient costume, arts, religion, war, superstitions, &c., may be traced in these, and in the sculptured acts of Achilles, Hercules, Jove, gods, and goddesses, heroes, and demi-gods! Witness that sumptuous sarcophagus, asserted to be of Alexander Severus, and his mother Mammea, from their supposed effigies at the top, on the sides of which are a series of bassi-rilievi allusive to Achilles, Briseis, Agamemnon, Patroclus, and Minerva. In the same tomb was found the Barberini, alias the

Portland vase; and another urn alluding to Prometheus, and the life of man, and explanatory of the agency of the fates, and the elements, with other poetic classic fictions. Sometimes various attributes are expressed in one sculpture; for instance, in that beautiful study of Diana Triformis, where the goddess with her three forms, and appropriate emblems, as Luna with the lotus flower on her forehead, and torch in her hand; as Diana, with a key, her brows bound by laurel; and as Proserpine, with the serpent, and crowned with rays, so significantly marks her power in heaven, earth, and hell.

Let me additionally point out as best worth notice, the ancient Roman Milliare, or marble mile-stone, placed in the piazza with its two inscriptions, Latin and Greek; the Stanza Lapidaria with its 122 inscriptions, relative to Roman emperors and consuls, from Tiberius to Theodosius; the very antique pedestal depicting the labours of Hercules, found at Albano; and the bassi-rilievi sculptures of the ancient architectural instruments of measurement, resembling those we now use.

In La Stanza del Vaso, is that celebrated marble slab called the Iliac table, from its sculptured bassi-rilievi, and Greek commentary, alluding to Homer's Iliad. The Greek scholar will refer to this original with rapture; the less learned may find it amply explained by Foggini, and Heyne: and near to

this is also that antique bronze vase given by Mithridates, king of Pontus, to the Gymnasium of Eupatoria; which city he had built. The inscription round the lip is the authority; this vase is therefore 1900 years old. It was dug up in the port of Antium.

In my further visits to the Museum of the Capitol, I had more leisure to observe the two columns of *giall' antico*, thirteen feet high, which support the principal niche of the great saloon, and which were found near the tomb of Cecilia Metella; also the two figures of Victory upholding the coat of arms of Clement XII, the spoil of the triumphal arch of Marius Aurelius. I then sought out the young Hercules in basalt, memorable for having been found on the Aventine Hill, perhaps near the cave of Cacus; and also for its sculptured pedestal allusive to Jove from his birth to his sovereignty. The other Hercules, semi-colossal, holding the apples of the Hesperides, is most remarkable for still retaining its gilding on the bronze. It is placed upon an altar of fortune, with allegorical bassi-rilievi worth observing. A statue of Isis, or her priestess, is beautifully draped in regard to the arrangement of her flowing mantle, or *peplum:* on her head is the lotus, in her hand the *sistrum* and the *præfericulum*, or sacred basin.

A Gymnastic or professor of these exercises;—a Marius, or some other meditative Roman in con-

sular robes; and an Harpocrates with a cornucopia in his hand, and a lotus on his brow, are all worthy of the admiration of a lover of sculptured art.

In the Stanza del Fauno, among the inscriptions inserted in the wall is that remarkable bronze tablet, containing the royal law of the Senate decreeing imperial power to Vespasian; and here also is that other exquisite specimen of infantine sculptured grace, under the semblance of a Cupid bending, or breaking, his bow. I cannot omit to point out that striking head of the favoured of Minerva, the implacable Tydeus; nor the bas-relief on the sarcophagus, depicting the loves of Diana and Endymion, and by a liberty common in ancient relievos showing actions of different periods on the same surface; and most particularly I recall to recollection simply by this notice, that impressive admirable basso-rilievo of the wars of Theseus, and his Grecians, with the Amazons; though certainly not to the honour, or gallantry, of this renowned warrior, he is here dragging away his future wife, his Hippolyta or Antiope, by the hair of her head.

In the room adjoining the ancient wolf is that admired bronze statue of the shepherd-boy Martius, pulling out the thorn from his foot; and here also are those valued marble fragments found near the Comitium of the Roman Forum, the Fasti Consulares, or Consular Calendars, shewing the succession of consuls as late as Augustus. Finally,

I returned to the Stanza del Gladiatore, once more to gaze on and to admire the Faun of Praxiteles, the Flora, the deified Egyptian Antinous (all found at Tivoli, and all pre-eminently beautiful), and the head of Alexander the Great, which is here purposely struck awry.

In this museum is a Mosaic spoken of by Pliny, in terms of praise, asserted to have been the work of Sosus, and brought from the temple of Pergamus by Adrian; though this one in question is more probably an antique and valuable copy than the original. It was found by Cardinal Furietti in Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and represents four doves on the brink of a vase, one of them drinking. Its high antiquity, and former fame, will ever make it dear as a relic of art, though I thought it a most unequivocal proof of the superiority of modern finish. It will bear little comparison with those master-pieces of Mosaic in which modern Rome abounds, as a proof of which, a walk to St. Peter's, with the inspection of those matchless Mosaic copies of the finest pictures there exhibited, will suffice. One further proof is that I brought home with me a small modern copy of this very subject, certainly far better executed.

In the Stanza degl' Imperatori, the best sculpture is that of Agrippina, mother of Nero. The unaffected, and natural, ease with which she reclines in her curule chair, and the picturesque folds

of her drapery, must please even an indifferent judge, and may inspire an artist.

The heads of the Roman Emperors would, I think, puzzle any physiognomist; and though I really am a convert to this science, and firmly believe that "the face is the index of the mind," I think Lavater himself could hardly vouch for his decisions according with the historical records of the very depraved habits of some of these Imperial Lords. But all this does not invalidate the art of judging from the countenance, since many of the names affixed to these heads are varying, and contradictory; many are said to be portraits of one and the same man, though totally different in features; while so overweening was the vanity, and arrogance, of many of the emperors that, instead of their own debased expression, they occasionally insisted upon being sculptured with a god-like, ideal, beauty; and sometimes even put their own head upon the statue of a Deity; nay such statues have been found with heads made to take off, so that other heads at will might the easier be put on. The Busts of Philosophers, Poets, and Poetesses are more authentic, and, to me, much more interesting, more particularly that range of galleries appropriated to the busts of modern merit. What a tribute, and incentive, to living genius whether philosopher, poet, musician, painter, or sculptor, thus to look forward to the immortal

honour of their name and memory by the preservation of their effigy in the Capitol of Rome!

In the Stanza dei Filosofi Antichi, among several classical bassi-relievi, are a Funeral Procession, a Calliope teaching Orpheus to play, and a Sacrifice to Hygeia in rosso antico; &c. there is one of particular interest representing Meleager slaying his two uncles; his hapless mother destroying her own son by throwing the fated brand into the fire; Meleager consuming away with the torch, his weeping Atalanta, his sire Œneus, and the implacable Atropos.

Some chambers are filled with a series of Egyptian sculpture, if it deserve that name, from the Egyptian temple or Canopus of the villa of Adrian at Tivoli. The antiques of this singular race puzzle more than they please. It is possible that some sublime conceptions and allusions are hidden under that veil of mystic hieroglyphics which the sagacity of ages has not been able thoroughly to penetrate; but certainly no great show or efforts of art can be expected from a nation whose contracted laws and policy, forbade any of her children to deviate one single iota from the steps of a predecessor, where the figure of every deity was prescribed by the most rigid rules, and not the slightest deviation allowed in shape, or rather shapelessness, from some preconceived outrageous model; where the knowledge of anatomy was un-

known, and an incision into a corpse deemed sacrilege and horror, by the relatives; occasional embalming only excepted, which was considered a religious office, but the practice of which was also much restricted; and among whose Gods, worshipped and venerated with the greatest superstition, were the Ox, Cats, and Onions.

These effigies are partly ancient Egyptian, partly sculptured by order of Adrian for his imitative Canopus. Those of basalt are antique; those of *Nero Antico* comparatively modern. Among the best is the Anubis, or Mercury, with his canine head, caduceus, and sistrum; of white marble; two in basalt of Isis, draped, having the Tau, the Lotus, and Cornucopia, or rather vase, with ears of corn; both these latter Egyptian: and the double Hermes of Isis and Apis. The latter may be typical of Osiris, whose soul was believed, after his murder by his brother Typhon, to have been transfused into the sacred Ox, or Apis.

It is pleasing to turn from these to the copy of the Rostral Column, erected by the gratitude of a nation to their consul, Caius Duilius, in commemoration of the first naval victory achieved by a Roman, which occurred 260 years B. C. and in which the maritime power of Carthage was humbled by a total defeat and destruction of fifty ships.

In addition to this signal honour of a column in

the Forum, the senate decreed that their hero should be allowed music and torches every night while at supper, at the public expense. The original column was ornamented with the ancient beaks or prows of the captured vessels; the mutilated inscription on the pedestal is the ancient one. The present pillar is copied by reference to Roman coins.

Two Bronze Geese recall the recollection of the patriotism of Camillus. Banished by his country for an act of generosity, he forgot all personal animosity when that country was endangered, and by his instantaneous valour, redeemed its honour and safety.

Service to country, though unwittingly shown in a dumb creature, was rewarded; and a Goose was thus handed down for posterity to remember.*

One other record to an animal, and one of the most sacred antiquities Rome can boast, is the antique Bronze She Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus. Exposed in the Capitol for the general

* Brennus, General of the Gauls, had invaded Italy, and had successfully advanced to the Capitol. In the dead of the night his army were attempting to scale the Tarpeian Rock to obtain possession of the Citadel, when the noise and screaming of the sacred Geese kept near the Temple of Juno aroused the Romans to a rally, and Camillus destroyed the entire Gallic army.

These Bronze Geese are asserted to be the same ancient ones which in commemoration of this event were honoured with a post in the Capitol of Rome.

veneration of all, it seemed made by heaven itself a type of Roman prosperity; for among the prodigies that marked the downfal of Cæsar, this Bronze Wolf on the very day of his death, was struck by lightning.

Antiquarian discussions without end have been fomented by this celebrated relic;—whether it be that spoken of by the historian Dionysius as placed under, or near, the Ficus Ruminalis, or Ruminal Fig-tree, because it was under such a tree that the wolf was found nourishing the royal babes, and in which opinion he is corroborated by Livy; or whether it be that mentioned by Cicero, and placed in the Capitol: "Tactus est ille etiam qui hanc urbem condidit, Romulus, quem inauratum in Capitolio parvum atque lactantem uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis." * *Cicero's Third Oration against Catiline.*

I attempt not for an instant a discussion involving such depth of antiquarian learning, but look at the group with reverence as an indisputable relic of the earliest Roman ages. The Twins may be modern, but the maternal Wolf is unquestionably of the highest Etruscan antiquity. The more general opinion inclines to the decision that this is the relic spoken of by Cicero; the gilding is

* And Romulus, who founded this city, was also struck—he whom you remembered to have been in the Capitol, an infant, gilt, and sucking a She Wolf.

plainly traced, though the injuries on the hinder legs of the animal are not universally acknowledged as the scathings by the lightning that struck it when exposed on the lofty Capitol.

From the circumstance of the founder of Rome having sucked his infant nourishment from the wolf, so sacred was that animal as to have received divine honours, according to Lactantius, who thus expresses himself: "Romuli nutrix Lupa, honoribus est affecta divinis."* *Book I. Chap.* 20. And we know that the Lupercalian Festivals were among the highest solemnities of Rome, and were instituted, according to Plutarch, in honour of the She Wolf; though that opinion has been controverted by Livy, and others, and an antiquity as remote as the days of Evander assigned for this celebration.

Regardless of these profound inquiries, I gaze on this sacred relic for its recollections, its historical associations, its undoubted age, and preservation to this hour through centuries of turbulence, and destruction.

Among the reminiscences it called up were those expressive lines of Virgil at 630th verse of eighth Æneid, when Venus brings to her son the celestial arms forged by the God of Fire, and the delighted hero traces on the heaven-wrought shield the fate of future Rome.

* The She Wolf, the nurse of Romulus, has the tribute of divine honours.

Fecerat et viridi fœtam Mavortis in antro
Procubuisse lupam: geminos huic ubera circum
Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem
Impávidos: illam, tereti cervice reflexam
Mulcere alternos, et corpora fingere linguâ.

The cave of Mars and the She Wolf was there,
And babies nursed by her maternal care;
While from their Wolf they suck the milky stream
Equally fond, the dam, and babies, seem;
Alternate love she shows; with neck oblique,
And tongue, trying them into shape to lick.

In the Galleria de' Quadri there are, I think, but few pre-eminent paintings. Among those which struck me were Guercino's Persian Sybil, of which it is sufficient praise to say that it is second only to that matchless production of Dominichino, on the same subject, in the Borghese palace. Titian's Recumbent Venus, commonly called Vanity, from the large label upon the canvass, Omnia Vanitas.

Rubens's Romulus and Remus suckled by the Wolf.—Flesh itself: with all the accompaniments in the most rich, and glowing, colours.

The Defeat of Darius by Alexander, is one of the best of Pietro da Cortona:—admirable spirit, colour, and design; all the confusion, and horror, of war; yet the eye is attracted, and the judgment directed, to the principal characters, and incidents, which govern the battle.

Two of the divine Guido.—A St. Sebastian finished in the most exquisite style, and an Anima

Beata soaring to Paradise. This last is left unfinished, yet the drawing, the arrangement, the heavenly expression, the celestial buoyancy, the lucid spirituality, all pronounce it by the hand of this incomparable master.

Guercino's *chef d'œuvre* representing S^a^. Petronilla rising from the sepulchre, and in the presence of the noble Roman Flaccus to whom she was betrothed in marriage; while in the upper part of the picture her spirit is soaring to Heaven.

The last I name is Paul Veronese.—This artist has attained a celebrity which I deem fully adequate to his merits. Many of his compositions seem deficient in dignity; and of his skill in colouring, justly vaunted, I only observe that I cannot always admire his introduction of every hue of the rainbow.

This Rape of Europa is one of his happy efforts. Light, playful, elegant, and appropriately allegorical. The nymph who is not over handsome, and is certainly very fat, is, probably, a portrait.

It is curious to observe her dress; that of a modern fine lady; with necklace, bracelets, silks, and satin.

In coming away I again stopped in the outer court to look at that ancient group in marble of a lion tearing a horse; restored by Michael Angelo; and at the antique basso-rilievo on the staircase representing Metius Curtius the Sabine on horse-

back: but once more I again particularly admired those six beautiful bassi-rilievi allusive to the glories of Marcus Aurelius, with the apotheosis of his Empress; the lovely, yet abandoned, Faustina.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEPARTURE FROM ROME—ALBANO, AND HORATII AND CURIATII—ARICIA, AND SYLVA NEMORENSIS, WITH FABLE OF HIPPOLYTUS—LAVINIUM, AND SCENES OF THE ÆNEID—PRATI D'ANNIBALE—CORA—PONTINE MARSHES—CAMILLA—TERRACINA—CIRCE, AND PROMONTORY OF—BANDITTI—MOLA DIGAIETA—CICERO—ULYSSES—CAPUA—MINTURNÆ, AND MARIUS—THE LIRIS AND VULTURNUS—FALERNUS—NAPLES.

NAPLES.—I have yet much more to say of Rome, but, in order to diversify the scene, and the narrative, I determined to exchange the solemn inspirations of the "Eternal City" for the gaieties, and delights, of Naples; and accordingly set off at 10 o'clock last Thursday night. My friend, Mr. M. had preceded me about two or three days and went by the government courier, having an escort for protection. My agreement was for a carriage in company with two other carriages, and a guard or escort, for a similar reason of security, but, on taking my seat at night, after waiting a considerable time in the Piazza di Spagna, and after repeated inquiries as to the other carriages that were to accompany our party, our Vetturino only coolly told us that it was a *Sbaglio*, or mistake, and we were thus constrained to set off alone.

However, we arrived safe at our destination, and I must add that in every other respect we were fairly treated; that we accomplished the journey

in less time than the government courier; and that my friend's expenses by this latter conveyance were thirty piastres, while mine were but twenty.

On awaking in the morning we found ourselves traversing the Pontine Marshes. During the hours of sleep, in which we had rolled along the Appian Way, we had passed the venerable Albano, and the shattered remnants of the supposed tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii; or according to others of Pompey. We had passed La Riccia, anciently Aricia, whose sacred grove, and temple, recall the memory of the affection of Diana, the virtues, the misfortunes, and the resuscitation from the dead of the loved Hippolytus; and we had been near that Arician Forest, or Sylva Nemorensis, where erst no horses would ever approach;* famed moreover as a

* Hippolytus was son of Theseus, and of the Amazon Hippolyte. Phædra his step-mother, Theseus's second wife, enamoured of the youth, avowed her passion to him, but he, indignantly refused to stain his father's honour, and the infuriated Phædra dared to accuse him of having attempted to commit the crime. The unhappy Theseus banished him from his kingdom, and intreated the Gods to punish such perfidy in a son. As Hippolytus fled in his chariot along the sea-shore, Neptune sent huge monsters of the deep which so affrighted the horses that they dragged the vehicle up rocks, and precipices, and trampled, and mangled to atoms, chariot, and charioteer. No sooner was his death known at Athens than the sorrow-smitten Phædra confessed her crime, and hung herself in despair. Hippolytus was, however, requited with divine honours paid to him at Trœzene, and Diana restored him to life, and bore him away to Aricia. Into that sacred grove, it was fabled, no horses would ever enter.

secret place of rendezvous for Numa, and his goddess-nymph, Egeria. We had passed near Lavinium, Laurentum, and Antium; near the spot where Æneas first landed; the scenes of his combats with Turnus; near the site of the Rutulian camp, and the Forest, so fatal to the immortal Nisus and Euryalus; near the spot where the haughty Queen of Heaven, herself, anticipating the approaching fates of Turnus, forewarned his unhappy, weeping, sister, Juturna; * and we had been near the former scenes of many other glowing fictions of the Æneid.

We had passed near Velitræ, or Veliterna, reminding us of the Volsci, and of their deeds; we had been near the Prati d'Annibale, so memorable as the spot where the Carthaginian general surveyed imperial Rome, too fatally, and mistakenly, anticipating her downfal, and recking not of his own approaching disgrace: and finally we had passed near Cora, that ancient town of Latium whose foundation is anterior to Rome herself.

Of the Pontine Marshes, the first scenes our opening eyes beheld, little confirmation is required to prove the deadly effects of their exhalations; the livid aspect of the peasantry tell the tale but too forcibly; and the best comparison I can make as to their appearance is, that their ghastly complexion resembles the yellow orange that blooms around. The vapours which affect their health seem also,

* Æneid, b. xii. v. 141.

though naturally, to affect their powers of action, for more wretched habitations, greater filth, and more squalid misery, I have nowhere beheld. The houses in the neighbourhood have not even the common apology of a paper, instead of a glass, window; a wooden shutter, which, of course, when night, or weather, compel to close it, must thus exclude all light, is the only convenience.

The assertion of Pliny, upon the authority of an older writer, that this tract of swampy ground once included thirty-three cities in the earlier times of the Roman republic, seems almost incredible. Though once inhabited, and always partially fertile, yet, gradually, the streams flowing from the neighbouring mountains, and losing themselves in a soil which offered no outlet, became stagnant, and the poisonous exhalations of the present hour were equally felt by the old Romans. To make a road through them, and to drain them, has been an object in progress from the time of Appius Claudius, 2,000 years ago, to the present day. This senator first laid the foundations of the Appian Way; successive Roman Emperors, and Popes, continued, and the last Pontiff, Pius VI. completed it; making one uniform straight line of more than twenty miles, the road-side bordered with poplars, &c. and cultivation occasionally giving promise of harvest in corn; though the greater proportion of the land around seemed to me mostly occupied by

flocks of wild fowl, with herds of buffaloes, and other cattle. Of the Latin writers who allude to these Pomptinæ Paludes reference may be made to Virgil, seventh and eleventh Æneid; to Horace, Silius Italicus, b. viii. and Lucan, b. iii. v. 84.

Yet in these dark forests, in these humid marshes, intersected by the Ufens, and the Amascenus, was reared the Volscian Queen, the Amazonian Virgin Warrior, the deathless Camilla.

These were the fictions that gave interest to the now desert scene, and excited the busy fancy in recalling the eleventh Æneid, the singular preservation of the life of the infant Camilla, poised in a spear, and thus hurled over the waters of this then raging Amascene, her dedication to Diana, her wars for Turnus, and the slaughter, by her own hand in the adjacent field of battle, of twelve brave warriors of Troy.

Moreover at the extremity of these Marshes was the ancient, and renowned, Antium, the capital of the Volsci, so long the implacable, but ultimately the conquered, enemies of Republican Rome. Here was Nero born; here are still some remains of the Port he founded; and here was the famous Temple to Fortune, or rather to the two Fortunes of Good, and Evil described by Suetonius as the Fortunæ Antiates; and so poetically alluded to by Horace in his thirty-fifth ode of his first book, when he invokes the all-potent goddess to be propitious to Cæsar's wars.

We halted to breakfast at Terracina, the ancient Anxur; here the expansive Mediterranean burst in all its beauty upon the view; with towering, fantastic, rocks crowned on their lofty summits by picturesque ruins; luxuriant vegetation; the present city sweeping to the sea-shore, its principal modern ornament the palace inhabited by the late Pope,* who, occasionally, resided here to superintend, and forward, his great road: cheered with a bright sun to illuminate the glowing scene, to ripen the luscious, clustering, fruits, and to warm us with a summer's ray. Martial in books v. and x.; Horace and Statius allude to the natural beauties of Terracina, or Anxur:

O nemus! O fontes! solidumque madentis arenæ,
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis!
Martial, b. x. epig. 51.

Anxur delightful with its founts, its forest trees;
Its firm, though sea-bedewed, sands, and purest breeze.

The remains of the Temple of Jupiter Anxur on the brow of the hill, whose shattered, yet frowning, vestiges of former grandeur attract the eye, and those also of the palace of Theodoric, prove its pristine splendour. Its ancient port, we may remember, was repaired by Antoninus. Here too may be had a glimpse of the Promontory of Circe, and with it the recollection of Ulysses,

* Pius VI.

and of his enchantress, her potent magic spells; her all subduing charms:

> Goddess and Queen, to whom the powers belong
> Of dreadful magic and commanding song. *Odyssey.*

But an excursion will little repay the time consumed, and of its former splendours nought is now known but its poetic fictions.

> A palace in a woody vale we found,
> Brown with dark forests, and with shades around;
> A voice celestial echoed from the dome,
> Or nymph, or goddess, chanting to the loom;
> Access we sought, nor was access denied,
> Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide.
> *Pope's Odyssey,* b. xi.

From Terracina to Mola di Gaieta, where we dined, and slept, is the country which all travellers, ancient, and modern, are fain to get through as quickly as they can. A narrow winding road on the borders of the sea, flanked on the other side by a chain of hills which have been from time immemorial the haunt of banditti. The stories told of these desperadoes are sufficient to cool the courage of the bravest. When attack is determined on, the force they bring down from their impregnable holds in the mountains is always sufficiently strong to make resistance vain, having the advantage, upon their lofty heights, of reconnoitring long before the action commences, and of providing accordingly. If they find a good booty, perhaps you may escape with the sacrifice of it; though the more usual way is to take their captive into the

mountains, to set a heavy ransom upon his head, and to detain him, under pain of death, till paid.

My three companions were an English, and a German, gentleman, with an English colonel, and, by way of *amusing* each other, we were repeating all the horrid stories we had heard of these robbers; such as, that when disappointed of the precise amount of the sum demanded they will let a poor fellow go, but not till they have cut off his nose, or his ears, or so forth, as an equivalent for the deficient money;—of their putting to a cruel death either those who resist them, or those who refuse to pay, and of their barbarous, and repeated, outrages upon the women. Then we laughed at the anticipation of the sumptuous living provided for their guests, said to be chesnuts,—and nothing else; raw: or if you prefer them cooked you may toast them yourself; and then we concluded that we should at least learn to value ourselves more justly when a ransom was put upon our lives, as these banditti fix it according to their ideas of our consequence. What an agreeable visit of six, or seven, weeks! However, though these stories may be sometimes exaggerated, yet they are true in substance, of which there are but too many fatal proofs on record, among which are some English. Only a fortnight since an Italian was captured with his companion; though I forget how many thousand crowns ransom was demanded for them, or to what they owed their subsequent liberation.

At Terracina we conversed with a soldier, one of a large military party, who had lately attacked, and seized, above twenty of them; yet so numerous, and impregnable, is their commonwealth; that though one particular town, said to be a noted receptacle of them, has been purposely burnt down three times, still they defy all law and force; and, were it not a libel on the governments of Rome, and Naples, I should repeat what is commonly asserted, that these two sovereigns compromise the matter by a promise of security to a certain extent, provided the banditti never molest their own immediate courier, and his dispatches.

Luckily, thus far I have escaped, and reached Mola di Gaieta just in time to witness one of the most splendid scenes in nature, an Italian sun-set, and this on one of the most picturesque spots in Europe, the Promontory, and Fortress, of Gaieta.

Poetical, and classical, recollections here abound. Cicero speaks of his villa which he calls his Formian, and which was unquestionably in this neighbourhood, though the precise site may be doubtful, and here did this illustrious patriot lose his life, being, from political feuds, pursued by the emissaries of Augustus, and caught, and beheaded, as he was attempting to escape from his country-seat to the ocean. The scattered ruins denominated those of Cicero's Villa, and Mauso-

leum, or at least his Cenotaph, supply in the interest they excite by their recollections the force of historical proof: and on an eminence in the town of Mola is a Tower, once the tomb of Cicero's disciple, Munatius Plancus.

Gaieta, according to Virgil (opening of Æneid 7,) derives its name from Caieta, the faithful nurse of Æneas, whom here he buried, and immortalised; while the father of poets, Homer, has also perpetuated the memory of this spot. It was near the harbour of Gaieta, erst Formiæ, that Ulysses landed, on his return from Troy, and having sent some of his men to examine the coast, Antiphates, King of the Læstrygones, a giant, and a cannibal, seized them, devoured one, and by hurling rocks, sunk the whole fleet of Ulysses, save the warrior's own vessel.

A fountain also still flows, near to the town, probably the very same where Homer paints the king's daughter as coming to fill her pitcher. The modern name I do not know; Homer calls it Artacia.

> When lo! they met beside a crystal spring,
> The daughter of Antiphates, the king;
> She to Artacia's silver streams came down;
> Artacia's streams alone supply the town.

And again:

> A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
> And pouring down the mountains crowd the shore,
> Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
> And dash the ruins on the ships below:

> The crackling vessels burst, hoarse groans arise,
> And mingled horrors echo to the skies;
> The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
> And cramm'd their filthy throats with human food.
>
> *Pope's Odyssey*, b. x. v. 119.

Such were the historical recollections, and the poetic fictions, that stole upon the mind as I gazed on the expansive ocean, the luxuriant scenery, and gloriously sinking sun, till its fading beams, and expiring warmth, no longer vivifying, and gilding the scenes in which fancy was revelling, slowly I withdrew to provide for more mortal, gross, and tangible, necessities—to cater for a supper, and to secure a bed for the few hours of repose allowed us.

On Saturday morning we halted at Capua, though not immediately in that ancient, and wealthy, city founded by Capys, which from its extent and opulence was styled a second Rome; not there where the invading armies of Hannibal reposed after the fatal battle of Cannæ, and whose soft, and subduing, climate enervated the enemies of Rome and saved her; but in the modern, and little inviting, Capua, a short distance from it.

We had set out too early, and had travelled too long in the dark, to observe, as we passed, the few remains that indicate the once opulent Minturnæ, whose marshes for a time concealed the brave, but guilty, and fugitive, Marius, and whose inhabitants saved him a second time from death, even at the moment when the executioner's sword hovered o'er

his head: yet, this unhappy clemency was requited, when he was again all-powerful, by deluging Rome with blood. Here too was worshipped the Nymph Marica; while near to Minturnæ flow the two ancient rivers, the "peaceful" Liris, and the "rapid, rough" Vulturnus, now the Garigliano, and Vulturno.

Suessa Aurunca was the next ancient site passed, but not explored; and the modern town of St. Agata in the immediate neighbourhood of Falernus, whose luscious wine, and that of Cæcùbum, not far remote, the immortal poets delighted to quaff.

Proceeding onward rapidly through the luxuriant, and happy, plains of Campania, we arrived at Naples at four o'clock in the afternoon, and alighted at the Albergo Reale.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NAPLES—HISTORIC SKETCH—ORIGIN—THE SIRENS—CONNECTION, AND FALL, WITH ROME—POSSESSION BY LOMBARDS, SARACENS, NORMANS—BY THE HOUSES OF ARRAGON, AND ANJOU—QUEENS JOAN I. AND II.—POSSESSION BY FRANCE, AND SPAIN—ACCESSION OF THE PRESENT FERDINAND—REVOLUTION OF MASSANIELLO—ORIGIN—INCREASING TUMULTS, AND DESTRUCTIONS—PROMISE OF THE DEMANDED CHARTER, AND UNEXPECTED TUMULT—BOUNDLESS POWER OF MASSANIELLO—FINAL CONCESSION TO THE PEOPLE—FALL OF MASSANIELLO—DELIRIUM—ASSASSINATION—BURIAL—REVOLUTIONS OF NAPLES SINCE 1797—FLIGHT OF FERDINAND IN 1799, AND RETURN—FLIGHT IN 1806—JOSEPH BONAPARTE KING—EFFORTS OF THE ENGLISH—MURAT KING—FALL OF NAPOLEON, AND MURAT—THIRD RETURN OF FERDINAND.

NAPLES, the Paradise of Italy; "that piece of earth which tumbled down from heaven;" (a Neapolitan proverb) the inspiration of poets; the favored retreat of emperors, philosophers, or voluptuaries; the land which respires beauty, luxuriance, pleasure, indulgence:—but, a truce to such reflections for the present, and let us waive them for some prefatory historical sketch, in which I purpose rather a summary of the many revolutions of this kingdom than any freedom of political disquisitions, and invectives.

Its origin is lost in the clouds and mist of the remotest antiquity, yet poesy lays claim to it, for

from the Syren Parthenope, perhaps, it derived its first name; who, unable to detain to his ruin the wandering Ulysses by her exquisite voice, threw herself in despair from the precipice, and perished.

Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please;
Fly swift the dangerous coast:—Let ev'ry ear
Be stopped against the song:—'Tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains, thyself, be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound;
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

Pope's Odyssey, b. 12. v. 51.*

* The three Sirens, Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucosia, were daughters of the river Achelous, either by the Muse Melpomene, Terpsichore, or Calliope. Their habitation was near to Sicily; and their form was that of a bird in the lower half of the body, and of a beautiful female from the waist upwards. It was Ceres that thus deformed them because they had not aided her daughter Proserpine in resisting her rape by Pluto. They challenged the Muses to a musical contest, but being adjudged inferior the latter made for themselves crowns of the feathers which they plucked from the Sirens' wings. Yet so exquisite was their melody that all who heard them listened, and listened, rapt with such heavenly strains, till, forgetting all things, even to take food, thus they pined away to death.—Many had been their victims, and the Oracle declared they should live till the day when a mortal man could pass them without staying to listen.

Ulysses, warned by Circe, first stopped up the ears of his sailors with wax, and then firmly lashed himself to the mast. When on passing the coast, their melody penetrated to his soul, he implored, he threatened, he entreated, to be loosened, and to

Diodorus Siculus has asserted that Naples was founded by Hercules; others say by the Phocæans; or by Phalaris, tyrant of Sicily; or by Parthenope, daughter of a king of Thessaly, who led to it a colony from the Isle of Eubœa: while Strabo affirms that it was founded by the Rhodians before the Olympic Games: but the most probable supposition will ascribe its foundation to the Greeks, since its modern dialect is interspersed with many Greek phrases, and many of the manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum are also in that tongue.

It is to be remembered that Parthenope, now Naples, occupies the site of the ancient Neapolis, and its neighbouring town, Palæopolis.

According to Livy, the Neapolitans were, at one period, about 300 years before Christ, leagued with the Samnites in a confederacy against Rome (B. 8. sec. 22); but in the time of Annibal, and about the epoch of the fatal battle of Cannæ, they were then strictly allied with, and most faithful to, their more powerful neighbours.

The liberal offer of 40 golden *paterœ* (goblets or sacrificial dishes) which they made to Rome for the service of the state; and the terror that An-

stop, but his deaf companions obeyed his first and better commands and sailed away. The Sirens instantly precipitated themselves into the sea, and perished. (Odyssey, b. 12. Ovid. Metam. b. 5.)

nibal himself felt to attack their city will be found detailed in Livy, b. 22, sec. 32, and b. 23, sec. 1.

In the flourishing days of Rome, and latterly at the period of her decadence, the heavenly climate, the fertile produce, the stupendous wonders of volcanic nature, and the luxuries of Naples, made it the favoured retreat, and abode of all classes. Here did the Roman Emperors retire to revel in licentiousness, and voluptuousness, where the fragrant breath of heaven seemed to subdue the sterner energies of the soul, and to respire only indulgence; and here did the poets come for purer inspirations in a country which they termed "La Campagna Felice," and where they placed their Elysian Fields.

The fall of Rome naturally involved Naples in the common ruin; it was possessed by the Goths in the fifth century, Belisarius regained it in 537, and Totila had it in 543. Afterwards the Lombards held it till their empire was destroyed by Charlemagne in 774, then alternately possessed by Saracens, and Normans, which latter line was continued till their kingdom was subdued by Henry VI, Emperor of Germany. After many civil contests, arising partly from the feudal government of the day, and from the exorbitant powers of the barons and nobles, who hardly cared what sovereign ruled provided he encroached not upon their over-

weening prerogatives, Charles of Anjou became king in 1266. After the memorable Sicilian Vespers of 1282, which delivered Sicily from the tyranny of the French, the latter place was seized by a fleet sent by the Kings of Arragon, the determined opponents of the Angevin dynasty; but Naples was faithful to the line of Anjou, which became extinct in Queen Joan in 1382. Of this Queen Joan I. who was stifled, the same year; and of Queen Joan II. who came to the throne 1414, and died in 1435; of the murders committed by the first; and of the extraordinary incontinence of them both, there are some remarkable details in Bayle's Dictionary. Alphonso I., King of Naples, son of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, was adopted by this Joan II. as her successor in 1420, but afterwards mutually quarrelling, this adoption was annulled; nevertheless Alphonso entered Naples in triumph on 26th February, 1443, and reigned till his death on 27th June, 1458, leaving behind him the reputation of a wise and accomplished prince. (Bayle's Dictionary.)

Still did the houses of Arragon, and Anjou, wage perpetual war for the crown of Naples, each almost alternately possessing it. René of Anjou, King of Naples, was father of Margaret, wife of Henry VI. of England; but the French line failed in 1481 in Charles, Count of Maine, and Pro-

vence, who declared Louis XI., King of France, his heir, from which bequest sprung the pretensions of France to the kingdom of Naples. Charles VIII. made a rapid conquest of it, but Frederic of Arragon almost as speedily recovered it, and after much subsequent contest it vested in the Spanish line of Ferdinand, chiefly from the prowess of the renowned Gonsalvo de Cordova. The Spanish line continued to reign over Naples, and Sicily, till 1714, when both these kingdoms passed to the house of Austria, but they were transferred to that of Bourbon in 1736 in the person of Don Carlos, Duke of Parma and Placentia, who was the son of Philip V., King of Spain, and of Elizabeth of Parma, and who succeeded to his father's crown of Spain in 1759; at which epoch he therefore bestowed his kingdom of Naples on his third son, Ferdinand, then an infant of eight years, and still the reigning monarch by the style of Ferdinand IV, and who in 1768 married Caroline of Austria, sister of the Emperor of Germany, and of the ill-fated Antoinette, consort of Louis XVI. The reign of this monarch has been marked with vicissitudes, and revolutions, as striking as those of any ages past:—I purpose just to note an historical memento of them; but it may first be interesting to give a summary of that most singular, and

memorable, disturbance, so violent during the brief space of time it occupied:—the Revolution effected by Massaniello.

In 1647 Philip IV was King of Spain, and Sicily, and his viceroy at Naples was the Duke of Arcos. The Neapolitans, long faithful to their sovereigns, had freely granted them successive donatives by various taxes, witness one of 10 carlini (a carlino is 4*d.*) upon every fire, and these, with similar gifts, had been freely bestowed upon Ferdinand, and his successors for ever; upon Alphonso I, upon Charles V, and Philip II, III, and IV, of Spain. Nevertheless, at the period we are speaking of, money was wanted; to have it somehow, or other, was decided, and accordingly a tax was laid upon what formed almost the whole support of the lower orders of Naples;—upon fruits of all kinds. Dissatisfactions, murmurings, complaints, and intreaties, were the natural results, while the Viceroy himself was importuned by thousands of the suffering classes to redress this great grievance.

At this critical period there was living at Naples a poor, and humble, fisherman, subsisting from day to day by the simple produce of his line and hook; he was now 24 years of age; and it is almost superfluous to say that he must have possessed talents, combined with a bold, and uncon-

querably persevering, spirit:—Tomaso Anelli, of Amalfi; better known as Massaniello.

It appears that he interested, and involved, himself deeply in the cause of his poor countrymen, and while yet so humble, and insignificant, used nevertheless to proclaim, wherever he could, that he would die any death but he would obtain redress for them. Revenge, deep and unquenchable, was soon superadded to sharpen his exertions against oppression; for his wife, being found with a little contraband flour, was seized, sent to prison, and a fine of 100 ducats imposed.

Massaniello mixing in the crowds of the great market-place, and inveighing bitterly, with others, against this gabel on fruit, to say nothing of the other impositions upon wine, bread, cheese, veal, and pulse, commenced his operations by enrolling all the idle, ragged little boys into a sort of corps, and instructing them to run all over the city, crying out—"Down with the iniquitous tax:—Death to the Government:—but long live the King of Spain:" or words to this effect.

From about the number of 50, this infant tumultuous body soon swelled to a more respectable force of 500, and then 5000.

The 7th July was ever a grand day of ceremonial at Naples, it being the festival of Our Lady of Carmine; in this year it fell upon a Sun-

day, and the crowds in the market-place being much increased, the first contests began by the populace resisting the collection of the tax, and by wilfully destroying some fruit.

The mob getting the upper hand, much destruction was done, and ultimately the palace of the Viceroy was attacked, and even his person threatened; when, to appease the fury of the people, he promised his efforts for redress.

The sanctity of religion was now invoked to stay the rising revolution: Cardinal Filomarino, Archbishop of Naples, sought to assuage the popular fury, and a solemn procession took place to the Church of St. Lewis, possessing that sacred relic, some of the pure Milk of the Virgin.

Nevertheless, this over, the storm burst forth again; no cry was heard but "Down with the Gabels."—Massaniello was elected Generalissimo of the people; and toll-houses, tax-books, records, prisons, &c. &c. were indiscriminately burnt.

Regular systems being now adopted, arms were the great objects of seizure; all who had them were compelled to surrender them, and payment was tendered: In two cases where the proprietors refused their gunpowder, the house was fired, and at the moment of explosion, at one time 66, and at the other, 87 beings were blown to atoms.

The city was paralysed with terror; the mob were uniformly triumphant; and in a general

battle, the king's troops were defeated. To seize the national magazine of powder was the next grand contest; the populace obtained it, but the prudence of government had prevented its mischievous application, for it was thoroughly spoilt by being wetted.

With their success their demands increased, and they now vowed that they would not cease their rebellion for aught else than the restitution of all those popular privileges, and exemptions, originally granted by Ferdinand, and by Charles V.

A promise to this effect being made, the asserted Original Charter was publicly exhibited; but being at that identical moment discovered to be a forgery, the fury of the populace had no longer any bounds: no rank or nobility, was a protection from imprisonment, death, and destruction: sixty houses belonging to Commissioners of Taxes were denounced to be burnt; the most costly effects, the magnificence of boundless wealth; and the treasures of years were consumed without remorse; and so deep was the hatred of the people to the individuals who had thus, as they said, amassed, and squeezed together riches by the oppression of the poor, that, for a bystander but to express regret at such dire destruction was to expose himself to the most imminent hazard of his life; and for taking but the most trifling matter from the devouring pile, the unhappy individual was himself thrust in to be burnt alive!

So resistless was now the power of Massaniello that all hopes of compromise were vain, and at length was produced the long desired, original, Charter granted by Ferdinand, and by Charles V. Being publicly exhibited by the archbishop, rigorously examined, and duly proved genuine, the people once more demand its acceptance, and ratification by the Viceroy, and by all the authorities on the part of the king of Spain; and this point being also conceded, Julio Genovino, one of Massaniello's counsellors was deputed to draw up the articles on behalf of the people. This Julio, a priest of a most meddling, turbulent, and intriguing spirit had once been imprisoned a length of time for his interference in politics, and on this occasion, though ostensibly acting for the people, he is supposed to have been secretly in the pay, and interest of the Viceroy; while by his mediation was abandoned that important demand of the populace; the conditional surrender of the Castle of St. Elmo.

The 10th of July was the appointed grand day for the acceptance of the new order of things, and on that morning Massaniello reviewed 114,000 men in arms, and at his command.

Peace now, at length, seemed about to allay the tumults of all, and the Treaty was on the very eve of being read to the countless thousands that thronged the great square, when, most unexpect-

edly, a band of 500 banditti, armed and mounted, appeared, and mingled in the crowd.

Being challenged, they professed for the popular side, but being ordered by Massaniello to dismount, they hesitated; once again ordered, still they disobeyed;—at this moment a gun was fired, and quickly after five musket balls directed to Massaniello spent their vengeful force in vain. "Treason! Treason! A Plot! A Plot! A Miracle! Our Lady of Carmine protects our Chief!" with similar expressions burst out on all sides from the enraged people; 150 of the banditti were slaughtered on the spot, and many a barbarity was inflicted in that fatal day on those whom the populace deemed traitors to their cause.

Massaniello issued the most extravagant orders. To prevent concealment of weapons, he forbade all ranks to appear with upper garments; compelling even Cardinals to abandon their purple robes; he forbade females to wear tails to their gowns, and obliged them to have their petticoats tucked above the knee.

The Viceroy was now willing to yield without further struggle, and signed his capitulation on the 11th of July; also granting an amnesty for all excesses committed since the 7th.

The Charter, and Capitulation, was then solemnly read in the church of Our Lady of Car-

mine; Te Deum was chaunted; the archbishop blessed the assembled thousands, and nothing was wanting to give effect to so imposing a spectacle. On this occasion Massaniello appeared on horseback, attired in a sumptuous habit; he was hailed as the Saviour of his Country; flowers were strewed in his path; tapestry bedecked the streets he paraded; the olive and the palm were displayed as emblematical of his achievements; while his praises resounded to the strains of music.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Massaniello made an admirable harangue to the people, and, among other matters exclaimed, "I'll return to my former condition, reserving nothing for myself but my fishing-hook and line. The only favour I shall desire of you is that when I am dead, you will each of you say an Ave Maria for me.—Do you promise me this?"

He afterwards paid a visit to His Excellency, the Duke, who received him with all due respect; and here was given an extraordinary proof of Massaniello's boundless power over the people; for they becoming uneasy, and clamorous, at the absence of their favorite, he appeared at the balcony with the Viceroy; then turning to the Duke he told him he should quickly see how absolute was his command over the populace: Massaniello putting his fingers to his lips instantly every shout

was hushed, and a profound silence reigned: and then on his commanding every man to retire, not a creature was left.

Massaniello continued to issue his subsequent orders, signing them,

Tomaso Aniello d'Amalphi, Head and Captain General of the most faithful people of Naples.

Sumptuous presents were made to him, and to his wife, both by the Viceroy, and the Vice-Queen, and on the 13th of July, the last solemn sanction was given in the cathedral to the Capitulations, when all the authorities swore inviolable fidelity, and to procure for them, as speedily as possible, the ratification of His Catholic Majesty.

We now have to reverse the picture.—Hitherto we have seen the Fisherman triumphant, because his acts were noble; from this hour they ceased to be so; for either his reason, or his fortune, deserted him; and the conclusion of this last-named ceremony gave the opening indications of the coming catastrophe.

After haranguing the people, he began to tear his rich robes to pieces, desiring the Archbishop and Viceroy to assist him in it, affirming that such robes were no longer needful to one who meant to return to his hook and line.

On the next day he appeared with a ragged coat, and but one stocking; and, being on horse-

back, he rode so furiously through the city as to trample the people under his feet.

For such madness, and increasing delirium, many plausible, and natural reasons might be assigned; but it has also been asserted that the Viceroy had administered to him some deleterious, and intoxicating, potion.

On a following day, he called on His Excellency, requiring him forthwith, to accompany him to Pausilippo, which the Duke having with considerable difficulty evaded, Massaniello set out in His Excellency's own gondola, accompanied by 40 feluccas, filled with gazing, admiring, crowds, and every amusement being practised for his diversion. On this occasion he is said to have drank 12 bottles of wine—the Lacryma Christi.

On a subsequent day he again rode furiously through the city, regardless of every one; and commanded two noblemen to kiss his feet in the market-place, as an apology for not having got out of their carriages to salute him as he passed.

As may be expected, the popular favour began to veer; and the Duke, ever watchful, took advantage of this state of matters to strengthen certain fortifications. Being privately told that the populace would even renounce Massaniello, though not their new-born privileges, an assassin, Michael Angelo Ardizzone, was soon found, who, for 10,000 crowns, undertook to dispatch

him. The populace had, already, in their own defence, ventured to seize upon Massaniello, to bind him, and to confine him to his own house with a guard; but escaping on 16th July he took refuge in the church of Our Lady of Carmine, and, accosting the Archbishop, told him that he knew that his countrymen had abandoned him, and, therefore, he was willing to die. But afterwards ascending the pulpit, with a Crucifix in his hand, he implored the populace not to forsake him; but becoming vehement, and frantic, and touching improperly upon religion, he was forcibly removed.

The murderers were at hand, and were proclaiming aloud—"Long life to the King of Spain, and let none henceforth, under pain of death, obey Massaniello," which being heard by their victim, he met them, exclaiming "Is it me, you look for, my people?—Behold I am here."—A volley of balls from four assassins was the only reply; and one of them, Salvatore Cataneo, cut off his head.

His mutilated corse was first treated with every indignity; then thrown into one ditch, and the head into another; but the people once more awaking to compassion, respect, and affection, for their late loved chief, subsequently buried him with the highest honours and solemnity. (*F. Mi-con's Account. Vide also Giannone.*)

To revert now to modern times, and to give an abstract of the vicissitudes of Naples since 1797.—It was at this period of the French Revolution that King Ferdinand, seeing the wide-spreading havoc all around, made every exertion for self-protection; being powerfully supported also by the Court of Austria, to which he was so nearly allied by his consort, Queen Caroline.

It was in October, 1797, that the immortal Nelson so signally defeated the French fleet in Egypt; and among the many consequent changes in the affairs of Europe, Ferdinand, aided by the Austrian General, Mack, immediately possessed himself of Rome; in revenge for which the French as quickly took Sardinia, with Turin; and Victor Emanuel was driven from his throne. But General Macdonald defeating the Neapolitans, they were constrained to retreat to their own capital, and their affairs becoming worse, the King, with his family, in January 1799 embarked for Palermo, under the protection of Lord Nelson, though leaving his viceroy in the person of Prince Pignatelli. Yet, in the same month, His Excellency also retreated, though the Lazzaroni continued to fight for their country with the most desperate bravery; and the prowess of General Championet in capturing Naples that very month has been mainly attributed to a *ruse de guerre* of his in gaining the

popular favour by professing the utmost veneration for their tutelar guardian, Saint Januarius.

General Macdonald, however, being ordered, almost immediately afterwards, to reinforce Moreau, Naples was evacuated; and that notable priest and soldier, Cardinal Ruffo, took it in June following, (1799) Ferdinand making his triumphal entry quickly afterwards, escorted to the Bay by Nelson.

I must add that this triumph was sullied by merciless, and vindictive, revenge, and executions; blood pure, or ignoble, was alike shed in torrents; and even noble ladies were condemned to perish by the hands of the common executioner;—nor was it until 1802 that an amnesty for disloyalties in the late revolution was passed.

The subsequent loss of the Neapolitan Crown is to be traced to the breach of a Treaty of Neutrality between France and Naples, which treaty after being acceded to on 21st September 1805 was violated on 20th November following by a considerable English, and Russian, force disembarking in the Bay of Naples:—Sir James Craig being first, and Sir John Stuart second, in command. The indignation of Napoleon was no longer controuled, and he proclaimed to the world that "the Neapolitan Dynasty had ceased to reign."

Both the English and Russians soon re-embarked, and the monarch, with his queen, again

fled to Palermo on 23d January 1806, leaving his elder son, the Duke of Calabria (who remained, however, only to 7th February), and the Emperor's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, aided by the military forces of Massena, assumed the throne of Naples on 15th February 1806.

The Court of Palermo, still indulging the fond hope of recovering the crown of Naples, sought to foment every practicable disturbance against the usurper; and England, deeming the preservation of Sicily from the French as an object of the deepest policy on her part, contributed her treasures, and her blood, in behalf of Ferdinand, by the expedition of Sir Sidney Smith to Naples; by the glorious battle of Maida in Calabria, won by Sir John Stuart; and by the same commander's second expedition to Naples in June 1809, which also answered the purpose of a diversion in favour of our Austrian allies.

Nevertheless, all Calabria ultimately submitted to the French, and Joseph retained his crown, till elevated by his king-creating brother in July 1808, to the higher dignity of the throne of Spain, and the Indies; while Joachim Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law, and a soldier of fortune, was appointed to reign at Naples, being thus progressively raised from the inferior ranks of the army to the— "divinity that doth hedge a king."—At this time also the sacred person of the Pope was

secured; and Rome was declared an annexation to the Empire of France.

In 1811 it may be remembered that, regardless of the complaints, and the oppressions, of his Sicilian subjects, Ferdinand heeded not their repeated supplications for redress; and that these abuses in the government of Sicily were severely commented upon in the English House of Commons when the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the renewal of the annual subsidy of £400,000.

In 1814 the coalition of the Potentates of Europe against Napoleon shook his power to the very centre; in April Paris was captured, and Bonaparte abdicated.

To avoid the threatening storm, and a similar fate, Murat had entered into a treaty with the Emperor of Austria against Napoleon; and Francis, in return, promised his mediation with the other powers for Joachim to retain his crown.

In 1815 once again Napoleon was all-triumphant, and Murat seemed vacillating which cause to espouse:—So much, indeed, was he an object of suspicion, that in the dispatches of an English diplomatist, Lord William Bentinck, he is characterised as one "who must be always on the side of the conqueror."—Murat again attested his fidelity to the cause of the allies; and in March 1815 led his forces to the aid of Napoleon, attacking his own friends and supporters, the Imperialists.

Defeat, and disgrace, pursued him by the superior powers of the Austrian General, Bianchi; and once again, but in vain, he would have negociated to save himself.

Captain Campbell, of the Tremendous, with a small naval force, sailed by command of England for the Bay of Naples; the Neapolitan flotilla surrendered, and Joachim was forced to abdicate. He fled to Ischia, and his ex-queen to her children at Gaieta: he had been offered an honourable asylum by the Emperor of Germany, to live as a private individual, either in Bohemia, Moravia, or Upper Austria; but this generosity was shackled with the conditions that he was to change his name, and never to quit the Austrian states without permission. He declined such offers, and is said to have exclaimed, "*De la prison à la tombe il n'y a qu'un pas.*" After flying to Toulon, and thence to Corsica, where he succeeded in exciting some tumults, he sailed with the command of seven small vessels, containing only 250 men, and effected a landing at Pizzo, in Ulterior Calabria. Here, for some little time, he fought for his revolutionary cause; but in vain: being surrounded, taken, and tried by a military commission, he was condemned to the forfeiture of life, and was accordingly shot on the 15th of October, 1815.

On the 23d of May the Bay of Naples was in possession of the English, and Sicilian, troops,

under the command of General Macfarlane; and on the 17th of June King Ferdinand, by the powerful aid, and perseverance, of his magnanimous, and undaunted, ally, Old England, returned for the third time to his capital, and to the restoration of his regal dignities.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SKETCH OF NAPLES GENERALLY—AMUSEMENTS, NATURAL BEAUTIES, &c.—PAUSYLIPAN GROTTO—LAGO D'AGNANO—GROTTA DEL CANE—STUFE DI SAN GERMANO—TEATRO DEL FONDO, AND VIOLIN—THE BACCIAMANO, AND OPERA AT ST. CARLO—APARTMENTS ON THE CHIAJA—CONVENT OF LA CERTOSA, AND PICTURES, &c.—SAN SEVERO, AND SCULPTURES—ST. JANUARIUS' MIRACLE, AND CATHEDRAL—BALL AT THE EMBASSADOR'S.

NAPLES.—So embarrassed is a new comer by the multiplied attractions of this city; so oft impeded in his progress through it by the amusements, and diversions, that court him, at the same moment, on every side; so enchanted with its luxuriant natural beauties; so struck with its awful volcanic terrors; and so soothed with its classical recollections and associations, that I can hardly attempt a summary even of its exterior, and general appearance; but, however—Imagine a city rising from the shores of the Mediterranean, its circling beach sweeping in graceful curves, and forming the boundary of the acknowledged unrivalled Bay of Naples. Viewed from the ocean are seen lines of palaces, stately spires, towers, and terraced roofs, houses, and villas, o'ertopping each other, but they mingle amid luxuriant gardens, olive groves, grapes festooned to all the trees, hill and dale illumined by the brightest sun, teeming

with boundless produce, rendered delicious by the softest clime, and by the perfume of the orange, and the lemon, blooming in the open air, with all the luscious fruits unknown in our northern sphere.

Then for the interior of the town.—It were easier to find a man in the crowd of Cheapside than sometimes in the Via Toledo of Naples. The population is immense, and the distraction, hurry, and fun, of London, or Paris, is a joke to this place. The people seem always as animated, and eager, as our countrymen are occasionally in popular excitements. Here are all sorts of trades carried on in the streets, not in the shops; all sorts of eatables, hot, or cold, ready-cooked, or raw; fruits, natural, preserved, roasted, or boiled; fish frying at every corner, and chesnuts too; macaroni gobbled down in strings an ell long; stalls with their lemonade, orgeat, iced water, and liqueurs, perpetually inviting you; every thing gilt; the shops are gilt, the ornaments are gilt, the carriages are gilt; the apothecary's pill that you swallow, and the butcher's beef that you roast, are gilt; nay, even the donkies are gilt! Every trade, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, smiths, money-changers, provision-mongers, all working away in the open air; each party extolling their own commodities, and bawling, running about, and ringing bells in your ears without mercy. Every body shoving, and shoved in turn by his neighbour, whirled about, and almost pushed out

of, if you don't quite forget, the course you meant to take. Groups of idlers filling up the little pathway left; carriages of every kind, *sediolas*, calashes with one horse, two horses, mules, or donkies, driving, dashing, and whipping away, in every direction, without care of any one, and through crowds of people, who scamper away, like frightened geese.

The poorer class, or Lazzaroni, basking in the sun the live-long day, existing upon that which bounteous nature spontaneously gives; fruit, or fish, or kernels, with little cost or care, and happy in the enjoyment of nothing to do, with hardly the trouble to find covering for themselves in a climate so delicious that they scarcely need any.

Then come the equipages of the grandees, as fine as possible, all bedizened with gold and lace; then church processions as long as you please, and as great a mummery too; with religious, and monkish, orders of every degree, male, and female, bareheaded, and barefooted; pomp, and poverty, all jumbled together, and in the oddest possible combinations.

Walk to the Mole:—Here is one entire range of stalls, plays, punch, conjurors, exhibitions, learned and dancing dogs, bagpipes, quacks, recitations, singing, dancing, legerdemain, with countless, wondering crowds, all day long, morning, noon, and night; and the admission to most of

these delights is absolutely as much as—three halfpence! All the tongues of the Tower of Babel; all the noise of a besieged city; all the battlings for bargains; and all the grotesque humour, imaginable. Here is the vilest screeching for music that can be heard; the drawling bagpipe, the scraping fiddle, the half a trumpet, the broken drum, mingling together in different times, and tunes; and the louder gong that goes—thump! thump! to one's ears, trying to outdo the row of every thing else; yet every one is pleased, every one is delighted, and every thing seems full of humour and fun. These are for the *canaglia*:—for the higher orders there are various gradations of amusements, up to the Opera of San Carlo, confessedly the handsomest theatre in Europe.

Leave the busy town; walk to the sea-shore, gently laved by undulating waves; view its fantastic, graceful, curves, and the broad expansive Mediterranean; the vessels that float tranquilly upon its distant sparkling waters; or the sails that crowd to the mole, and harbour, of the city; its projecting fortress, its towering castle, and its capacious port filled with many a flag. View Vesuvius, that stupendous prodigy of volcanic nature, sometimes tranquil, sometimes raging; its curly smoke now gently aspiring to heaven, and its furrowed sides covered, though thus on the edge of destruction, with villas, and vineyards, and towns:—view the

amphitheatre of hills around, studded with cultivation and verdure; Ischia, Caprea, and Procida, in the distance, with scenery so grand, and so calm, that a monarch might covet a palace to view it.

In this country too are antiquities such as no other nation possesses:—Pompeii, Herculaneum, illustrious cities, buried by sulphureous torrents, yet now explored, and laid open; towns which may be walked in, and found, precisely as they were at the moment when swallowed up with their inhabitants 1800 years ago! Here also volcanic flames are ever raging:—cavities ever vomiting smoke and fire; abysses which reverberate deep and hollow to the foot that treads them; and gulphs down which we listen with terror to the roaring of the subterranean waves, or flames.

Yet from its delicious clime here were, and still are seen, the vestiges of the palaces of Roman emperors, poets, and voluptuaries; and here, too, were conceived the brightest, and most glowing, fictions of Homer, and of Virgil; for in this Campagna have they placed their imaginary Heaven, and Hell; where softest skies made a fit Elysium; and where awful, hidden, craters, ever vomiting flames, and smoke, seemed the sure abode of Hell.

In art too the galleries of Naples are famed; and in amusement, and licentiousness, what freedom is wanting? Mass in the morning is deemed a

sufficient passport to heaven in the evening, and to extenuate almost all that follows.

The delicious climate subdues the two better energies of the soul:—the courage of man; the virtue of woman:—pleasure is the pursuit, and Naples is thought the most licentious city in the world:—in fine it has been significantly called a Paradise of Devils!

8th January.—I now proceed to describe in detail the particular object of each day's visit, beginning with those more immediately in the vicinity.

The Pausilypan Grotto.—After walking along the Chiaja, the fashionable parade of Naples, through the Royal Gardens and its verdant walks, enriched with choice sculpture; after gazing on the boundless expanse of ocean, whose waves gently undulate the shore beneath the garden-walls; after viewing the life, and bustle, on its banks, and the distant vessels on the buoyant waves which seem suspended like castles floating in the air; how striking the effect of entering this long, and gloomy, cavern, which becomes darker, and darker, the further you advance; here and there, by day, a faint gleam of the light of heaven, let in by two perforations above; and, by night, only the fainter glimmer of a solitary lamp thrown across the vault. The hollow cave resounds with the tramping of some distant feet which the

eye in vain seeks to discover; while the shouts, or rude songs, which are set up by the muleteers, and people, passing through, seem meant to dissipate the imaginary terrors of the place.

The ground is paved with flags of lava; and volcanic substances are mingled with the ancient reticular brickwork of the Romans.

There is no doubt that this artificial passage was cut by them; being, most probably, originally, only considered as a quarry of stone, and afterwards perfected as a public thoroughfare; but it owes its present great height (varying from 30 to 80 feet, lofty at the entrances, and lowering towards the middle; and its breadth of about 22 feet) to the labours of Charles V. In length it is more than half a mile. Its classical recollections are that it is alluded to both by Seneca and Strabo: that it is supposed to have been the work of the Roman architect, Cocceius, although the lower Neapolitan orders firmly believe it to have been effected by the powers of magic, and that Virgil (whose tomb is above, of which hereafter) was the sorcerer; while its name, Pausilypo, is derived from two Greek words, signifying, cessation from sorrow, owing to the exquisite scenery of the lofty spot above, where the immortal poet is entombed.

Bright, and verdant, is the luxuriant prospect on emerging; entire orchards additionally enriched with festoons of vines trailed in fantastic

forms up to the loftier trees; the ocean in the distant view; all around, the corn and pulse, that bounteous nature gives, with mountain, and verdant hills; and though at this period of the year foliage must be scarce, it is not difficult to imagine how inviting must be such a scene when nature blooms in all her sunny hues.

Lago d' Agnano.—Proceeding forward we enter upon that extensive tract of volcanic ground which the ancients named their Phlegræan, or Burning, Fields; and where they also fabled that the Giants had warred with the Gods.

The antiquity of the Lago d'Agnano seems uncertain; it may be the sudden production of some volcanic combustion; or it may have been the former fish-pond of the celebrated, and luxurious, Roman General; Lucullus. His villa was in this immediate neighbourhood, and his ponds were supplied with fish from the sea by subterranean communications made at a countless expense. His exploits in the field, and his luxurious living when in retirement, are detailed in Plutarch and other authors. One proof of the prodigality of his feasts is found in the sumptuous entertainment he gave, without preparation, to Cicero, and Pompey, in his Hall of Apollo.

The natural beauties of this Lago still, and ever, remain; and its present appropriation is the

keeping up a stock of wild ducks for the diversion of the Royal Family in shooting them.

On the right of this Lake is the famous Grotta del Cane, one of the most striking indications of the volcanic wonders of this land. A very small, low cave emitting so powerful a sulphureous exhalation as to extinguish life by suffocation in two, three, minutes, or more, according to the animal powers of the various creatures exposed to it.

The heat is very sensible, but it is by stooping low to the ground that we feel the deadly effects of the exhalation. I stooped within three inches perhaps, and in two seconds started up comparatively choked and stifled with the sulphuric fumes. The flame of the brightest torch goes out when within six inches of the rising vapours, but it is proved that phosphorus resists the influence of the carbonic acid. A pistol will not take fire unless the vapour, by certain processes, be for a time dissipated, while brimstone matches will be almost instantly extinguished.

The keeper of this cave, which is always kept locked to prevent any unhappy wanderer from taking shelter in it, has four dogs; and these poor and faithful animals are subjected to a temporary death, each in their turn, at the desire of any one who wishes to have this ocular proof of the deadly fume. The philosophy of the operating principle

has been sufficiently analyzed; a dog would expire in somewhat more than two minutes; a viper may endure it nine, or ten. After the dog has been confined here about two minutes he is taken out, apparently dead, but sometimes with, and sometimes without plunging him in the lake, he quickly recovers.

As usual, the keeper led his animal, a pretty spaniel, tied by a cord, and asked if we chose to witness this proof. Never, never, will I subject an animal to cruelty; science alone may sometimes plead a faint shadow of excuse: here it were needless, the principle being already so fully ascertained. The gratification I felt at having saved an animal from torture was heightened by the expressive joy of the creature, who being dragged to the place by the rope, put up his paw, looking so piteously in our faces, and when released, did so gambol and frolic to show his joy and his gratitude.

On the left of this grotto are the Stufe di San Germano, a few low rooms of tufo, each with a graduated heat, arising from the natural vapours of sulphur and alum, thus confined in a small space, and asserted to be very efficacious in rheumatic with other complaints, consequently much frequented by invalids; bilious, deaf, or consumptive, &c.

Nature seems here to carry on her hidden works

by subterranean fires; the vapour conveyed by funnels to any part is so intense as instantly to cause the most profuse sweat: the earth or wall, above, or below, which you may pull, or dig out with a hatchet, is so hot as scarcely to be borne in the hand, yet beautifully tinted with the yellow sulphur, the crystal alum, and other colours: the hollow ground reverberates if you stamp upon it; and a lighted match will produce volumes of smoke when fanned in certain places. Though many miles distant from Vesuvius, and parted by the immense ocean, yet when the great volcano is agitated, so is the lesser; and the present cracks, and fissures, in the walls were caused by the last eruption.

Stupendous, awful, works of Nature! the eye of man has developed the starry spheres; he has soared above, and out of, the planet to which he is bound; has tracked the course of the fiery comets; can calculate the centuries of eclipses; and has ascertained the boundless distance, and magnitude, of the mighty orbs that revolve in endless space:—but the secrets that are hidden in the womb of the earth; the fires, and flames, that burn, and operate, in the depths of creation; that run below the floods, and communicate with distant lands; that vomit forth their terrific fury, and devastate all;—and the tremblings of the earth which in a moment overwhelm the proudest edifices,

cities, and nations, and tell man how little, and insignificant, he is in the great scale of creation: —these, in their causes, are hidden from mortal eyes, and overwhelm our finite faculties, yet they raise the soul to that One, Great, Mysterious, Being whose habitation is in the highest heavens, and whose "ministers are flaming fires!"

Monday.—Went to the Reale Teatro del Fondo purposely to hear a singular performance on the violin. This professor from Bologna having first displayed an uncommon dexterity of shifting, and sliding; a pizzicato accompaniment to his own play with the fingers of the left hand, at the same time that he was bowing with the right; harmonics; and almost every other possible difficulty; played a series of variations upon the fourth string only.

After this he screwed his bow to the table, and holding his violin with both hands, he thus went through all Madame Catalani's variations of "Hope told a flattering tale," most perfectly; played merely with his left hand fingers, and by moving the instrument up and down in contact with the perpendicular, firm fixed, bow, as well as by adapting the position of the violin with critical nicety to each particular string as touched by the bow.

Since I play the violin myself, I can speak as to the extraordinary difficulty of this acquirement. It was, on the whole, one of the most surprising

performances I ever heard; but, what a waste of time and talent, to such a perverted end! The violin in compass, execution, tone, brilliancy, power, is the king of instruments, and universally takes the lead. Can it, then, prove sense, or give delight thus to abandon the natural, the perfect, mode of play to show a series of tricks and quackeries, only fit to be noticed as having put the invention to the rack to find out something supernaturally difficult! What pleasure might not such talents have imparted had they been exercised in playing one of Romberg's, Beethoven's, or Mayseder's divine quartetts!

Saturday.—A grand Fésta. The king's birthday: the Baciamano, or, Court, and general kissing of the Royal Hand. In the morning I was an observer of the splendid dresses, and equipages, of the grandees, and other court visitants, feminine, military, naval, civil, and ecclesiastic, nowhere more showy than at Naples: in the evening I was at St. Carlo, where, according to custom, the king and royal family, with his court, and all the morning visitors, exhibit themselves in their court habiliments. On the preceding evening there was a general rehearsal of the performances, and the theatre was open to all, gratuitously, in every part except behind the scenes; this was, however, the very forbidden spot where I most wished to be, and where I did nevertheless contrive to introduce

myself in order to see what I wished, and to speak to those I desired.

On the grand evening the price of admission was considerably raised. We paid about ten shillings English, for the Pit, and were glad to secure a ticket at such a price; while some paid more. San Carlo is said to be, and I dare say justly, the handsomest theatre in Europe; the predominant colours are blue and gold. I do not think that in architectural form, and grace, its interior equals our own incomparable Drury Lane, as Wyatt originally designed it, but it is more rich and imposing, by being almost an entire mass of beautiful carving and gold.

The Royal family have here three side-boxes and a central state box. When they appear in the side-boxes they are presumed *incog.* they come in, and go out as they please, and nobody publicly notices them. In Italy those who have not their own box, buy a ticket for that particular seat in the pit which they fancy, which, being numbered and registered, is kept for the party all night; of course all crowd and confusion is obviated, and you go at any hour you please.

The royal centre box of San Carlo is upheld by golden palm trees, adorned with foliage; two angels, large as life, seem arranging its gorgeous canopy of gold and crimson, and a noble regal crown surmounts the whole.

The appearance of this splendid house lit up with about a thousand extra lights; the venerable Monarch with his wife, though not queen, not being of suitable royal rank; the Duke of Calabria, heir to the throne, with his princess, their young family of four, and their attendants; the whole Court; the Grandees and Nobility; the Ecclesiastics; the native, and Austrian, Military; the ladies; the indescribable variety and splendour of the diamonds, dresses, jewels, orders, and decorations, all combined to form the most dazzling spectacle of the kind that could be witnessed. The Ballet of Niobe, though so *triste* a subject, was converted into a sort of enchantment, and an exhibition of the abodes, and enjoyments, of the fabled gods and goddesses; while the grouping was the best I have ever seen: it was such as a monarch might admire, and the old King joined heartily in the tumultuous plaudits of the house, by clapping his hands, and by moving from his own box into a nearer for better inspection.

At the conclusion the audience called vehemently for the performers, and the curtain was drawn up for them to be again applauded.

When over, all the seats in the pit were removed, and the ball began; but it is not usual to dance except in the last week of the Carnival. The Royal Family had retired, but returned to see the promenaders in the pit. Those in the boxes who pleased

were at cards or supper. The famous suite of rooms in this theatre, so well known as the Ridotto for the incessant public gaming, night and day, have been shut up entirely since the entry of the Austrians into the capital.

14th—Comfortably settled in apartments, No. 250, Chiaja. This being the very prime situation in Naples, facing the Bay and the Royal Gardens, all front rooms are extravagantly dear. I was asked three piastres a night for one room; and in this house a suite of the prime, front, rooms are let at 100 ducats a month. The apartments occupied by my friend, and self, are situated sideways. Beneath our windows are the extensive gardens of the opposite monastery; the lemon, and orange, trees laden with their golden fruit, with perfume, and luxuriance, even now almost more than in an English summer; above us, rises hill upon hill, villa above villa, interspersed with vineyards, groves, and gardens, till crowned on one extremity by a fantastic royal residence; and, on the other, by the Castle of St. Elmo, with the romantic convent of La Certosa.

For these two rooms a-piece, and many an English comfort, and cleanliness, we pay thirty-six ducats a month between us. Our man-servant costs us a Carlino, or fourpence each per day; and I deem it but justice to add, that having examined many apartments, these, by comparison,

were found particularly eligible and comfortable, both bed-room, and sitting-room. Among other unusual comforts, I had an English stove in my room, and independently of the grand staircase we had a private one, with separate keys, by which means we could enter, and go out, at any hour unseen, and without disturbing others; our man always taking care to leave a lamp and light when we were not home by eleven o'clock. Breakfast was the only meal we regularly took at home, and, when thus first meeting every early morning, with refreshened health, and open hearts, we were always additionally cheered by a glowing sun, luxuriant scenery, and a delicious, balmy, air to steal upon the senses, and exhilarate every spirit.

Our expedition yesterday was to this lofty convent of La Certosa, now appropriated as a hospital for soldiers. On the balcony is a view too grand and extensive to admit of any description: it is asserted as the second finest view in the world, supposing the one at Constantinople to be the first.

The Church of this suppressed monastery reminded me forcibly of that I saw near Pavia, both belonging to the same wealthy order, the Carthusian Monks, and both lavishly enriched, the one with marbles, and the other with pictures. The yearly revenues of this convent once amounted to 150,000 piastres, and its paintings are proportionably valuable. For that over the altar of one of

the chapels, a Dead Christ, and Weeping Madonna, by Spagnoletto, Lord Bristol is said to have offered in vain 40,000 piastres. The same artist has painted in this church the twelve Prophets, and has given to each a more than mortal prophetic dignity. Guido too is here in all his wonted grace. A Nativity; very large, but unfinished. The Virgin is the highest wrought, and smiles with celestial beauty on her babe before her.

It is no little toil to trudge to the height of this lofty, commanding, edifice; but amply repaid will the lover of art, or nature be: with the sight of many pictures I have not named; many rare marbles and precious stones; and with prospects too enchanting for me to spoil them by attempted description.

I have also seen some other works of art in the church of San Severo, the Mausoleum of the house of Sangro, which, at this time, is undergoing a thorough repair from the effects of the late earthquake that cracked it almost to total destruction, and was equally fatal to the nobler church of the Jesuits, whose walls were in some places rent asunder, and its lofty dome thrown down.

In San Severo are two pieces of sculpture, a Dead Christ, and a figure of Modesty, in which the artist has well expressed the agony, the resignation, of the heavenly Jesus; and the retiring grace of modest, mortal, beauty, in both cases, through the

medium of an apparent veil, so nicely wrought, and sculptured in the stone, that the hand is almost tempted to try to remove it.

There is a third figure of a man endeavouring to free himself from a net in which he is entangled. The labour of this production of art must have been incalculable; all the filaments of a corded net are imitated; in some parts it touches him, and in some it is detached; yet the whole is affirmed to have been cut out of one solid block.

Their extraordinary merit has produced some competition as to the makers of these works of genius and patience; while opinions fluctuate between the names of Corradini, and of Giuseppe San Martino.

Saint Januarius is the tutelar saint of Naples, and woe to the heretic who should dare to gainsay, or to doubt the Neapolitan belief of his omnipotent protection; or that they possess his very blood gathered in a phial 1500 years ago; which, to this very hour, has neither lost one particle of weight, or colour, and which by the benign miracle of the Saint, upon certain solemn occasions, and when he yields to the prayers, and entreaties of the faithful, liquefies before the eyes of his devout and astonished converts!

The Cathedral is, naturally, as the most valued, the most proper receptacle for his silver effigy, and here the sacred congealed blood is kept under

lock with four keys of which the king reserves the guardianship of two.

This Cathedral is most remarkable as being built on the site of a Temple of Apollo, and containing 100 columns, originally in an edifice appropriated to so different a purpose. The Baptismal Font is equally striking: Egyptian Basalt sculptured with masks, and thyrsi—the handles are lost; while the whole was an altar that once smoked to Bacchus. What contrast can be greater! *

16th inst. — The honour of a call from Sir William A'Court, the British ambassador, having previously paid my respects to his Excellency; accompanied with a general invitation to Her Ladyship's Wednesday Parties.

On this evening a suite of rooms was thrown open for cards, billiards, &c. while the largest was appropriated as the Ball-room, attended by a Master of the Ceremonies, and a band of 12 performers; the whole entertainment being in a style worthy of

* With regard to that notable miracle, the liquefaction of the blood of the Saint, it is Addison who observes most justly that the idea is copied from a similar mummery in the Neapolitan town of Gnatia (now Gnazzi) where in the days of Horace the priests asserted that the sacred frankincense would melt in the temple without flame.

> Dum flammâ sine thura liquescere limine sacro
> Persuadere cupit. *Sat.* v. b. i. v. 99.

the representative of the King of England. Stars, Decorations, and Orders, in abundance; the chief Nobility, native and foreign; and of beauty too no small display. Among the fairest of my own countrywomen I noticed Lady Ellenborough's daughters, but in the gay throng I chanced, towards the end of the evening, to light upon a foreign beauty who, however ungallant, and unchivalrous, it may be to declare it, I, nevertheless, thought the loveliest object in the circle.

Thus it is with continental beauty. The English women, collectively, eclipse all nations, but, occasionally, you meet with a foreigner of surpassing loveliness.

Such was this fair Sicilian, the Princess Trecase, whose grandfather was Viceroy of Naples. This *bellissima Principessa* had been married to the present Prince about four years since, at the early age of fourteen, while he is but little older than herself.

The best simile I could make, and which most struck me, was to compare her to one of Guido's divine Madonnas. Attire her as the Virgin is usually painted, deprive her of her silks, flounces, flowers, tresses, and jewels, veil some of those charms which a Ball-dress exhibits, or heightens:—the likeness is complete.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ISCHIA AND FABLE OF TYPHŒUS—POZZUOLI, AND CICERO—THE MOLE, AND EMPEROR ANTONINUS—TEMPLE OF JUPITER SERAPIS—TIBERIUS—PISCINA MIRABILIS—MISENUS AND MONTE NUOVO—LAKE LUCRINUS, AND PORTUS JULIUS—THE AVERNUS—THE INFERNAL REGIONS—ULYSSES AND ÆNEAS—THE ACHERON, AND STYX—THE ELYSIAN FIELDS—CUMÆAN SYBIL, AND ÆNEAS—EXPLORING HER CAVE—BAIÆ AND TEMPLES—NERO AND AGRIPPINA—CENTO CAMERELLE—LE STUFE DI TRITOLI, AND BOILING WELL—SOLFATERRA—ANCIENT CUMÆ—CIMMERIANS—LINTERNUM, AND SCIPIO AFRICANUS—DÆDALUS.

THURSDAY.—A day of particular interest, from the exploration of the most striking natural wonders, and equally inviting classic fictions.

Our drive was first to Puzzuoli, and a more inviting one I never had. The wide expansive ocean; the island of Nisida, anciently Nesis, alluded to by Lucan, and Statius, once famed for its asparagus; the Castle of Baiæ; Ischia, anciently Inarime, whose stupendous mountain was fabled to press heavily upon the Giant Typhœus, and whose vain efforts to free himself, when he would shake off the bulky load, produce its volcanic furies;* the Promontory of Misenus; the Bay of

* Typhœus, or Typhon, was a Giant, son of the Earth, and of Tartarus, having an hundred dragons' heads. His shrieks were like the discordant yells of various animals, and

Pozzuoli; Tombs and Baths, Grottoes and Gardens; the serene, and glassy, Ocean; the luxuriance of nature mingling with volcanic effects, which sometimes mar, and sometimes aid, its verdure; all beheld in one, and the same, view, and presenting so singular, yet enchanting, a scene, that the Neapolitans have deemed it the work of magic, and of Virgil.

Pozzuoli, or Puteoli, anciently Dicæarchia, was once a mart for the commerce of the East, and a rendezvous for the opulent of Rome. It contained an Amphitheatre, anterior in foundation, though inferior, to the Coliseum; two orders composed its elevation; its arena was about 200 feet long; and it could accommodate 40,000 spectators. It is shattered, but still sufficiently exhibits its pristine form, and appropriation. Pozzuoli, and its neighbourhood, was graced also by two villas of the patriotic, and eloquent, Cicero; one of which he called his Puteolanum, or Academia; the other his Cumanum, being nearer to Cumæ, and in which latter he composed part of that work

he vomited flames from his mouth and eyes. As soon as born, he made war against heaven;—the immortal Gods were frightened and fled; Jupiter in the disguise of a Ram;—Juno as a Cow:—Apollo, a Crow; Mercury, an Ibis:—Bacchus, a Goat; Diana, a Cat: Venus, a Fish. But Jupiter rallied, fought, and conquered, and with his thunderbolts hurled the monster to earth, crushing him under the volcanic mountain of Ischia, where he still groans, struggling to arise.

he terms his Academic Questions. Pliny has spoken of the beauty and extent, of this favoured retreat at Puteoli; its noble porticoes; its spacious gardens; its site fanned by the pure sea-breeze, and laved by its gently murmuring waves: but, for magnificence there is now nought but rubbish; and for pleasure there is little but the recollection of Cicero's own descriptions of it. The Mole was a work of equal grandeur, and utility; some of its piles, and a shattered arch, or two, remain in mournful, monumental, pride. By whom it was erected is uncertain; but we know it to have been repaired by Antoninus Pius from an inscription recorded by Julius Capitolinus, thus:

Imp. Cæsari, Divi Hadriani filio: Divi Trajani, Parthaci, Nepoti: Divi Nervæ, Pronepoti:—Hadriano Antonino Aug. Pio; &c. quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs, Pilarum viginti molem cum sumptu fornicum reliquo ex ærario suo largitus est.*

Its erection was much facilitated by the peculiar sand of this country, the Puzzolana, which, being mixed with lime, hardens in the water and acquires the solidity of stone.

* Implying — To the Emperor Augustus Cæsar, Adrian Antoninus Pius; son of the Emperor Adrian; grandson of the Emperor Trajan, surnamed Parthicus; great grandson of the Emperor Nerva, &c. for having, besides other benefits, bestowed at his own expense, and for the protection of this harbour, a Mole of 20 Piles.

Of such ancient magnificence little indeed remains, and the contrast is therefore the greater between former splendour and present poverty. The vestiges of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis still exist. Three lofty, but mutilated, marble columns of the Corinthian order are yet standing, the shattered remains of the others are scattered around; in the centre is a circular marble pavement, and two iron rings on one side—here was probably the high altar, and the rings were, perhaps, those to which the victims intended for sacrifice were tied. The temple was inclosed in a square court, and surrounded by forty small houses or apartments, which were, doubtless, the residences of the priests, as well as for the purposes of baths, purifications, and lustrations. Some few of these, though in ruins, are yet standing. The general form of the Temple was nearly square, being 134 feet long, 115 wide; the innermost recess was circular, supported by columns, and the worship celebrated was in honour of this God of Egypt. Its portable beauties in statues, bronzes, and even columns, have long since been seized upon; some of the most valuable of the latter adorn the palace of Caserta.

Of this splendid ruin of antiquity, the sea has also contributed to efface the beauty, for the columns are not only much corroded, but even eaten away, by the ocean damps; while the pavement is hidden by slime, and stagnant water. I have a

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very feeling reason to complain of this latter neglect; since, owing to the slippery footing, I had a most severe tumble, and such a bruise as I wince at even now.

The Cathedral appears to have been thus transmuted from a former temple dedicated to Augustus; and one other classical antiquity consists in a pedestal of a statue of Tiberius, a tribute of gratitude to that emperor from fourteen cities of Asia Minor, rebuilt by him after their destruction by earthquake. The characteristic emblems, and names, of the various cities have been tolerably deciphered. Allusive also to this very incident, two medals are in existence, with this inscription: "Civitatibus Asiæ Restitutis," * on which Tiberius is represented seated; with a Patera in his right hand, a Spear in his left.

Proceeding further we descended by a staircase into a substruction, the use, or intention, of which has been much canvassed, but whose solidity, and gigantic proportions, strike all; arcades composed of four rows of massive pillars, supporting a vault. Its name, Piscina Mirabilis, would imply it were a fish-pond, perhaps one formed by the prodigal Lucullus; though, it is more generally conjectured to have been a reservoir of purified water for the Roman vessels in the neighbouring port of Misenus.

* For the Restored Cities of Asia.

In the economy of modern days we make capacious excavations for water, but think not of erecting pillars to support a heavy roof merely to protect such a reservoir from the dust of the earth.

At Pozzuoli we hired a boat, and rowing across the Bay, landed at Baulis. Two objects, the Promontory of Misenus on the right, and Monte Nuovo on the left, deserve particular record.

The harbour of Misenus, in the time of the Emperor Augustus, was the grand port for the Roman navy in this part of the Mediterranean, or Tyrrhenum Mare; as the ports of Ravenna were the rendezvous for the fleets destined for the Adriatic and Archipelago.

Now all is tranquillity, and the winds blow over it unchecked by a single sail. Yet still there are ruins which recall the recollection of the former villas of Pliny, Lucullus, and Tiberius; and still there is a fort perpetuating the name of the Trojan whose mausoleum was here, and whom Virgil has immortalised.*

* Misenus, son of Æolus, was trumpeter to Hector. After the fall of Troy he followed Æneas to Italy; and, too confident in his own powers, challenged a Triton to play against him. Being drowned for his temerity on the coast of Campania, Æneas, when on the Cumæan shore he was interceding with the Sybil for her aid to assist his descent into Hell, was enjoined, first, to bury the corpse of his friend. The hero sought him sorrowing, and when found, entombed him on this promontory; displaying also his arms as being a warrior;—an oar as a navigator;—and a trumpet as a trumpeter. Æn. 6. 232.

Monte Nuovo, a conical mountain of considerable height, now covered with verdure, was the sudden and furious offspring of a volcanic eruption on 30th September, 1538. It arose in the middle of the lake Lucrinus; its torrents of flames and hot ashes spread terror and devastation all around, and it engulfed the village of Tripergola. From their mass, and from this explosion was formed, in forty-eight hours, this very mountain, which totally changed the features of the surrounding country; and having thus dried up and withered the streams of the weeping Naiades, as well as destroyed a lake, the Mole of which was asserted to have been made by Hercules, here, like a bulky giant, it still towers, till, at some future day, it may be itself annihilated by some other greater convulsion, or by the flames that rage within its own crater.

The lake Lucrinus, thus ruined, had been united to the Avernus by Agrippa, and a harbour formed of which there is still a remaining fragment called La Lanterna del Porto Giulio. The oysters fed here were so famous that Martial alludes to them.

Twenty thousand slaves, according to Suetonius, were manumitted for having worked for the completion of this famous Portus Julius; while both Horace and Virgil describe the Julian Harbour as one of the wonders achieved in the days of Augustus.

(Virgil's Georgics, b. ii. v. 164. Horace, b. ii. Ode 15.)

From the lake Lucrinus we pass to a spot which all who have read the fictions of the poets must approach with a thrilling interest, deep awe, and lively emotion—Avernus—the fabled entrance into Hell:—whose depths were unfathomable; and whose deadly waters were indispensable in all incantations, and enchantments.

Here are the awful woods, the gloomy lakes, the sacred groves, which Homer, and Virgil, have sung; and in this spot are fabled the romantic incidents of the eleventh Odyssey, and sixth Æneid.

Thus solemn rites, and holy vows, we paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead:
When, lo! appeared along the dusky coasts
The airy shoals of visionary ghosts!
Fair pensive youths, and soft, enamour'd maids;
And wither'd elders, pale, and wrinkled, shades;
Ghastly with wounds, the forms of warriors slain,
Stalked with majestic port, a warlike train.
These, and a thousand more, swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.

Pope's Odyssey, b. 11. v. 43.

Curious, &c.
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell;
They scream, they shriek, sad groans, and dismal sounds,
Stun my scared ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.

Idem, v. 779.

Virgil, describing the lowest depths of Tartarus, as explored by Æneas on this very Cumæan shore, speaks thus:

The gaping gulph low to the centre lies,
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.
Some roll a mighty stone; some laid along,
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels are hung.

but,

Had I a hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspired with iron lungs,
I could not half these horrid crimes repeat;
Nor half the punishments these crimes have met.
Dryden's Virgil, b. 6, v. 739, &c.

Of all these imaginary horrors scarce a vestige remains, save the shattered ruins of the Temple of Proserpine, or of the Avernus. That deadly lake over whose pestiferous streams no bird could wing its way; whose course appeared lost in the horrid caverns which led to Tartarus; where, sulphureous flames, and tremblings of the earth, all announced the dark abodes of "grisly Pluto," God of Hell; no longer hidden by the gloomy impenetrable forests of the Roman age, and further opened by the communications with the Julian Port, is now clear, tranquil, and inviting.

Around this sacred spot, too, are, or were, the Acheron, the Cocytus, or the waters of weeping and bitterness, and the Styx:* awful sounds!—here were

* The Acheron was the son of Titan, hurled into hell by Jupiter for having given the Titans water to drink in their wars against him;—or, he was the son of Ceres, without a

seen the flitting ghosts of hapless souls, and by one of these entrances was Æneas conducted into Hell by the Cumæan Sybil in order to hear from his father the fates, and the destinies of future Rome.

So general was the superstition attached to these Cimmerian abodes that, when their gloomy shades

father, who having concealed himself in hell from fear, during the wars of the Titans, was changed into that deadly stream over which condemned souls were first conveyed to hell.

The Styx was that river which flowed round Hell nine times, and that sacred stream by which the Gods were wont to swear. If perjured, Jupiter condemned them to taste its waters, which caused a total suspension of faculties, even of a Deity, for one year; for the next nine years they were allowed neither the celestial nectar, nor ambrosia; nor were they reinstated in their full privileges till the expiration of these ten years.

It was over both these rivers that Charon, son of Erebus, and Nox, ferried the souls of the dead to Hell. This was also a passage to Elysium; and those hapless bodies which were not regularly entombed, were deprived for 100 years of their happy destination, by being condemned to wander for that period on the Stygian baſiks. Hence the great anxiety of the ancients for burial, and hence the custom of always putting a small piece of money, an obolus, under the tongue of the deceased, to pay Charon his usual fee: also some bread, or cake, or "sop in honey steeped," for the three, or fifty, headed dog, Cerberus, who kept the gates of Hell.

Some few heroes descended here, by special favour of the Gods, in their life-time:—Æneas; also Orpheus, who lulled Cerberus to sleep with his lyre; and Hercules who dragged the monster forcibly from the gate. The latter hero went down without permission, and Charon, though compelled to ferry him over, was imprisoned for the offence.

After this, no one living could pass without first producing a golden bough gathered in a wood near this spot, but which was known only to the Cumæan Sybil.

were first profaned by opening the Julian Harbour, the marble effigies of the Infernal Deities evinced the horror felt by their gods; the one, by a profuse sweat; the other, by leaping from its pedestal;—and Annibal, whose army was encamped in this neighbourhood, offered sacrifice to Pluto in the Avernus. (Livy, b. xxiv. c. 12.)

Nevertheless, near to these very terrors, were the Elysian Fields! fabled to be replete with all the delights that imagination can desire; and, as affording to every beatified spirit those enjoyments which were most congenial when on earth!

Thus the Trojan warriors were for ever gratified with feats of arms, and horses, and Olympic Games. The fierce Achilles for ever warred with men, and beasts: while for the more sensual was provided every voluptuous, soft, delight. It is curious to read in Homer, Virgil, and other ancient authors, their close descriptions of an Elysium adapted to an earthly taste.

> These holy rites perform'd, they took their way
> Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay;
> The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie,
> With æther vested, and a purple sky:
> The blissful seats of happy souls below,
> Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.
>
> *Æn.* 6, v. 867.

If on the one hand, there are no traces of the horrors of Acheron, neither are there of the beauties of Elysium. Either every thing was fabled, or is

now totally changed: the pleasures remaining are only those of classic recollection, and poetic imagination.

Thus, the solid globe itself is rent, and crushed; yet the invisible, the air-spun, imaginations of a being who, himself, is but as a speck, an atom, in the scale of creation, remain from age to age, pure, and perfect, as when he first breathed them.

From the Avernus we proceeded to explore the Sybil's Cave. This Sybil is the most celebrated of all. Their number is differently stated, but, according to Varro, there were ten, all of whom are supposed to have been inspired by heaven with the gift of prophecy. The Sybil of Cumæa had many names, Daphne, Manto, Deiphobe, Herophile, Phemonoe, Amalthea, and Demophile. She was so beautiful that Apollo was enamoured, and offered her the obtainment of any request she would make. She demanded to live as many years as she held grains of sand in her hand. It was granted, but she refused the fulfilment of her promise, and denied to her lover the boon he had bought. However she, unfortunately, had omitted to stipulate for perpetual youth, and bloom, and the angry God abandoned her to the wrinkles, the haggard looks, and the decrepitude of old age.

When Æneas came into Italy she had then lived 700 years, and she still had 300 years more to survive. She instructed the hero how to ex

plore the Infernal Regions, and also accompanied him thither.

In the reign of Tarquin the Second, about 500 years B. C. a Sybil came to his palace with nine books, for which she demanded so high a price that the king sent her away. She threw three of her books into the fire, and soon afterwards presented herself with the other six, asking the same price. Again refused, she burnt three more, and still demanded the same extraordinary price for the remaining three. The monarch was astonished; he ordered the money to be paid; the Sybil vanished, and was never again heard of.

The books proved to be the Sybilline Prophecies, and, so sacred were they deemed, that a college of priests was instituted expressly to take care of them. Whenever Rome was endangered these volumes were consulted with the profoundest religious pomp, and solemnity. When the Capitol was burnt, they also perished; and embassadors were, in consequence, sent wherever there was a chance of collecting a Sybilline verse. The present books, so called, are spurious, and were forged in the second century to promote Christianity.

Some doubt exists whether this cave or another near it, with which it has a mutual communication, were the oracular residence of the famed Cumæan Prophetess.

Nevertheless, with equal awe I approached the sacred porch where Æneas once reverently stood to

intreat the revelation of futurity, and to seek advice for his descent into Hell.

Æneas

> ——————seeks the shade
> Which hides from sight his venerable maid,
> A spacious cave, within its farmost part
> Was hew'd, and fashion'd, by laborious art
> Through the hill's hollow sides. Before the place,
> A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
> As many voices issue, and the sound
> Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.

While thus musing, I thought of the reply of the Prophetess when intreated to aid the descent.

> The gates of Hell are open night and day;
> Smooth is the descent, and easy is the way:
> But to return, &c.

Then, while yet standing on the very threshold of the awful porch, I thought of the description:

> Deep was the cave, and downward as it went,
> From the wide mouth a rocky, rough, descent;
> And here the access a gloomy grove defends,
> And here th'innavigable lake extends,
> O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
> No bird presumes to steer his airy flight,
> Such deadly stenches from the depths arise,
> And steaming sulphur that infects the skies.

And then, when after the last sacrifice,

> The earth began to bellow, trees to dance
> And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
> Ere Hecate came. *Dryden's 6 Eneid,* v. 13, &c.

Though my descriptions, hitherto, of what I this day saw accord but little in exterior terrors

with these poetic fictions of the ancients, yet the exploring the Caverna della Sibilla did indeed somewhat more forcibly recall those fabled horrors, though the objects were, certainly, not so dignified.

After groping for some time through a dark, low cavern, and by torch-light, there suddenly started up some half a dozen squalid, miserable men, or guides, hitherto unseen, to whom we were to trust in exploring the yet gloomier recesses of the prophetic cavern. Turning to the left, a dark stream, perhaps the Acheron, or the Styx itself, seemed to impede our progress. O'er this river of Hell we were not ferried by Charon in his "leaky vessel," neither did we hear the horrid yells of Cerberus; but our guides mounted us on their backs, and thus we waded through the black stream; through low, and dismal, narrow, caves; through smokes and vapours; through gloomy, winding, vaults, occasionally brushed by the rude, projecting, rock; with no dawn of light save the uncertain glimmering flashes of the smouldering torch, making "darkness visible;" or only occasionally showing the harsh, and squalid features of our bearers.

A coward imagination might have been impressed with the fancied terrors of the scene; and one mistaken plunge into the black stream we were traversing might have sent the reluctant soul shrieking to the visionary shades of Hell so near.

But they landed us safe in the inner recess of

the prophetic cave, and pointed out the sacred lustral fountain.

Returning to the glad light of heaven, we re-embarked, and leaving Tartarian horrors, and Elysian Fields, we landed at Baiæ. Here, no such fictions are necessary. We know that its delicious climate, and perpetual spring, made it the favoured residence, and the desired retreat, of the illustrious ancients; and accordingly we find its entire territory an assemblage of ruins, the vestiges of the villas of Cæsar, Tiberius, Nero, Caracalla, Pompey, Marius, Sylla.

Yet, this spot, so favoured by nature, so soft, so genial, so inviting, has been witness to the deepest crimes that can disgrace human kind; and has been the resort of the most licentious to indulge in the most enervating, and voluptuous, debauchery.

The remains of edifices, supposed sacred to Diana, Mercury, and Venus, have been the subject of antiquarian criticism, whether temples, palaces, villas, or baths. That of Mercury is remarkable for its echo. Of the temple of Venus little doubt can now exist from the nature of the stuccoes traced on its mouldering walls; still less when recollecting the amatory descriptions of Baiæ, where nature was ever luxuriant; sun, and skies, ever bright; and where the votaries of feasting, and song, and pleasure, and Venus, were ever revelling.

Horace says (Book I. Epist. 1, l. 83.):

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis.*

Seneca in his epistle to Lucilius speaks of the debaucheries of Baiæ; and Cicero, in his oration for Celius, describes it in the same strain.

Yet in this same place, among other crimes, was committed one at which human nature revolts:—here did Nero murder his Mother!

The supposed Tomb of Agrippina is shown; a low, and long, vaulted, gallery adorned with stuccoes, worth inspection; though some half-effaced inscriptions on the walls alone attest its former celebrated, and hapless tenant.

The wretched empress hastened the executioner to dispatch the mother who had given birth to such a monster: and the son is said to have gazed with pleasure on her corpse, declaring he did not think she possessed so much beauty!†

In another part of Baiæ are a series of excavations, and cavities, known as the Cento Camerelle, or Hundred Chambers. The knowledge of the use, or intention, of these has also perished in the lapse of ages; but very few of them can now be explored, and this only by groping, and creeping, in dirt, and darkness. The hollow ground rever-

* No place on earth exceeds the delights of Baiæ.

† Annals of Tacitus. Among the moderns, the account by the Abbé St. Real is very interesting.

berates if struck, implying that there are yet deeper caves beneath.

They may have been substructions, or reservoirs for water, or prisons; and tradition has loaded the hated memory of Nero with the record that these cells, and others far deeper, were the deadly prisons for which he found victims.

Le Stufe di Tritoli.—Leaving the works of man we now explored the more wonderful operations of nature, and walked into some galleries cut out of the solid rock. An old man here presented himself as a guide, and having accepted his services, to our astonishment, he stripped in a moment, even to his withered skin, and we followed him.

There are six corridors leading to the Boiling Well, and Sulphureous Vapours.

In less than five minutes, the heat of the natural, and mineral, fumes arising from the rocks, and around us, was so overpowering as almost to cause suffocation, and so profuse a perspiration that my clothes were thoroughly wet.

Unable possibly to proceed, we retraced our steps, and, soon after, our old man reappeared, groaning, and fuming, and having in his hand a bucket of boiling water. Two eggs thrown into it were boiled in as many minutes. The water had a sulphureous taste, and the medical properties of such exhalations cause these baths to be resorted to by invalids in particular months, who are bene-

fitted by subjecting themselves to this powerful natural sweat, and for whom also accommodations are here provided.

Nature has kept up these yet unaccounted-for boiling caldrons for 2000 years, as we know; and who shall say through what vast previous space of time here, in these dark recesses, she has raged in unquenchable, sulphureous, flames!

Pliny (book 31) alludes to these fumes, and their medical virtues. To some who, either from rashness, or from too ardent a pursuit of science, have ventured too far, they have proved fatal.

There is a well where no water has been found, but from which a hot steam is always rising. This vapour overpowers instantaneously, and they have never again risen who have once felt its deadly effects.

About this time we re-embarked for Puteoli, and proceeded to Solfaterra.

This wonderful volcano no longer exhibits those incessant fearful flames, and fires, which obtained for it the name of the Forum Vulcani.

Petronius Arbiter has described its horrors most poetically; as well as Statius and others. Nature herself seems now somewhat exhausted; and modern ingenuity has converted a scene of sublime horror into a regular manufacture, and traffic, of minerals, and chemicals.

Its greatest eruion was in 1198, when the

torrents of burning lava proved so destructive to Pozzuoli, and the neighbourhood. At present, it is systematically worked for the production of sulphur, alum, sal ammoniac, &c.

The process of procuring the sulphur seems sufficiently easy. The burning stones cut in masses from the cavities are placed in certain stoves, and being subjected to a greater heat the sulphur oozes out the more abundantly, and pours through a hollow tube.

Its present appearance is sufficiently sublime to have made it worthy of the record of poets; many of whom have borrowed imagery from this spot; probably Dante, and Milton, each in their Inferno. It is asserted also to be the very Phlegra, or Phlegræan Fields, on which fiery soil, Hercules, at the intercession of Jupiter, attacked, and defeated, the Giants, when already they had scaled the walls of Heaven, and scared away the immortal Gods.

The hollow ground reverberates deep when stamped upon, or violently struck; the ashy ground is pale, sulphureous, yellow, marl; and the stones, and substances, in every direction are tinted, and impregnated with alum, sulphur, iron, and other of nature's secret minerals. Smoke issues from the earth in various cavities around, while the feet are scorched as they tread; but, from the great gulph there rise clouds of smoke too dense for the eye to penetrate to the mysteries beneath, never yet explored;

and, as the winds agitate, and blow the clouds from side to side, the fancy sees some blacker, or more raging gulph; some seas of liquid, or streams of blue, and pale sulphureous, flame, while we listen with terror to the roaring of the subterranean waves, or fires, in the deep abyss below!

Somewhat further than Pozzuoli, is the ancient Cumæ, one of the very earliest Greek colonies established in Italy by an emigration from Chalcis in Euboæ, now Negropont, and Cumæ of Æolia, before the Trojan War.

Its former fame was partly attributable to the celebrity of the Cumæan Sybil, whose mysterious grot, or cave, was certainly here; but which is nevertheless asserted to have had, by vast subterranean communications, that other entrance which I have already described.

Cumæ, with its gloomy caves, and shadowy shores, is the land where Homer fixed his Cimmerians, with their dark deeds, and dwellings. It is further memorable from yet possessing some relics of a building called the Temple of the Giants, and commemorative of their defeat by Hercules; also by being near Linternum, where Scipio Africanus retired from ungrateful Rome to end his days, and where is still seen a tower, called La Torre di Patria, allusive to Scipio, and recalling his well-known epitaph—

Ingrata patria, neque etiam mea ossa habebis.

Ungrateful country! not even my bones shalt thou have.

And, lastly, Cumæ is further distinguished by a relic, though a very disputable one, of a temple famed as the very one dedicated by Dædalus to Apollo, when, after flying through the air with his own made wings, here he first alighted.

> The first who sail'd in air.—'Tis sung by fame
> To the Cumæan coast at last he came,
> And, here alighting, built this costly frame,
> Inscribed to Phœbus. *Dryden, 6th Æneid,* v. 20.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAMPO SANTO—VIRGIL'S TOMB—CHURCH OF S^A. MARIA PARTORIENTE AND SANNAZARIUS—CURIOUS PAINTING—FARNESE BULL, AND FABLE OF DIRCE—HERCULANEUM—VESUVIUS, AND ERUPTIONS OF 79—1631—1766, 1767—1779 AND 1794—VESUVIUS TRANQUIL—MONS. LOUIS GAUTERET.

THE Campo Santo is a singular, and shocking, exhibition. It is the great receptacle for all the dead poor, and for the deceased in the hospitals, &c. and presents a square court, in which are dug 365 deep cavities for the corpses, one of which is opened every day for the reception of all who are brought, and so on with the other pits in succession, to the end of the year.

A Monk who, I presume, superintends, accompanied us, and, at our desire, we had the present day's grave opened, and to-morrow's, which of course had not been disturbed for a twelvemonth.

All bodies brought hither—men, women, or infants, are totally stripped, and rudely tumbled down in a heap below.—Horrid, revolting, sight! thus to see so many naked corpses, livid, swoln, blotched, tumbled in rude heaps, and strange attitudes, one upon the other; and mingling too

with the blood, and viscera, of those anatomized, and previously cut up!

The next grave, on looking into it, showed nothing but dried bones—Corruption had fed itself, and nought remained!

The horror of such a sight sickens all—yet it is a state of death, unconsciousness, annihilation. We read of the miseries of war, of the horrors of plague; of the wretchedness of famine; we can witness cruelties, and sufferings, heaped by barbarian man upon a generous, faithful, yet defenceless, dumb animal; but we pass on; and we forget what we read, and we regard not what we see. Yet show us the little miseries to which we ourselves may be subjected; the forgotten, mouldering, grave; the darksome vault where we may lie, and rot;—and then, though it be actually a state exempt from suffering, and a state of which we are unconscious;—we start, and sicken, and shudder,—because it touches ourselves!

From hence we walked homeward, and enjoyed such a view as might well dispel all previous melancholy impressions. From the eminence where we stood, the entire city was spread before us; on our left, Vesuvius, its furrows of black ashes streaked with recent snows, and only one little fleecy cloud of curly smoke aspiring to the skies: Torre del Greco, Herculaneum, Pompeii, too, were there; while the broad, expansive, ocean filled up

the remotest view, smoother than crystal glass, and studded with the distant, tranquil sail, or lesser fishing-boat, hardly seen from off the shore:—the faint hum of the busy, pleasure-hunting, city would occasionally steal upon the listening ear; and while the proud Castello dell' Uovo stood towering amid the ocean waters, the sun gradually sinking behind its battlements shed a bright orange glow on all the waves, diffusing a soft, and purply, tint upon the distant verdant hills, and on all the luxuriant, tranquil, scenery around.

Virgil's Tomb.—After winding up to nearly the top of the Pausylipan Grotto, a door inscribed as the entrance to the Tomb of Virgil leads through vineyards, and orchards, to the sacred spot which once held the mortal remains of the immortal bard. On a stone, distinct from the tomb, is this inscription:

Qui cineres? tumuli hæc vestigia? conditur olim
Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces.

Whose tomb? Whose ashes here repose? His tomb we raise
Who, erst, did sing of warriors, flocks, and rural lays.

Near to this inscription we enter a low, vaulted, brick, chamber where once reposed the urn that held the sacred ashes of Virgil. Now, all seems comparative ruin; not a vestige of the tomb remains; in place of the bay which once so appropriately shaded the grave of the poet, no other

verdure appears save the ivy, and the shrubs, which creep through the open window: while the sanctity due to the poetic dead is profaned by the ill-placed homage of scribbling so many names, unknown to fame, all around.

Though much controversy has arisen as to the authenticity of this place of burial, yet, on the whole, it were reasonable to believe it the genuine spot which all may venerate. There are, moreover, some traditions as to the very sarcophagus which contained his bones (now, seemingly, irreparably lost) having once been indisputably on this spot.

Much additional interest would, I think, be felt, if, instead of the epitaph quoted, recorded near his tomb, there were inscribed the comprehensive, and modest, distich written by the bard himself some few minutes before his death, beginning—

Mantua me genuit——

Proceeding along the coast, or Mergellina, we entered the church dedicated to S^{a}. Maria Partoriente, or more properly, "Al santissimo parto della gran' Madre di Dio," built on the ruins of the favourite, and beautiful, villa of Sannazarius; celebrated in his poems; given to him in the 15th century by Frederic II, of Arragon, to whom the poet was secretary; and which was destroyed by Philibert of Nassau, Prince of Orange, during the

siege of Naples; and in sorrow for which, on its ruined site, its former possessor endowed this church. Sannazarius is said to have died of grief for the loss of his villa; but to have died happier when some days before his death he heard that the barbarian General had been killed.

This Church contains the tomb of this admirer, and imitator, of Virgil. At the corner are two figures of Apollo and Minerva. Whether from zeal for Christian religion, or what other sentiment, I know not, but these heathen deities are inscribed underneath, laughably enough, as David, and Judith. The centre has bassi-rilievi representing Pagan symbols, satyrs, &c. together with allusions to the poet's Piscatory Eclogues.

His epitaph is, I think, sufficiently laudatory:

Da sacro cineri flores;
Hic illi Maroni
Sincerus musâ proximus
Ut tumulo.

Vixit An. 72. Ob. 1538.

Some fragrant flowers here shed
To honour him now dead,
Who sure this fame did gain:—
As in death his tomb is nigh,
So in life his muse did vie,
With Virgil's mighty strain.

There is a curious, and most ungallant, painting in the right hand chapel, on entering.

A young, and beautiful, Marchesa, either felt, or in order to amuse herself, pretended to feel, a passion for an old Bishop, Diomedes Caraffa, who, no sooner heard this, than he determined to perpetuate the recollection of his own attractions; to show his pure, and spiritual, love for religion; and, worse than all, to betray the faith of a confiding female, even to handing down to posterity her misplaced condescension. Accordingly, he has had painted, and hung up, in this chapel a figure of the Archangel Michael trampling upon, and wounding the Devil in the person, and with the countenance, of his beautiful Inamorata!

On the terrace of this church I long lingered, gazing on the prospect, worthy of Sannazario's pen, admiring the boundless ocean; the city sweeping gracefully on my right, backed with its verdant hills, and villas:—Mount Vesuvius now all tranquil; and the long range of distant hills, their summits capped with snows amid the azure skies, and illumined so picturesquely, and varyingly, by a bright, and glowing, sun.

Thence to the Villa Reale, or Public Garden, situated on the Chiaja, the most fashionable resort of Naples. The sea washes the boundaries of the garden, the prospect from the parapet wall is enchanting, and the houses of the Chiaja stretch along the coast.

In this shady promenade are many fine sculp-

tures; the most celebrated is in the centre, being placed in a basin, fancifully, though naturally, decked with water-plants, aloes, rocks, &c.

The group is that of Dirce, Antiope, Zethus, and Amphion; better known as the Farnese Bull, or Toro Farnese.

This memorable, and celebrated, sculpture of antiquity, spoken of so highly by Pliny, descends to the King of Naples as inheritor of the riches of the Farnese family. In looking at it, we have most to lament its mutilated condition; though smooth to the eye in all its parts, yet upon examination, it is easy to discover the additions of Bianchi to the original of Apollonius. Pliny has asserted, though unjustly, that this entire group is cut out of one block of marble.

It is to be observed that the youths are here tying Dirce by the hair of her head to the horns of the mad beast, whereas, according to the classics, she was tied to the tail.*

A *petite soirée* at His Excellency's.—Observed upon the table complimentary, and congratulatory,

* Jupiter, enamoured of Antiope, presented himself to her in the form of a Satyr, after she had been divorced by Lycus, King of Thebes. His second wife, Dirce, suspected Lycus of the infidelity, and persecuted Antiope with the most unrelenting barbarity. But she escaped, and was delivered of twins on Mount Cithæron—Zethus and Amphion.

When they grew up, they determined to avenge their mother's wrongs; they besieged Thebes; they put Lycus to

addresses from the Prince of Trecase, and the immediate relatives, announcing the conclusion of a marriage between his relation, and the Marchesa Beria.

The letters being a sort of printed circular, I therefore presume it is the Italian mode thus to acquaint all friends of such an event.

Vesuvius.—The achievement of the long wished-for ascent to Vesuvius.

Herculaneum, at about five miles distance, lies in the immediate road to the mountain, and accordingly here we first stopped.

The same eruption of Vesuvius on 24th August, of the year 79, in the reign of Titus, destroyed Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ; but Pompeii, more distant, was buried only by showers of hot cinders, in some places not ten feet deep, easily removed, and now thoroughly explored, and laid open to the light of day: whereas Herculaneum was embedded 50, and in some places above 100, feet deep in a solid mass of ashes, lava, earth, and stones, vitrified by fire, and cemented by water.

death; and tied Dirce to the tail of a mad bull, who dragged her, and tore her, limb from limb, till the Gods, in compassion, changed her into a fountain.

Amphion is said to have so excelled in music, taught him by Mercury, as to have built the walls of Thebes by the sounds of his lyre.

This group was dug out of the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla at Rome.

Hence, the difficulty of excavation, and the little to be seen;—one Theatre only. Much more has been explored, streets, houses, temples, and forums, and a tolerable idea formed of the entire city:—the invaluable relics of art found here, and, above all, the precious manuscripts, are now arranged in the Museo Borbonnico.

There are, however, but little hopes of further discoveries; the preservation of modern property is deemed more important than the recovery of ancient art; and Herculaneum is abandoned, because over it have been built the present palace, and towns, of Portici and Resina.

It was the Prince d'Elbœuf, in 1713, to whom, while building a villa in this neighbourhood, and in digging on this spot for a composition similar to the ancient stucco, accident gave the fortune of the first discovery of Herculaneum.

By the aid of torches we descended into the Theatre of this subterraneous town, probably one of the twelve Tuscan cities of Campania, and sixty years anterior in its foundation to the siege of Troy, or 1254 years before Christ; and walked through the various corridors up to the higher seats, and down to the lower, by the same ancient staircases. These passages are cut through solid masses of earth, and lava; the body, or centre, of the theatre, which was an open one, and might contain about 10,000 people, is, of course, choked

up by this mass, and the Orchestra is the only part to be seen distinctly; and which may be walked round, and from one end to the other.

At the two extremities of the orchestra are the seats reserved for the two Consuls, as Chief Magistrates; the inscription in proof remaining perfect: occasionally are seen some marble fragments, some *giall' antico*, and in the dressing rooms of the performers behind the scenes are still some vivid arabesques; there is also on the wall the impression of a theatrical mask, thus accidentally produced when the substance impressed must have been in a state of fusion. The seven doors of entrance, or vomitories, may be distinctly traced, and in the mass of earth, and lava, &c. about the orchestra, and former scenery, may be discovered veins of wood completely carbonated.

The impression caused by a visit to Herculaneum is more solemn than to Pompeii. It seems more appropriate thus to explore the mansions of the dead in darkness, and by torch light, than in the open glare of day; while the hollow rumbling of the carriages above ground, resembling distant thunder, seems the more forcibly to tell us that we are shut out from the living.

Emerging from this entombed city, we left our carriage to wait for our return, and, after fighting our way through a host of quarrelling donkey drivers, with mule, and pony, proprietors, each cla-

mouring that we should hire him; we mounted our asses, and, with a guide a-piece, and two boys carrying some wine, and provisions, we slowly wound up the base of Vesuvius.

From the luxuriant vineyards all around devastated, yet enriched, by the lava, is produced that precious wine, the Lacryma Christi. Three, or four, miles of this ascent bring one to the Hermitage, the residence of two Friars, who willingly receive, and lodge, all visitors who incline to stay in order to see either the rising, or setting, sun upon Vesuvius, or the more awful appearance of its flames in the gloom of night. For more than another mile the ascent is cut through various strata of earth, lava, &c.: on either hand you see the several courses that the boiling stream has taken in its many eruptions; cultivation withers away, and devastation appears blacker, and wider. The soil is sometimes loose, and only pulverised ashes, and cinders; sometimes blocks of lava, with huge masses of earth, stones, minerals, metals, all partly and irregularly fused, and melted together, yet afterwards congealed, taking the oddest, and most singular, forms,—rocks, caves, and fissures, or rolling together like the waves of the sea, or sometimes like heaps of twisted cables.

To contrast with the ruin around, the higher the ascent, the more enchanting the distant prospect opening to the view. In front, the wide

spreading plains distinguished as the Happy Country, La Campágna Felice; behind, the entire city of Naples, curving on the sea beach in its graceful, double, semicircle; the boundless ocean; the promontory of Sorentum; Procida; the Apennines; and the isle of Capræa, the favorite residence of the licentious Tiberius.

We dismounted when within about a mile, or more, from the highest summit, which has the shape of a truncated cone, and here begins a fag which will pretty well tire, and heat, the stoutest. Invalids, or others who choose, may be carried in a sort of chair borne by eight men; our late Queen Caroline, during the reign of Murat, was so conveyed by relays of forty-eight stout porters.

We continued to puff, and breathe, and slip along the burning ground, helped also by the guides, who have a strap attached to their bodies for those who like to hold by it, and be thus pulled up. The higher the ascent, the more pulverised the ground, which, of course, trebled the fatigue of walking — and the more were we enveloped in vapors.

At length we attained the brink of a smaller crater, but so dense was the smoke that in looking down we could not form any correct idea of its inner depth, or appearance.

My supreme wish was to see the great Crater, and to go down into it. Our guides assured us

that to-day the smoke was such, and the consequent exhalations so suffocating, as to render a descent useless, and dangerous. Nevertheless, we intreated them to go on, and thus we continued sinking, and toiling, through burning ashes, till we stood on the brink of the horrid gulph. One only matter now remained,—to descend it:—I stepped over, and the guide then got before me to show the path.

In a clear, or smokeless, day it is beautiful to see the varied bright tints of sulphureous yellow, and green; the crystal allum; the sal ammoniac; the black iron, and all other minerals, and salts, green, white, or yellow, blending, and mingling, vitrified, and petrified, together; but, however, what was lost in beauty of colour was more than compensated for in the dark, and gloomy, impenetrable, terrors of the descent.

The pitchy smoke was too thick to allow us to see the steps we took, except as the wind occasionally blew the hot steam from side to side; while the sulphureous exhalations were so strong as to produce cough, oppression, and sense of suffocation.

To the bottom, however, or as far as we could go, we went, above 100 feet, and then saw an inner raging pit which no man has yet fathomed.

Nature seems here determined to preserve her awful, mysterious, horrors inviolate, and to defy inquisitive man! for this pit of immense depth,

and circumference, at the present hour, is so round, and perpendicular, like an artificial tower, as not to show the least possibility of a path.

We looked over; but if flames were then raging we did not see them owing to the clouds of thick smoke:—the stupendous rock, hanging darkly above our heads, so miserably shattered, and torn, seemed tottering, and threatening every instant to tumble, and hurl us with itself into the infernal pit:—the earth, and stones, were crumbling, and falling around us; we were enveloped in darkness and smoke, in pitchy vapours, and sulphureous steams, and there was a slight, though perceptible, quake of the lesser crater! A few moments sufficed; and we gladly groped, and scrambled, up again.

The total perpendicular height of Vesuvius is 3780 feet, and the first eruption on record is that of the year 79, so amply detailed by Pliny the Younger in his two epistles to Tacitus; and in which his uncle, Pliny the Elder, then commanding the Roman fleet at Misenum, lost his life by his anxiety to investigate the phenomenon, and by consequently approaching too near, which caused suffocation.

This eruption was more fatal than any since. Accompanied by an earthquake, it destroyed at the same time Herculaneum, Pompeii, with other cities of Campania, and almost all their inhabitants;

and its burning ashes were ejected as far as the shores of Libya, Egypt, and Syria.*

The horrors of such a scene have been described by Silius Italicus, Dion Cassius, Martial, and others, first giving rise to the belief of the approaching conflagration of the world; and subsequently to many other poetic fictions.

Thirty eruptions or more are on record since the year 79, whilst almost every successive volcanic burst opens a new crater, and frequently chokes up the old one. When by its own terrific fury it has destroyed, and blown up, such a portion of earth as by falling into that very gulph chokes the flames; yet they will find vent, and then they burst out in some other part, or side, of the mountain. How awful a sight thus to see the earth suspended in the air, and then precipitate itself into the fiery pit!

The heat is retained an incredible while. I felt some earth, hot, even on the superficies, after an eruption of three years; but the ground ignited by the furies of 1794 did not cool in eight years!

What a terrific, stupendous, sight to see this gigantic mountain all in flames; all the earth, rocks, stones, and minerals around melting in one common furnace, and the red hot stream pouring

* Upon the authority of Dion Cassius, who says:—Tantus fuit pulvis ut ab eo loco in Africam, et Syriam, et Egyptum penetraverit.

down in torrents, devastating every thing in its progress; midst showers of flames, cinders, boiling water, and the most ponderous stones, hurled like flakes, through the lurid air!

But, to relinquish imagination, the most brilliant so utterly inadequate to conceive the thousandth part of the stupendous operations of creation, let us only advert to the attempted description of some of these eruptions as, enviably, witnessed by Sir William Hamilton and others, and detailed in his Letters to the Royal Society.

In 1794 the eruption presented a stream of fire 11,868 feet long, and 1483 feet broad: this awful sight was reflected in the atmosphere, and again reflected in the ocean; and from the volumes of clouds, and ashes, it became dark at mid-day, even at 12 miles distance! (Rees's Encyclopedia.)

Braccini says of the eruption of 1631 that a column of smoke issued from the crater which went over nearly 100 miles of land; and that men and beasts were struck dead by the lightning that flashed from it in its course!

In the eruption of 1766, stones of a ton weight were hurled 200 feet up in the air; while smaller mounted to 1000!

In 1767 a column of black smoke, issuing from the crater, overspread to Capræa, a distance of 28 miles; and the fall of ashes was felt 200 miles off!

In an eruption in 472-3, the ashes were carried to Constantinople.

The smoke of 1767 assumed the shape of a pine tree; and the lava in some places accumulated 200 feet deep. The awful horrors of the fiery stream; the deadly mephitic vapours; the dense columns of smoke; the deluge of flame, and the darkness, were aggravated by the roaring of the pealing, bellowing, thunder, and by the lightnings that struck many living objects dead!

In 1779 that memorable period of eruption, and devastation, the clouds of smoke from the crater mounted, and overhung Vesuvius, itself near 4000 feet high, in a bulk four times its own elevation, 16,000 feet! On a sudden, in the midst of this awful volume, up shot a fountain of pure, liquid, transparent, fire, rising from 11, to 12,000 feet high! The light, and fleecy, smoke, and the dark, pitchy, volumes, curled around it in graceful, spiral, wreaths, as though in play with their kindred element of destruction, and in mockery of man, while they also vomited their pale, electric fires!

Ocean, earth, and sky, reflected the matchless, awful, sight; a mantle of impenetrable dark clouds shrouded the heavens immediately around the fiery scene; and yet beyond these horrors, for greater contrast, the skies of Naples were serene as usual, and the stars were bright. Sulphureous, suffocating, fumes filled the atmosphere, while the most ponderous rocks, and scoriæ, hurled aloft, exploded in the air, with a peal loud as thunder from their

own furious concussions, ere yet rebounding on the earth, setting flame also to all things around with the vivid fire that burst from within them! Lava, minerals, stones, mud, water, fire, came up from the raging pit, mounted into the heavens, and rained down again in flaming streams upon the earth, and its inhabitants! The storm of fire was at one time, two miles and a half broad! it kindled the woods around, and thus were added their paler red, and electric blue flames to these deeper crimson fires and more awful, unextinguishable, volcanic horrors!

Such is a faint description of the eruption so fatal to Ottaiano. The lighter ashes were hurled 100 miles in two hours! the magnitude of the ponderous rocks ejected, and broken by their fall, could not, of course, be ascertained, but one stone was measured whose height was 17 English feet, and circumference 108:—it had been ejected a full quarter of a mile, and it had thrice bounded ere it settled.

In its composition much pure glass was found, in colour like our common bottles.

The extreme distance to which the ashes are ejected has been accounted for by recollecting the extreme height to which they are hurled, and by supposing that at this elevation they meet with extraordinary currents of air.

The smoke of 1767 being in the shape of a Pine

tree, was also noticed by Pliny in 79, who thus expresses himself:

Nubes oriebatur cujus similitudinem et formam non alia magis arbor quam pinus expresserit—candida interdum, interdum sordida, et maculosa, prout terram, cineremve sustulerat. *

Yet horrific as are the terrors of Vesuvius what are they compared to those of Etna. The eruption of 1693 which annihilated Catania destroyed altogether 49 towns, and villages; 922 churches, colleges, and convents; and killed or injured, near 100,000 people! (Sir William Hamilton):—and yet near to this very receptacle of flames are harboured the vast pits of snow which contribute to the luxuries of the surrounding inhabitants.

For a period of 400 years, from 12th to 16th century, Vesuvius appears to have been perfectly tranquil; prior also to this long interval it is on record that within its crater were verdant woods, pools of water, animals, and birds; with caverns, having subterranean passages, explored by, and familiar to, man.

Here also did the gladiator Spartacus find refuge, together with his 10,000 adherents, and in this neighbourhood did he defeat the Romans under Clodius; for being closely besieged he made ladders of the wild vines that flourished on the

* A cloud arose, resembling more a pine tree than any thing else—sometimes it appeared clear, sometimes foul, and spotted, in proportion as it was impregnated with earth, or ashes.

mountain, and by their means descending the intricate fastnesses, and inaccessible steeps, of the volcano, was thus enabled to vanquish the unsuspecting Roman Prætor.

One of the most singular circumstances is to see the houses, towns, and vineyards, that stretch along the coast, and lie so exposed to the rage of Vesuvius. Torre del Greco has been often destroyed, and as often rebuilt. In the late fury of 1794 it is said that 100 persons perished, the old, the sick, and the young.

The situation must have great attractions, the soil must be fertile indeed, thus to induce people to expose themselves. But even for these horrors there is a provision, and means of escape; since the eruptions are always preceded, for some days, by noises, and earthquakes; and when the smoking lava has ceased to flow, the inhabitants may return to dig out their houses from the yielding ashes, and to hope for a more fertile harvest. The outer scoria is worthless; the liquid lava that flows a few feet deep becomes in about eighteen months that hard, impenetrable, stone, used for walls and houses.

In returning, we partook of some bread and cheese, at the Hermitage, with some Lachryma Christi, and inserted our names in the Album. In this book are some particulars of a most extraordinary, and tragical, event that occurred in January, 1821.

A Frenchman, M. Louis Gauteret, of Clisson, *du département de la Loire Inferieure*, arrived, and stayed, at the Hermitage three days, and, like other visitors, he explored Vesuvius, and watched the rising, and the setting, sun. He wrote several letters, some to his family, some in the book; he appeared tranquil and easy, and when he had done all he proposed, he took his guide with him, to the fiery pit, and jumped into it!

The unfortunate attendant might have suffered much on suspicion only, but a letter of M. Gauteret was found declaring this act to have been his fixed resolve.

The Police have cut out of the book every explanation that he had left, and all that he had there addressed to every reader. There is a slight account, and confirmation, of the catastrophe by an Englishman who was present, the same day; signed George Hare, Firfield, Bristol.

CHAPTER XXXI.

POMPEII—BARRACKS, OR MARKET-PLACE.—THE ODEON, AND THE THEATRE OF TRAGEDY—TEMPLE OF ISIS, AND RELICS—AMPHITHEATRE—VARIOUS SHOPS—HOUSES AND VILLAS—ROMAN FEASTING—ITHYPHALLIC RITES—FORUM—TEMPLES—BASILICA POMPEIANA—PIAZZA OF EUMACHIA—VILLA OF DIOMEDES, AND SKELETONS—POST-HOUSE—TOMBS—RELICS IN THE MUSEUM—CULINARY—EATABLE—ORNAMENTAL, SACRIFICIAL, &c. &c.—GLASS—THE PAPYRI—PICTURES, AND SCULPTURES, IN THE MUSEO BORBONICO.

POMPEII.—Some seven days since we explored Pompeii, and of this unique, and most interesting, city, probably founded by Hercules, let me now endeavour to give some account.

It is situated about 13 miles from Naples; is founded upon strata of lava, and the road to it passes through Portici, Resina, and Torre del Greco; through towns all well known in the sad records of volcanic devastation, and by a path where the carriage rumbles over the subterraneous Herculaneum.

I have already noticed that Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius on 24th August of the year 79, in the reign of Titus; and by showers of hot cinders, which being ejected from the crater at a distance of eight miles, fell, comparatively, lightly, and in some places not more than eight feet deep.

According to Seneca, Pompeii had been very much injured by an earthquake, in the ninth year of the reign of Nero; 16 years previously to the great eruption.

Nevertheless, thus it laid buried, and undiscovered, for so many centuries, and the present excavations, and almost complete exploration, are the results of only the last 70 years; having been begun by Charles III. father of the reigning king.

On alighting from our carriage, a Government Cicerone proceeded to guide us. The present Ferdinand is exceedingly jealous of this jewel in his crown; he is occasionally present to inspect the daily progress of excavation, and all the guides here may be relied upon as sufficiently conversant with the subject, and as duly authorized by the government.

The exterior walls of Pompeii are little more than three miles in circumference, and include five gates of entrance.

The first steps we took brought us into a spacious court. Of the portico that once entirely surrounded it there remain but some of the Doric pillars. On the ground floor is a series of small rooms, about fifteen feet square, running completely round it;—above these was a second range of rooms, and a sort of open balcony.

Though nothing remain of this upper story, yet there are sufficient indications of the complete design, and form of the whole building, and part of

the ancient balcony, or gallery, has been replaced by an exact modern copy. Owing to the discovery of some military relics, some rudely scrawled names, and bones of horses, certain scratches, and scribblings, on the walls, and of some skeletons, presumed to be those of culprits, their feet being confined to iron stocks; this court has been hitherto considered as the former barracks, or quarters, of a Roman Legion; but subsequent, and more accurate investigations rather induce a belief that it was a Public Market-place, a Forum Nundinarium; or Forum Venale; perhaps a Prætorium, or Court of Justice for the Prætor, or Mayor—that the lower rooms were magazines; the upper ones, the chambers for the merchants and sellers, shops, &c.—the open space the grand place for exposing all the commodities; and the room where the incarcerated skeletons were found, the Prison.

Near to this Forum are two Theatres. First, a smaller one appropriated to Comedy, Music, and Mimicry; also to the reading of Lectures, and Poetry. This theatre was roofed, and answers, in some respects, to the Greek Odeon. The marble pavement is admirably entire, and this inscription runs in a right line with the stage.

M. Oculatius. M. F. Verus
II Vir pro Ludis.*

* Implying Marcus Oculatius Verus, son of Marcus; one of the Duumviri, or Magistrates, whose province it was to superintend, order, and control, public theatres and games.

In this theatre are distinctly seen the Orchestra, the Scene, and Proscenium, with their respective doors of entrance; and in the body of the theatre, and the wide range of steps upon steps, are to be traced the various partitions, and distinctions, of seats for the different orders of the Roman people; the Consular Seats; the lower ranks for the more honourable; the higher for the women; the highest for the mob: Hence, probably, the saying of Seneca, in allusion to the Roman mob, or "Gods of Covent Garden,"—"ad summam caveam spectare."* The issue of the tickets was confided to the Duumviri; and some are still remaining on which, according to the degree in life of the party, is marked the exact place he was to take in the theatre.

From hence we passed to the larger theatre, dedicated to Tragedy, always left unroofed, but, occasionally, in wet, or hot, weather covered with a coarse canvas, removable at pleasure.

It is to be remembered that the plays of the ancients were always acted in the light of day, not having any idea of our nocturnal exhibitions, aided by the scenic effect of lamps, torches, illuminations, &c. Near to the orchestra was found a Curule Chair, perhaps the seat of honour for the Prætor, or one of the Duumviri. In Rome a similar seat

* To look up to the highest row.

was termed the Suggestum, always placed in that front row of the theatre near the Orchestra, called the Podium; it was adorned with columns, and a Winged Victory, and was reserved for the Emperor. Here may be also pointed out the seats of distinction allotted to the Vestal Virgins, according to Suetonius. "Solis Virginibus Vestalibus locum in theatro separatim et contra Prætoris tribunal.*

The decorations of this theatre were all in a style of superior elegance, probably once coated throughout with marble: the seats, to accommodate about 5,000, recline in the form of an amphitheatre, at the back of a hill, upon which was a public walk; this place of exhibition being open to the heavens, the spectators therefore might first perambulate, and enjoy the lofty walk, then enter from this top part and take their places, as those who had a seat below would naturally walk in that way. All these many staircases and entrances remain; and with the Stage, the Orchestra, the doors of entrance for the players, the Dressing Rooms, &c. may be distinctly traced.

The Temple of Isis, the tutelar Deity of the city.—The innermost sanctuary of this mysterious Goddess, and the dark recesses of her hallowed priests, are now profaned by the unholy tread, and daring eye, of any one. In front is the very altar

* To the Vestal Virgins only was allowed a distinct place in the theatre; and opposite to the seat of the Prætor.

where the victims once smoked; behind it, the cistern for ablution; the secret stairs; the secret cell. The style of this temple was Doric; its form an oblong square; it had a portico, and columns; the pavement is mosaic; and the sacred cella is raised by steps.

The worship of this Goddess, and the mysteries attending her rites are such as will not admit of detail; and, most appropriately, close upon the high altar was found a statue of Silence.

Here were found an abundance of ornaments, decorations, &c. illustrative of the Phallic Festivals, and which being collected are now locked up in a particular room of the Museum, although this collection is, however, always shown upon demand: it further contains some examples of ancient depravity, dug at various times from Herculaneum, Pompeii, &c. which shook even the licentiousness of modern days.

Among the valuables found in this temple, and which are openly exposed in the Museo, are the Isiac Tables, the Ibis, the Lotus, and the Hippopotamus; with abundance of Egyptian Idols, and paintings of Isis, Anubis, and Priests; also Candelabras, Tripods, Pateræ, Sacrificial Knives, and Vessels, and the Augural Needles with which the entrails of the victims were examined. The skeletons of two of the priests were also found; one with a hatchet in his hand endeavouring to escape

by destroying the wall; while the remains of some eatables, with fish-bones, found in another apartment, seem to fix that as the former Refectory.

The Amphitheatre is one of the most perfect, and, perhaps, one of the most striking, objects of Pompeii. Viewed from its highest parapet it is beautiful to observe its elliptical form, its gradations of seats, with its numerous arches, vomitories, &c. Its greatest length from North to South is 253 feet in the area, and 515 across from the highest circle. From West to East it is 133 feet at bottom, and 395 at top.

In this amphitheatre, as well as in the more stupendous Coliseum of Rome, were exhibited those sanguinary, cruel, games, which conveyed the more delight to the spectators in proportion as they were more bitter and acute to the unhappy victims. Seneca (7th Epistle) alludes to the shouts of the people, and to their increased fury if the gladiators did not rush eagerly, and cheerfully, to death; yet, worse than all, so ferocious did the heart become, so delighted the eye to glut itself with the sight of human blood; that it became a particular treat, and distinction, of a splendid entertainment to provide gladiators who fought even till they sprinkled the tables, and the dishes of the feast, with their blood! (Strabo, b. v. and Silius Italicus.) Multitudes of bones of animals were found in the dens of this amphitheatre, and

human also. Men fought with wild beasts, as well as with each other; tigers with boars, bulls with bears, horses, and lions.

There is also one particular gate supposed reserved for the passage of the dead bodies; a distinction which prevailed in all these public places of entertainment.

This theatre would contain 40,000 people.

From here we entered a main street, and, looking down, beheld, on either hand, the remains of one long, and uniform, range of houses, and shops. This street is not wider than fourteen feet, and is paved by immense stones, of irregular form, rudely fitted to each other. On these hard stones of volcanic basalt there are plainly the impression of carriage wheels, about four feet wide apart; on each side of the carriage-way is a foot-path for pedestrians, somewhat higher than the other; and there are stepping-stones, for the convenience of foot-passengers, placed across this carriage-road.

As there is but room for one carriage in a line, there must have been some regulations in this matter, perhaps fixed hours for going one way, and returning the other. The superior comfort of modern streets on that point is sufficiently evident.

In this multiplicity of houses, scarcely one is there which is not readily distinguished as a shop, or private residence, &c. The moderns number their houses; the Pompeians wrote up outside, in

red paint, the indication of the business, &c. whether as Temple, Church, Market, Shop, or Private House; also the name of the Prætors, Ædiles, Consuls, &c. inhabiting them; and there have been found many proclamations, edicts, advertisements, notices of plays, and performances; as well as on the Postscenium of the theatres the names of the players, and authors.

The pavement was also an ancient distinction, and the more elaborate the mosaic, the higher the rank of the inmate.

The shops form a series of small rooms; no upper story:—one of the first we walked into was a Chemist's; ascertained by the Esculapian symbol of the Serpent, outside, and by the many glasses, vases, and boxes, of medicines—found, some of them completely carbonated. The further room appears to have been his Laboratory.

Of Thermopoli, or Coffee houses, or, more properly, houses for sale of warm drinks, there are several. There remains the impression of cups, or glasses, on the marble sill of one of them. The word "Salve," inscribed outside one door, may designate a coffee house, tavern, or inn.

A Public Oven is self-evident; the furnace, the oven, and three grinding mills remain. Oil shops are plain from their Amphoræ, and some of them here have large jars for their commodities sunk in the marble counter.

A Smith's shop is ascertained by the hammers, irons, &c. left behind. A Baker's is evident; so is a Sculptor's, with its unfinished statuary, and rough blocks of marble. A Custom House is known by the many, and different, standards of weights and measures. An Academy of Music has paintings of various musical instruments; and in an Academy of Surgery were picked up about forty surgical instruments, very much resembling our own. Fountains and reservoirs are also seen.

There is one shop with the name still very legible, Marco Casiello, who, doubtless, sold goat's milk by the painting on his door post:—another with Amphoræ, and a third with the armour used by Gladiators also depicted outside the house.

The Houses, and Palaces, are of various size and grandeur; generally having a portico, a cistern, or fountain, supplied from the adjacent Sarno, in the middle of the court yard, and rooms opening round it: in the grander houses a second, and third, similar court yard, and to these private habitations was an upper story.

Here may be traced the Bed rooms, and Baths; the Banquet room; the Kitchen, or Culina; the Mill; and the Lararium or private Chapel; with many paintings on the walls appropriate to the purposes of the rooms: Naiads and Tritons in the baths; Morpheus, or Venus, and Adonis, in the bed rooms. However, with all these elegancies of

art, we must observe that these houses had no sort of chimney; and very few had windows, receiving light only from the open door.

The house of Panza is one of the plainest to be traced, and the Palace of Sallustius is one of the handsomest. In the court yard of the latter was a Stag of bronze, ridden by a young Hercules; the animal poured the water from its mouth into a vase of Grecian marble.

This group, of exquisite finish, was allusive to the Stag with brazen feet, and golden horns, captured by Hercules at the command of Eurystheus.

The Drawing-room, or Exhædrum, may be traced, and the flower garden before it, the walls, as in modern days, fancifully, and beautifully, painted with birds, foliage, animals, fruits, &c. There is also a Temple to Diana, and passing on to the bed rooms, once so handsome, and where some invaluable relics of art have been found, the floor appears of the finest African marbles, beautifully wrought; the walls depict Diana and Acteon—Europa—Helle—Venus—Mars and Cupid. Near to the baths is the Triclinium, or Banquet room, with the table so called, for three guests, supported by its pedestal, called Monopodia. This table is composed of a white marble slab:—and who can look on it without emotion, when remembering that around it, its once happy guests had oft

assembled; even, perhaps, parent, and wife, were there reclining in festive ease when blackened in death by the fiery shower!

Such tables of the Romans had seats round them for two, six, or seven, &c. guests, and were accordingly denominated, with the room wherein placed, Biclinium—Hexaclinium—Heptaclinium.

Usually, they took a bath immediately before meals; then they had their sandals, or *soliæ*, pulled off by attendant slaves; after which they changed their *toga*, or *tunica*, for the convivial robe, the *vestes cœnatoria*, or *convivialis*; and finally they mounted the bed, or *torus*, the higher the more honourable, and thus feasted while reposing and stretched at full length, and also served with flowers and perfumes. The covering of the couch they lolled upon, sometimes silk, or embroidered with gold, was called the Stragula; the more homely sort, the *Culcita*; the pillows they sunk upon, *Pulvini*.

From this luxurious palace of Sallustius were dug out many valuables:—Vases, and Candelabras of bronze—Rings, Bracelets, and other ornaments: a Silver Dish, and Golden Coins. Four skeletons were likewise found.

On the brick wall of another house is seen carved at large a certain emblem allusive to Osiris, and the Ithyphallic rites. Though this sign may admit of many interpretations, I shall naturally in

this description presume it to have been a religious emblem.

The Phallica spread from Egypt to Athens, the ceremonials were solemn; the emblem in question was viewed as symbolical of creative power; the ideas excited on these occasions were not impure, but religious; and Pompeii was peculiarly sacred to Isis, who instituted these observances.

Most of the Priapic insignia of the Ithyphallic rites, I have before alluded to, dug out of this place, were carved in gold, bronze, silver, metal; they were of every size, and were introduced in every fanciful form, and device:—intermingled with birds, shells, dolphins, snails, Cupids, and thus displayed on the fair necks of Roman beauties.

Besides the already supposed import of this sign, it may be conjectured that it was reverenced as a charm against sterility and evil; and that in this house was a manufactory of these amulets. There are, however, reasons for believing that this house had a further licentious appropriation, and that it was dedicated to the votaries of Venus. Yet in this place, of all others, was a distinct temple, or chapel.

The remains of the Forum convey a great idea of its former magnificence. An oblong square of 300 paces; a covered peristyle supported by Doric columns. Some pedestals remain where once were placed the statues of eminent citizens.

There are also the vestiges of the temples of Jupiter; and of Venus, or Bacchus; with others; the Sanctuary; the Altars; the Cella; the Columns, and the Pedestals, still remaining, suffice to prove their former design, and grandeur. Those of Jupiter and Venus having been excavated, and arranged, with more perfection than some other surrounding relics, have an appearance of striking magnificence.

The Basilica Pompeiana, where justice was administered, magistrates elected, commercial negotiations arranged; peace, or war, decided; may be explored with its colonnades; its various divisions; its mosaics; its private chambers for the Judges, and larger court for the people.

I also saw a Piazza with some noble vestiges of columns, cornices, &c. of the purest marble, which, with some other houses, had only been excavated within the last six months. A statue large as life was on the spot, not yet removed to the Museum. I am not clear as to the appropriation of this noble pile of architecture; but this inscription was very legible at the base of the statue:—

Eumachiæ—Luigi—Filia—
Sacerdotessa Publica—
Fullones.

Subsequent conjectures have interpreted this Piazza, and Statue, with inscription to imply that Eumachia had given the use of the reservoir of

water, the *Impluvium*, in this place to the Wool-washers, or Fullers (Fullones), for which kindness they erected this effigy to her honour. This conjecture is further confirmed by finding here Wash-stones, such as now are used in Italy for this very purpose.

Not less than 100 men are now employed in digging at Pompeii. Formerly, one excavation was no sooner explored than it was filled up by the rubbish from the next; and it was owing to this former practice that we could not see either the villa of Julia Felice, or the supposed house of Cicero. The present king pursues a better plan; and, by his orders, the entire town is to be laid open; not so difficult a matter, since the outer walls may be traced; and as the inner range of streets seem at right angles with each other, sufficient guide is already given to direct further excavation. I was much interested in observing the men at work.

One other house, the spacious villa of Marcus Arrius Diomedes is particularly affecting; because, after walking through his suites of rooms of two stories, once elegantly furnished, after exploring his banqueting room, and his lady's bedchamber, after admiring his gardens, once so fragrant; you go down to the spacious cellars for wine, and oil, beneath. Here did the unhappy Roman, and all his family, consisting of seventeen, fly for refuge

from the fiery storm; and here were found their seventeen skeletons! The Pitchers, or Amphoræ, and Diotæ, remain, piled as they were 1700 years ago! The female skeleton, presumed the mistress of the house, and mother of the family, was discovered, still retaining her golden necklace, and bracelets; the ashes that had consumed her were impressed with, and retained the form of, her bosom, while some of her dress adhered to the cinders; and with the skeleton of Diomedes was found a key in one hand, and money in the other; behind him was a servant carrying bronze, and silver, vases.

Near to this house, at the Porta Ercolanea, and in the immediate suburbs of the city, properly called the Pagus Augustus Felix, or Borgo Augusto Felice, first is seen the ample Inn, or Post House, for the accommodation of strangers before they were allowed to sleep within the city walls, and where three cars, and the bones of horses, were found; and then the eye ranges through one long double file of Sepulchral Monuments, in the midst of which are one or two buildings, the seats still remaining, where the Pompeians were wont to meet, to talk, to sit, and to lounge. So few terrors had death; or so inviting was the honourable record of an illustrious life, that the Romans found pleasure in thus assembling for recreation amidst the tombs of their ancestors, and countrymen.

One of the handsomest and most perfect remaining is that erected by Nevoleja Tiche for herself, while yet living, and for others, as appears by a long inscription. It presents a noble marble sarcophagus, enriched with the bust of Nevoleja, and carvings of foliage, together with a basso rilievo representation of a sacrifice, comprising eighteen people. A low door opens into the Columbarium, a small chamber about six feet square, having niches containing the cinerary urns, which were filled with human bones, there being also a lamp to every urn. Money was moreover found to pay for Charon's boat.

Some glass vases contained water, bones, and some substances conjectured as the burnt relics of food, according to the common belief of libations, and victuals, being acceptable to the shades of the dead.

Attached to the tomb of Diomedes is a small square chamber, the walls of which were painted with emblems of death. In the middle is the Triclinium, and three seats or couches attached to the walls. This was the room where was given the refreshments to the friends of the deceased after the funeral, called the Silicernium.

The Tomb of Scaurus is remarkable for its relievos representing the gladiatorial combats which honoured his manes, and which cost 2,000 sesterces.

The Tomb of Caius Calventius Quietus has an honorary inscription, foliage, bassi rilievi, and the distinction of an oaken crown with ribbands.

Such are the Tombs, and such is Pompeii, generally. The Tombs are many of them entire; the houses, without any exception, are roofless; the weight of the superincumbent shower having forced them in. Thus exposed to the light of day, Pompeii does not inspire, usually, that still, and solemn feeling so appropriate in ranging through the mansions of the dead. Moreover, all those details of the houses, temples, &c., all those articles of ordinary use which would give so lively, and complete a picture of the city, and of its living inhabitants, as it stood when in a moment swallowed up; all these have been removed and are collected in the Museo Borbonico of Naples.

Here you may range, and replace in fancy every article to its pristine use. In eatables there are figs, nuts, almonds, flour, wheat, beans, bread, loaves, oil, and wine, chiefly completely dried up, and carbonated, yet plainly distinguished. There remain two loaves, one of them is about eight inches in diameter at top, and is plainly stamped with the words Siligo, and Cicer; implying the two sorts of flour used in its composition.

For the Kitchen there are pots, stewing pans, gridirons, egg boilers, spoons, jelly moulds, paste cutters, urns, and water heaters.

For the Parlour, tripods, candelabras, lamps surprisingly varied, and exquisitely wrought, paper pressers, cups, vases of bronze, silver, or gold, and letter seals, or stamps.

For the Temples, Idols, Penates, Lares, sacrificial knives, augural needles, and vases for incense, (the *acerræ*, and *simpula*) pateræ, and altars, the brush or *aspergillum* used for sprinkling holy water as prevailed in Grecian temples, and now prevails in Roman Catholic countries, and an elegant bronze couch presumed sacred to the Gods, and their effigies at the funeral banquet, or Lectisternium.

There are surgical, and mathematical, instruments very similar to our own: also tablets, inkstands, styli, wooden pens, and cases; tibiæ, or flutes, single and double, crotali, or cymbals; together with the sistrum, compasses, fishing nets, and hooks, distinguishable though burnt. Armory of every kind, helmets, swords, spears, iron boots, shields, breast plates; also locks, keys, door handles, bolts, latches, nails, hinges. Hatchets, spades, and hammers.

There are play tickets, or *tesseræ*, one of which is inscribed Æschylus, and various remains of Roman pastime, with dice, and some like those of our modern black legs, false and loaded. Spurs, bits, and bridles, for horses, the bells, or *tintinnabula*, that were tied to the necks of their cattle, like those of the present day, with the circular, and sonorous,

iron bell attached to their carriages to warn people out of the road.

Here too are toys, a carriage, &c., for Pompeian children, and the toilets of their mammas. Necklaces, rings, chains, ear-rings, and bracelets of gold; bodkins, needles, spindles, thimbles; essence, or perfume, vases, *bullæ*, or the ornaments of youth worn till the age of seventeen, and then dedicated to the Household Gods; with scissors and metal looking glasses, though by the bye, the latter not very bright; combs, both delicate and clumsy, false hair, eye-brows, cosmetics, *strigiles*, or flesh scrapers, paint and rouge, or what they called Purpurissum.*

These relics only prove that human wants and modes, luxuries and vanities, are much the same in every age of the world. In some instances these remnants fall short of modern arts; in others they excel. The elegance and variety of their tripods, candelabras, and vases, is unrivalled; so also are the countless smaller statues, and effigies, generally bronze, of gods, heroes, and animals.

Of some modern comforts, forks, for instance, none are found, and in iron works, locks, and smithery, they do not appear to have displayed much ingenuity.

In ornamental art they certainly surpass; for in a matter so simple as a steel-yard, or *statera*, the

* Martial, 37th Epig. 9th Book.

weight is a bronze head, beautifully wrought; and indeed the weights generally are the busts of gods, and emperors, suspended from a ring; while a kitchen boiler is embellished at the corners with Roman eagles. Many of the culinary articles were of bronze, and many of them preserve traces of having been silvered inside.

The long dubious point whether the ancients did or did not, possess glass windows, is now settled by the exhibition of one room in the Museum filled with glass in ornamental flower vases, pots, urns, both cinerary, and domestic, phials, and glasses formerly filled with medicines, and medical liquids; drinking cups and glasses; but, more especially, here are some broken panes of windows; yet which are much thicker, and not so pure, and clear, as those we use: and which remark applies generally to all the glass here shown.

The Papyri, or Manuscripts, are, probably, the most valuable relics of ancient lore. Though they amount to about 1800, very few indeed have yet been deciphered; all of them are most lamentably burnt; some so much so as to have crumbled into dust, upon being exposed to the air; while the best of them are so tender, scorched, and torn, as to require almost as many substituted letters to complete the sense as those deciphered.

Some priests of the order of Somaschi were the first to attempt this delicate task; then came an

English clergyman, Mr. Hayter, commissioned by, and at the expense of, our present sovereign; and to him have succeeded some learned Italians.

Herculaneum having been originally a Greek colony, and that language being much spoken at Rome at the period of the eruption, the majority of the manuscripts hitherto developed have been Greek: and here I may remark that it was the numerous emigrations of the Greeks from their own country, and their settlements in Italy, which occasioned such tracts of territory, thus occupied, to be called Magna Grecia, by contrast with original Greece, so much smaller. These provinces included Herculaneum, Pompeii, Naples, almost all Campania, with Calabria, &c. &c.

There are some fragments of Colotus, and of Carneiscus; part of a treatise by Epicurus upon Nature, De Rerum Natura: Philodemus against Music, (an author mentioned honourably by his cotemporary Cicero,) and remains of a Latin poem upon the war between Augustus Octavius, and Mark Anthony.

This must appear little indeed out of 1800 manuscripts; but to see how burnt and fragile they are, the surprise is that they can be at all developed.

These rolls of tinder are placed in a frame, in a glass case, and rest on cotton, and on ribbands. Gold beater's skin is laid upon the back of the

manuscript, as a hold, and a separation being effected with the utmost nicety, between the two adhering leaves, the pegs at top, which are attached to the ribband, unroll it, perhaps an inch or less. On this fragile tinder some Greek, or Roman, characters may be traced with difficulty, and one of the appointed literati has then to transcribe them, and to supply the deficient words according to the context.

The Papyrus, or Plant, from which was formed the substance whereon these manuscripts are inscribed was Egyptian; though the same shrub is found at Palermo, and near Syracuse, in Sicily; and putrefaction would infallibly, centuries ago, have destroyed this vegetable substance, had it not been counteracted, by the extreme heat of the surrounding volcanic masses.

Of the paintings, &c. &c., rescued from Pompeii I shall speak when describing the Museum of Portici.

Having thus detailed some of these very ancient reliques of art in the Museo Borbonnico, it remains to speak briefly of those rooms appropriated for Grecian statuary, with bronzes, pictures, books, &c.

The pictures which most struck me were a Carità by Schidoni; the Marriage of Jesus, and Catherine, by Corregio; and a Christ's head by the same; also two landscapes by Claude, though I

thought that one was perhaps too cold by being all green; and the other too glowing by being all red. Three Holy Families by Raphael in three different styles; the last being beautifully finished, and wrought up; but all of them, though the two first named may be inferior, proclaiming the grace, the heavenly expression, of his masterly hand.

Domenichino's Guardian Angel shielding an innocent youth from the wily Devil, who is grovelling near:—a fine subject for expression. There is also a beautiful Venus by Annibale Caracci; and Guilio Romano's Holy Family, known as La Santa Famiglia del Gatto, from the Cat introduced at the corner—this is a most striking, and impressive, painting, being also highly wrought.

In another small room there are a few pictures, all amatory subjects; these being too free for general view are therefore kept by themselves. The chief of them is Titian's Danæ. I thought the drawing equal to the Florence Venus, but the colouring inferior; there are the purest alabaster hues, and the blue veins circling with the transparent life blood, yet, there seems to need a diversity of colour; while the whole was not sufficiently finished, as all the coarseness of the canvas appeared through.

But, for the expression of the countenance; the swimming eye; the tremulous lip, and all the palpitations when Great Jove descends to wanton with

mortal beauty:—all these flashed, instantly, upon the view.

In the Galleries of Sculpture among the most known is the famed Farnese Colossal Hercules, found at Rome, and though admirable, yet more an anatomical study, I think, than pleasing; a state of Herculean muscular tension, without an apparent object; an expression of exertion; and an attitude of repose.

Here is the Aristides found in Herculaneum, the drapery of which is so admirably wound round the figure, and the whole of which is deemed a master production of expression, and philosophic dignity. An Hermaphrodite very recently delivered from Pompeii:—An Amazon wounded and sinking from her horse; and the same figure in another statue, stretched at length, cold and breathless; both admirable.

There are two equestrian statues of a Roman Proconsul, Marcus Nonius Balbus, and of his Son, both of Greek marble, from Herculaneum, large as life; but what struck me as remarkable is that in both the horses, which are master-pieces of art, their legs are not, as usual, in a diagonal motion, but that the two off, and the two near legs are both in the same position of progression.

There are many further statues which deserve particular notice, especially the Venus Callipyge; —but I conclude with one which I prefer to any

—Flora. This semi-colossal statue shows the transcendant talents of the artist—such proportions seem little adapted to the display of feminine loveliness; yet here is Flora herself, tripping along the dewy mead; her transparent, adhesive, robe hiding nothing of her charms, and so light, that the breath of zephyr seems wantoning in its airy folds.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PALACE OF CAPO DI MONTE—L'ALBERGO DEI POVERI—EXCURSION TO PÆSTUM—NOCERA—SALERNO—CATHEDRAL, AND BAY—THE SILARIS—PÆSTUM—HISTORY—TEMPLES—ROSES—PALACE OF LA FAVORITA—DITTO OF PORTICI, AND MADAME MURAT—MUSEUM—PAINTINGS, AND RELICS, OF POMPEII—MUSEO BORBONNICO—ETRUSCAN VASES, &c.—SCULPTURES—BUCEPHALUS—PALACE OF NAPLES—CASERTA—AQUEDUCT—SILK MANUFACTORY—PALACE—CARNIVAL OF NAPLES—REVIEW—FAREWELL TO NAPLES.

HAVING been favoured with tickets from the Duke of Sangro to visit the royal palaces of Caserti, Portici, Capo di Monte, Naples, &c. the first we explored was Capo di Monte, a palace whose chief recommendation is its elevated situation, and commanding, yet distinct and beautiful views.

This edifice is said to have been designed, and executed, by one of those mortals, commonly termed an Universal Genius; and the want of sufficient architectural forethought is evinced by the perpetual necessity of fortifying the superstructure by subterranean works, owing to the discovery, when too late, that the pile was based upon hollow ground; and for which reason the palace remains to this hour unfinished.

In England it is not unusual to colour bricks in

imitation of stone; but here the stone is washed red in imitation of brick. This is one singularity; the next to be observed is a picture of the Queen of Charles III. father of the present sovereign. His Majesty is mounted on a noble animal, and is properly equipped for the chase; so likewise is his royal consort on the opposite wall; but dressed completely as a man, and as such straddling her horse! The only discoverable distinctions of her feminine Majesty are her flowing ringlets, and taper leg, and in this guise was she accustomed always to go a hunting.

This passion for the chase seems hereditary:—His present Majesty, Ferdinand IV, is so fond of the sports of the field as to have procured a dispensation from the Pope, or leave to shoot on Sundays; and I observed hung up in his parlour here a set of common English Fox Hunting coloured prints.

Some admirable paintings by Camuccini in this palace are, perhaps, the only objects particularly worthy of regal regard; there is a bad, whole length, portrait of the king's favourite wife, though not Queen, not being of royal blood, La Principessa Partana: by birth a Sicilian; or as she is here frequently styled the Duchess of Florida.

Naples may be distinguished for its licentiousness, but so is it likewise for its charitable institu-

tions. To-day, I visited one of the largest of the kind, L'Albergo dei Poveri, and I willingly bear testimony to the munificence which supports, and to the sense which pervades this benevolent foundation. It contains, at present, about 1900 old, young, and poor, though it is not confined, exclusively, to the very poorest, since many decayed families are happy to get their children admitted into an institution where they may be gratuitously taught any art, or trade, suitable to their turn of mind.

I inspected the various schools contained in this building; in that for reading, writing, and arithmetic, the priest who presided explained to me the entire system of tuition, and which approaches very much to our Lancasterian mode.

There are also schools for Drawing, Music, Mathematics, Languages; many departments for various trades, with a very extensive coral manufactory, chiefly for the women. The ages, and sexes, are classed; and their dormitories are the very neatest I have seen. Whatever any one can earn beyond a certain sum becomes their own.

In the evening to his Excellency's farewell *soirée*; who is about to assume the functions of our Embassador at Spain; and to be replaced at Naples by Mr. Hamilton.

February.—Set off at daybreak for Pæstum,

distant about fifty-five miles, and, passing through Portici, Nocera was the first town of notice that we reached. Its ancient history is brief and melancholy. Known in the days of Annibal as Nuceria, it resisted to the utmost of its powers the successful Carthaginian, but was ultimately starved, plundered, and burnt. (Livy, sec. xv. book xxiii.)

——fame demum in deditionem accepit.

And again—

Nuceriæ præda militi data est; urbs direpta, atque incensa.

La Cava, with its endless porticoes, came next; and we halted at Salerno before mid-day.

The extreme beauty of this place determined us to stay here for the remainder of the day, and the first object we went to see was its very ancient Cathedral. The Mosaics with which it is partially adorned were brought from the temples of Pæstum; and the two most striking objects in the church are its antique Pulpits, or *Ambones*. All travellers would visit this church from respect for these relics of antiquity, though none, I think, will linger there longer from admiration of any other beauty.

This duty done, we scrambled down the cliff to the beach to enjoy the varied, and never satiating, prospects of nature. Salerno is on the shores of the Tyrrhene Sea; was the country of the Picentini; and once was famous for its medical school.

In the graceful curve of its shore it somewhat resembles Naples, but bounded by a more contracted line, and rather oval form, the eye takes in at one glance the entire town; house over house upon its pendant hills down to the sands of the boundless ocean; the rocks, and cliffs, verdant even to the water's edge.

Our room at the inn commanded the whole expanse, and in the month of February we dined in the open air, having moved our table to the balcony to feast upon the scenery around, the boundless, and tranquil, ocean, with the magnificence of a setting sun amid such prospects.

The Promontory of Sorrentum, on the west, famed for its Campanian grape, stretches into the ocean, forming one boundary of Salerno; halfway up the acclivity hangs the little town of Vietri, its whitened villas embedded in the verdant hills; and behind this promontory was the setting sun, on whose glorious orb we gazed as it illumined the wide ocean with its golden beams, diffusing purply mists, and shadows, on all the hills around till it sank tranquilly from view, and till the moon arose to shed a colder, chaster, light. It was a scene reminding me of our great lyric bard's description,

> Where the sun loves to pause
> With so fond a delay,
> That the night only draws
> A thin veil o'er the day. *Moore's Melodies.*

To these charms of nature were superadded the recollection of the charms of song, for only at a few miles distance were the Sirenusæ, the three rocky islands where the three Siren sisters dwelt. Thus, we were gazing on the very spot where Ulysses had sailed, and Æneas also; where music once was which no one who listened to hear ever lived to tell of; and which death Ulysses by force and stratagem, only, had escaped.*

At four the next morning we started again, and within six miles of Pæstum passed the Silarus, Silaro, or Selé, the ancient boundary between the Lucanians and Picentini, a stream possessing the quality of petrifying roots, leaves, earth or sprigs: —to which river; to mount Alburnus, seen in the distance, and to the Tanager that springs from it, Virgil alludes in his third Georgics, v. 146. It is said, that, even to this hour, the Gad-fly continues to infest the plains, and to torture the cattle, as it did in the days, and as it is described in those lines of the Mantuan Bard.

About mid-day we arrived at Pæstum, and within view of the oldest Grecian temples in existence. This city is supposed to have been founded by the Dorians, who came from Dora in Phœnicia. In process of time, the Sybarites, a Grecian colony, sprung from the Achæans, invaded,

* Vide vol. ii. p. 56.

and possessed themselves of Pæstum; and it was under the government of this refined, and luxurious people, that the city obtained its highest celebrity. After this, the Lucanians dispossessed the Sybarites; but, subsequently Pæstum, or Possidonia, became a Roman colony. A. U. C. 480. So attached were the Sybarites of this hitherto Greek town to their primitive language, and customs, that, to evince their sorrow at subjection to a Roman yoke, once every year they assembled to bewail in common their lost national institutions, language and freedom. (Aristoxenus.)

Pæstum continued a Roman colony, and as such it fell with old Rome;—and in the year of Christ, 915, it was totally destroyed, and reduced to something like its present desolation, by the fury of the Saracens.

Three Temples, or rather remains of them still exist; one sacred to Neptune, to whom the city was dedicated; a smaller one to Ceres; while the consecration of the third is dubious; it may have been a temple shared between two deities; it may have been an *Atrium*, a *Curia*, or a *Basilica*. Of these edifices many of the columns remain, exterior, and interior; ruins of the architrave, frieze and cornice, a portion of the *cellæ*, and, generally, enough to indicate the entire plan, and arrangement, of the whole building. The third named edifice it is which puzzles architects, and antiqua-

rians, to decide upon its original appropriation, from the singularity of its having been divided in the centre by a row of columns parallel with the sides. As this division militates against the idea of its destination as a single temple, though it may have been a double one, for two divinities, the probable conjecture would fix it as a place of public meeting, or perhaps a mart for merchandise.

I forbear, even if I were fully qualified, to enter into those technical details which to an architect might appear imperfect, and to others uninteresting, and I speak only of the imposing effect produced in examining these, the most ancient Grecian temples known, and the oldest buildings in the world, perhaps, after the Egyptian; preserved in such an astonishing degree, and exhibiting an austere, and solemn, grandeur, with the severity of the primitive Grecian Doric.

Nought else remains of the once flourishing Possidonia save the very imperfect traces of an Amphitheatre; and of the ancient walls formed of huge stones, with the dilapidated remains of their former eight towers.

The river Salso, which flows near, has the petrifying quality; and the stones of the temples are thus compounded of earth, shells, woods, roots, &c. petrified in masses, yet clearly distinguished.

One other classical recollection of Pæstum, and I close the account.

The poets have sung the twice blooming, and fragrant roses of Possidonia. Virgil in his 4th Georgics:

——biferique rosaria Pæsti:

The twice blooming roses of Pæstum:

in May and December. Ovid in his Metamorphoses, b. 15, alludes to them; and Martial in his 4th book of Epigrams says,

Pæstanis rubeant æmula labra rosis.

Lips that vie with Pæstan roses.

The same evening we returned to Salerno. On the next morning, Sunday, we were exhilarated by the glowing sun illuminating, and cheering, universal creation. We breakfasted with windows open to enjoy the prospect of the glittering ocean, watching the swelling sail as it approached nearer, and nearer, to the busy port; or, as it vanished gradually from the view till it floated like a vision in the distant winds.

The King has two palaces in the route from Salerno to Naples, and accordingly we ordered the carriage to stop first at La Favorita, and then at Portici. The first of these villas has little to recommend it save its beautiful situation on the shores of the Bay. The chief ornaments are a series of paintings by that admirable artist, Hackert, representing the principal sea-ports of His

Majesty's dominions: and in the Ball-room, or Appartaménto Nobile, a superb marble, inlaid, floor, transplanted from the palace of Tiberius, in the isle of Capræ.

In the palace of Portici I was most struck with some paintings by Canaletti; the usual subject, views of Venice: also with a room entirely encrusted with Porcelaine. The ground of the wall is white china; upon this are innumerable devices, in colored Porcelaine, of flowers, foliage, and other objects of taste and fancy. To complete this curious whim of decoration, the chandeliers also are China; the device being a colored Eagle.

But the room of rooms for splendor is the Ex-Queen's bed room, left in precisely the same order, and style, as when nightly slept in by Her Majesty, Madame Murat. It is hung throughout with yellow silk, tastefully festooned; the bed is of the same description, with a large glass introduced at the head. All the furniture around is most sumptuous, and entirely French. The tables, commodes, silver breakfast service, satin chairs, toilet glasses, silk-lined linen chests, and every article, remain precisely as Her Majesty was accustomed to use them; while on the mantle-piece there yet hangs, with other trinkets, the medallion of her little nephew, the ci-divant King of Rome.

The former monarch's chamber, and suite of apartments, with his toilet, and appendages, also

remain in the same state and magnificence as Joachim used them.

The adjoining bed room of his present Majesty forms a striking contrast by its simplicity, and total absence of ostentation.

From the palace we adjourned to the Museum, containing all the pictures dug out at various times from Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ, with other relics; among which I long lingered much impressed with such a living, and animated, exhibition of the manners, and arts that prevailed 2000 years ago; and which rooms so admirably complete the detail, and thorough knowledge of ancient Pompeii.

The first room contains the inscriptions sawed off from the walls of the Forum, or Market-place, and which I have already described as the most conspicuous object upon entering Pompeii. These present the names of the soldiers scribbled in moments of idleness; their jests, and the remains of the iron stocks for the feet, to which the culprits had been screwed.

Then follow a series of 1580 paintings, some historical, some fanciful, with arabesques, caricature, rope dancing, gardens, birds, and animals, villas, temples, &c. Among the most beautiful heads is one of Sappho; among the best historical is Telephus, son of Hercules:—Chiron teaching

Achilles to strike the lyre:—Pylades and Orestes:—and Theseus with the vanquished Minotaur. In Caricature there is one, a supposed ridicule of Nero as a Singer, and Driver; representing a Grasshopper in a chariot driving a Parrot. The representations of their villas are curious because the architecture of some approaches to the fantastic Chinese style; so likewise is their caricature, since among other less important personages there is the "pious Æneas." I should like much to know what this redoubtable hero had done to draw down upon himself this very ancient, as well as modern mode of raillery. Some of these paintings are conjectured to be copies of the works of Parrhasius, Zeuxis, or Apelles, and the beauty of the Ariadne, the Iphigenia, the Bacchante riding the Centaur, &c. &c. may justify the supposition.

The vividness of some of the colours proves the superiority of the ancients in thus compounding what has resisted so unparalleled an ordeal; while their representations of buildings occasionally evince knowledge of the perspective both of lines and colours. There is a picture of a shoemaker's shop, such as it was painted, and exposed outside his door at Pompeii, for a sign: and there is also a painting of an old curmudgeon of a school-master, flogging one of his boys who is horsed upon the back of another schoolfellow, as is the practice now-a-

days, while the other boys around seem in much the same plight, and trim as may be supposed of any school-boys in England.

In describing Pompeii some pages back, I spoke of seventeen skeletons having been found in the cellars of the house of Diomedes; among which were those of the master, and mistress of the family. Here, preserved in a glass case, is her skull, with some bones of her arm, &c. and, in another case, are certain masses of lava, and cinders, which have been taken off still retaining the impression, or figure of that part of the body to which they adhered; one particular lump has the plainest impress, and forms the complete mould of her bosom.

Saturday.—There are still several departments of the Museo Borbonnico to which I have not yet referred. One suite of rooms is given to the display of the collection of Etruscan Vases, presumed to be the largest and the finest in the world. The elegance of their form is unrivalled; the figures represented on them are, I think, more frequently valuable as studies, and elucidations of antiquities, than for their grace, and finish. In this latter point they are truly interesting, containing many most valued paintings allusive to ancient mythology, classical history, customs, &c. &c. Their immense number, and variety, lead to endless conjecture, and vain attempts to classify them either

as sacrificial, votive, or cinerary: as prize rewards, or as any other distinctive tributes. Surely, many of them must have been purely ornamental:—to distinguish them so precisely were as needless as to classify our modern mantlepiece ornaments.

The pavements of these rooms are from Pompeii and Herculaneum; and here also are two precise representations, executed in cork, of the interior of two ancient Sepulchres. They exhibit the corpse, the arms, and armour, of the deceased; the money in the mouth for Charon; the sop for Cerberus; the lachrymatory, the cinerary vase, the phials for perfumes, or holy water, and lamp.

The Cabinet of Gems contains many antique golden ornaments, chiefly female, but more particularly it has a Cameo, the largest, and most precious in the world. It represents on one side the head of Medusa; and on the other, an allegory allusive to the Nile.

On the ground floor are two galleries, of which one is filled with Egyptian Sculpture, that leaves only the same impression as other relics of such a limited school of art, where each object is so servile a copy of the preceding: while, on the contrary, the opposite corridor is equally rich, and varied in Greek bronzes, &c.

A few of the best statues are—The Drunken Fawn, the size of life:—A Sitting Mercury, reposing after fatigue:—A Sleeping Fawn, distin-

guished by two goats' *mammellons* in the throat:—Augustus deified, and represented as Jupiter, draped only from beneath the waist:—and a Nymph, chiefly remarkable from her action of clasping, or adjusting her peplos to her tunic.

In a recess of this gallery are some smaller bronzes with which I was even more pleased. One was a fiery horse, free, and flying before the winds; every beauty of this noble animal, without a trace of man's dominion, save the silver head-stall, and bridle. The other was Alexander fighting, mounted on his Bucephalus.* With his right hand he lifts his sabre, with his left he guides his war horse. Youth, royalty, and valour shine in his countenance; his dress is the complete Grecian warrior; his attitude free as the air through which he is flying. His horse with his silver harness complete, shows perfection in every limb, tosses his mane to the winds, and proudly bears his royal lord aloft amid "the thickest troop."

* Bucephalus was a horse which no one but Alexander could ever tame, or ride, and his conquest of this fiery steed, while he was yet but a boy, was prognosticated by the sages of his father's court as an omen of the son's future greatness.

Bucephalus always knelt to receive his kingly burthen, and had borne him in many a deadly battle. Being mortally wounded in an engagement in Asia, he flew with his king out of the field, and, when away from danger, he set his lord down in safety, and fell dead at his feet! He was then thirty years old, and his attached master built the city of Bucephala in India, near the Hydaspes, in honour of his immortal steed.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn, and wind, a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
King Henry IV.

I have lately explored His Majesty's palace here, nor have I yet seen any style of splendour, or furniture more truly regal than this usual residence of the sovereign.

The Presence Chamber, or Throne Room, is hung throughout with crimson velvet, most richly, and deeply embroidered with massive gold ornaments, and devices; the curtains are white silk; and, to the patriotism of the king be it said, that all such decorations in this room, and in the palace generally, are of Neapolitan manufacture. We promenaded through a series of rooms each equally splendid, and varied.

Among the best modern pictures were two by Camuccini; the Death of Cæsar, and the Death of Virginia. I thought these two works of art the very finest modern efforts I had ever beheld, and was at a loss to discover failure either in dignity of composition, or perfection of execution. There was also a most superb whole length portrait of Ferdinand's daughter, the Duchess of Orleans, and her little son, about five years old, executed in a magic style by Girard.

The last room we saw was the King's usual bed chamber; this had been Murat's, and the style, and furniture were French. It is hung throughout with white and crimson silk, and satin, arranged in tasteful festoons, and terminating in gold and crimson fringe, and tassels. The bed furniture is entirely white satin, fringed with crimson; the top surmounted with plumes of ostrich feathers. This room has two recesses formed by silken curtains in the same style; the three principal windows command the ocean, the best view of the city, with Vesuvius, &c. the other window is in one of the recesses. To this recess when His Majesty retired, the drapery behind would conceal the bed; on his right hand would be the above named prospects, immediately before him a long vista of orange trees, and choice shrubs, enclosed in a glass gallery; and here could he either lounge upon a silken couch, fanned by the balmy zephyrs, and amid the fragrant perfume of the choicest plants; or here could he walk, viewing all, himself unseen.

The last remaining expedition of any note was to see the palace, and other appendages at Caserta; and the first object that struck upon the eye was perhaps the noblest:—the Aqueduct.

This triumphant work of art, executed by Vanvitelli, conveys a vast supply of water to the palace through rock, and mountain, over valley, or hill, sometimes above, and sometimes under ground for

about twenty-six miles. In its mighty course from region to region it crosses the plains of La Maddelaine, and at this point, or on these plains, the traveller passes under the central arch of the aqueduct, which towers above his head at the height of 200 feet, and which stretches before him to the length of nearly 2000.

It is here formed by a triple row of arches, ascending the one above the other, yet of irregular numbers in their long extent, owing to the inequalities of the ground. The lower story therefore has but nineteen arches, the second twenty-eight, but the uppermost, stretching across to the extreme points of the opposite hills, has forty-three. The river, of course, flows through a conduit in the uppermost arches, and a bridge is thus formed over the plains beneath; this lofty path is, however, a royal road, and though pedestrians may traverse it, yet no other carriage than a regal one may. At the termination of this bridge it becomes again a subterranean stream, and some miles further it forms the admired cascade in the royal gardens.

A further ride of about six miles brought us to the gardens of Caserta. From the heights around here, the eye wanders over one vast, luxuriant plain so extensive, and so smooth, that its distant bounds might be readily mistaken for the ocean mingling with the horizon: a more smiling or peaceful prospect I never saw.

On entering the royal park, the great cataract is seen at an immense distance, tumbling in broken masses,—advancing nearer to it, it precipitates itself in one broad sheet, immediately behind which there is an artificial grotto, and having entered this, you thus, at a distance of only a few feet, see, and may feel the silvery spray, and foaming waters, close before you, and thus flowing down from directly above your head, obscuring the long vista of the park, and palace, while illumined by the thousand varying rays, and colours of the dancing sun beams. From hence it tumbles, and flows from basin to basin, at regular distances, till collected, and quiet in one long pool. The woods about this park abound with wild boar, a sport of the field with which His Majesty often amuses himself, though one of the hunting boxes close by, that of Belvedere, is now appropriated as a silk manufactory.

As a visitor, I was conducted through each department from that where I inspected the raw silk, so exquisite a production even when first spun from the bowels of the worm, up to its last finish, and perfection by the ingenious operations of man. The average quantity of silk produced here is 20,000lb. weight. Much of the machinery is put in motion by the aqueduct.

The palace itself is most remarkable for its vast design, and magnitude. It remains still very un-

finished, yet the King, with his suite, can find ample accommodation in one quarter of the building. Charles III was the founder of this pile; Vanvitelli the architect; one finished front of which now extends nearly 750 feet long, 580 broad and about 120 in height.

I cannot say that the exterior architecture is such as seems to me to become a palace: being one almost entire flat range of windows, and having a few columns at either end, yet so little prominent that we may almost look about to find them. One portico, more than 500 feet long, intersects the entire palace; in the central point of which are the four grand courts, with the principal staircase, &c.

This staircase is regal, and worthy of a palace; and having its walls encrusted with the choicest Sicilian marbles; Breccia and Broccatelli. It is terminated by a superb vestibule, and by doors, opposite to each other, which lead to the intended endless suite of rooms.

Of all the interior of this palace only the Chapel, and the Theatre, are, at present, worth notice. The first has side galleries, supported by a range of columns of beautiful marble, the whole being equally complete and appropriate. The theatre is also superb. Being built on an extensive plain, any depth of scenery may be obtained; the royal box fronts the centre of the stage, and some years ago His Majesty commanded the Siege of Troy. Many

regiments of cavalry are said to have assisted in this spectacle; and the back of the stage being thrown open, the King thus saw a vista of squadron upon squadron; army upon army; all the veritable pomp of war; "loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang."

The Carnival.—I wish I could adequately describe this Festival. Last Sunday was the best day for fun I have yet seen.

Fancy the Toledo, a street somewhat resembling Oxford-street, and full as long; here seem to be assembled the countless thousands of the whole city, in and out of masks, riding or walking. No particular character adhered to; the more grotesque and compound the mask, the better. Harlequins, Pantaloons, Punch, Buffoons, Don Quixottes, Grand Signiors, Old Maids, Hussars, Dominoes, Devils, Compounds, Indescribables, all mingling in the utmost confusion and good humour, and in the broad glare of day. Carriages are pacing slowly up and down the street; every variety of shape and vehicle, every disguise of horse and donkey; the animals hung with chains of biscuits, with peacock's feathers, with bells, flaunting ribbons, and flowing drapery; here we see cars long and short, some so filled with foliage, and the wheels so clogged they look a moving forest—and here are antique Olympic Chariots, with modern Irish Jaunt-

ing Cars. One carriage towers above the rest; it is an English two-decked ship manned by jolly tars, having Punch's masks, half white, half black, and something like a pewter platter for a shield. The grandees sport their four in hand, their blazoned harness, and carriages rich with flowing draperies; they have common comfits for the multitude, but reserve their ornamental baskets, with finer confectionary for the ladies; they are attired in silken dominos, velvet hats and plumes, yet conceal their faces with grotesque masks—their postillions are Columbines and Harlequins, their coachmen and footmen are Devils with horns, with or without cloven feet, or they are Old Maids of the sixteenth, or any other century; while in the rear of this show comes, for greater contrast, a funeral car, filled with ghosts and phantoms of the dead.

Thus go the carriages; pedestrians choke up every corner, every balcony and window is crammed, and every one is pelting his neighbour without distinction. A stoppage of five minutes, or more; now comes the tug of war, the surer aim above, the surer aim below; now comes the heavy hail of plums and comfits rattling upon the pewter shield, and clouds of sugar dust and flour mounting to the skies. If you smile at the salutation you chance to get upon your pate, the folks smile too; but if you look glum, why then they laugh the more. The people shout, the frightened horses

rear; while the little boys scramble at the risk of their limbs for all they can pick up. Royalty approaches, whose carriages alone on these days may pierce the street:—the shower ceases for the moment; Majesty smiles, and passes on;—and then again for the fun.

Such is the Toledo towards the end of the Carnival; the *coup d'œil* up and down this immense throng is one of the most striking of the kind that can be seen; a mask for the face becomes almost indispensable, as well as a shield, though there are many without a disguise, who sit quietly in their carriages, and brave it out. The *confettúre* are often, and very unfairly, much too large, and generally aimed not singly, but by ladles and horns full.

At dusk the crowd begins to thin: we dined, and thence to the Theatre del Fondo, where the King appeared with his family, his Court, and the other grandees. From hence His Majesty went to San Carlo, with all the world besides, and where the masquerade of the night concludes the fun of the day. The whole theatre is superbly illuminated, and all the masqueraders of the morning in their dresses are here promenading; a band is performing, and while some dance or waltz, others burlesque it. The grandees sit in their boxes, and sup, or play cards, when any mask is privileged to enter; he may know them, but it is his fault if he suffer himself to be found out.

To conclude—Some there are who cynically say

that all this is very nonsensical. I do not pretend to be very wise, but I think that when in a foreign country we may enjoy a foreign diversion; and that if we cannot improve the world by our sense we may as well laugh with it in its amusements.

Thursday.—A most beautiful day, and grand review of all the Austrian troops here; cavalry and infantry. In the morning they assembled, and formed one long line in treble file along the whole extent of the Chiaja—thence they marched, in divisions, into the Royal Gardens opposite, where Mass was administered, to the sweet strains of solemn music, in a chapel erected for the occasion. From hence, after firing various vollies, and further military manœuvres, they all paraded to the palace, where the King, in the balcony, standing uncovered, inspected them as they passed. Finer bodies of men, or more splendid equipments, I have not seen. In looking at such martial troops, I was astonished that the French, under Napoleon, could for so long a time, so completely, and almost uniformly beat them. Their commander-in-chief here is General Frimont: and the present fête is on occasion of the monarch's birth-day.

I am now arranging for my departure from Naples, and with much regret it is that I shall quit it. Many circumstances have combined to render my stay here particularly pleasurable: among others, the society I have had, private and public, the glitter of large parties; the more grateful, social,

intercourse of friend with friend: nor can I omit to mention the hospitality, and kindly feeling of Mr. T. and the agreeable society of his family; moreover let me add that I have enjoyed the best health, and have been favoured with the most genial weather.

But, to cease speaking of myself, and to speak a long farewell to Naples. To skies ever serene; to nature ever luxuriant, and verdant; to the wide expansive ocean, and bay so graceful; to the sublimities of volcanic wonders; to antiquities above, and below ground; to scenery all around unrivalled in itself; every place consecrated by historic recollections; some, unhappily only known as the favoured spot for Roman Imperial licentiousness, and debauchery; others again ennobled as the retreats of Roman virtue, poetry, and patriotism; to prospects so varying and beautiful, whether they be tinged with the incipient rays of Aurora, whether they glow from pole to pole with meridian heat; or whether they be so exquisitely tinted, and shadowed with the last hues of a setting sun; to a city where pleasure ever holds her frolic court, and ceaseless gaieties ever woo us;—finally, to such charms of nature, so beautiful in themselves, so endeared by classic recollections; to the scenes of the brightest fictions of the poets; to Elysium, to Acheron; to Eneas, to Ulysses; to Homer, to Virgil; Adieu!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RETURN TO ROME—CARNIVAL—HORSE RACE—CANDLES—EXCURSION TO TIVOLI—PONTE MAMMOLO—SOLFATERRA—ALBULEAN LAKE—TEMPLE OF FAUNUS—PLAUTIAN TOMB—ADRIAN'S VILLA—CATARACT OF TIVOLI—TEMPLE OF VESTA—ANCIENT VILLAS, AND HORACE'S FARM—CASCATELLE—CANOVA'S PIETÀ—ROMAN PEARLS, CAMEOS, MOSAICS—EXCURSION TO FRASCATI—PORTA ASINARIA—AQUEDUCTS—HISTORY OF TUSCULUM—RELICS, AND VICINITY—CICERO—LUCIEN BONAPARTE, AND BANDITTI—VILLA ALDOBRANDINI AND WATER-WORKS—LAKE REGILLUS, AND CASTOR AND POLLUX—GROTTO FERRATA—DOMENICHINO'S FRESCOES—ALBAN LAKE, AND EMISSARIUS—ALBANO—NEMI, AND CLASSIC NEIGHBOURHOOD.

RETURNED to Rome at day-break on Sunday last, by dint of travelling incessantly from the preceding Friday night. Our conveyance this time was by the Government Courier, which if it be not the pleasantest, is perhaps the safest, as well as the dearest, it having cost me above 300 Carlini, or nearly six pounds English, to make a journey of not much more than 100 miles. The general terror of the brigands now infesting the road increases, and three several attacks have been made during my short stay at Naples; in which, it is said, that robbery has been aggravated by outrage, and violence, both to men, and women. Our escort consisted of two, occasionally three armed dragoons. Our route being the same as on our

former journey, has already been described: one recollection, however, struck me as not before alluded to; Horace's journey from Rome to Brundusium,* and which occupied him fifteen days; his description of the Via Appia, with some other places which we like him had traversed; and all which the poet humorously details in his fifth satire.

Instead of the awful, silent, grandeur of Rome, usually so striking to a traveller just returned from the bustle of Naples, solemn Rome seems, at this moment, turned frolic mad to enjoy the brief remainder of the Carnival, and which precedes so long a penance. But I must first observe that this popular festival is invariably immediately preceded by a public execution; a criminal being always reserved for this special occasion; and the guillotine being the ordinary mode of death. I did not arrive in time to witness this spectacle, but my friends here adequately described it to me.

There is perhaps, more noise in the Carnival of Naples, more splendor at Rome; particularly in seeing the entire range of the Corso, a street a mile long, hung at almost every balcony, and window, with tapestry, damask, and silk. The gravity generally prevailing, is now thoroughly thrown off; all ranks seem proportionately exhila-

* A maritime town of Naples on the shores of the Adriatic, and where the Appian Road terminated.

rated, and all distinctions levelled during this little, fleeting, season of popular diversion; this relic of the Roman Saturnalia. Some restraints, however, are imposed; since all classes are forbidden to assume any dress, or character, appertaining to religion, or government.

Yesterday was the last, and consequently the best day. Among the drollest of the equipages was a car fantastically draped, wherein was Hecate, the Furies, and Witches upon broomsticks; another was decorated with boughs, and foliage; cages of screeching crows were hung up in it, and it was filled by the vilest musicians, with the harshest instruments, pretending a fine concert, singing humorously to please the populace, then applauding themselves, and calling vehemently, according to Italian custom, for "Il Maestro, Il Maestro;" another car was filled with cats; followed by one with dogs; that is, people thus masked.

Among the drollest of the pedestrians are the men in women's clothes, their whiskers, beard, and mustachios mingling with ladies curls, love locks, caps, ribbons, plumes, and petticoats. It is really humourous to see some of these fellows mimicking a mincing gait, a Paris poke, and all a lady's ogling, simpering, pretty smiles, and winning ways. In some, the disguise is purposely as plain as possible; in others, it is too well concealed; and assignations are made which certain folks may be so credulous as to keep.

The grandees parade in disguise in their carriages, while their coachmen on the box, as mimic ladies maids, sport veil, or fan, and show their silken hose, and tapering calf, to please the gaping crowd.

Thus go carriages, people, characters, masks, dominos, all pell-mell, hurly-burly, and sugar-plum* pelting each other; rich and poor, all confounded, and mixed up together, the foot paths choked up by chairs, and their occupiers; servants and masters, maids and men, familiar with they know not who. Masks are privileged to accost any one; they may get into a carriage, or enter a box at the theatre; they may offer or take *confetture*, and wit, and manners only or the want of it; can betray the character, and tell us who it is.

Now, as at Naples, the storm of plums, and comfits, rains and rattles all around; above, below, in front, in rear,

> Dark showers of *comfits* fly from foes to foes,
> Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows,
> Thus white with dust the *mimic masks* appear,
> From *chalk*, and *plums*, and *old woman charioteer;*
> The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
> And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.
> *Pope's Iliad*, b. v. and vi.

* Many of these should be sugar plums however are simply the pozzolana sand cemented and plaistered with chalk; and they are accordingly called, and sold as, *confetture di gesso.*

when, on a sudden, a distant cannon thundering on the ear, bids prepare for other fun, and the carriages begin to quit the Corso;—a second thunder, at an interval of a quarter of an hour, must find the central passage clear; a troop of heavy cavalry march slowly down the street, and the pedestrians form in closer line; again the cavalry appear, and trot down; the infantry now make the passage quite clear, the people wedge in behind, and the cavalry, for the last time, charge at full gallop down the entire Corso, while every eye is strained to see the approaching Horse Race.

Unlike an English course, these animals obey no riders, nor know no jockeyship; they are free, and left to themselves, only having little spurs, and stimulants attached, which as the faster they run, so the more do these prick, and urge yet greater speed. They passed me with such tremendous celerity that I could hardly form any opinion about them, particularly as I was in mask, but I understood that an English mare had won the race.

Though the animals are certainly stung to the course by these devices of man, yet, in seeing them thus at liberty, I had hoped the creatures tore along the smoking course animated, more than their owners, with a free, and passionate desire to pass each other, and outstrip the winds; but such a sight will never again please me, for I

find that these spurs and goads are merciless, and cruel, subjecting this noble animal to torture; and that they have been known, in their extremity of pain, to break all bounds, and run for miles and miles, thus goading themselves to madness, and exhaustion.

This over, the tumultuous crowd again break bounds, and it being now dusk, and the last night, every body lights a wax-candle, a flambeau, or a bundle of tapers, &c. while the fun consists in every one trying, and jumping, and puffing, and whiffing, to blow out his neighbour's candle. The street becomes a blaze of light; some sit, some walk, and some stand with their lighted flambeaux; the carriages also blaze, and those inside keep up the brightest flame they can. Any fun is admissible; your own candles are blown out, you light them again at your neighbour's, and blow out his in grateful return; incessantly some one is jumping up before, or behind, or about one; but handkerchiefs are the readiest way, and those who tie them to a long stick do a deal of execution.

The effect is very picturesque down the long range of the Corso, amid the throngs of the people, and as the lights, and shadows, flit upon the tapestry, the silks, and damasks, that are waving from every window and balcony, and also as the carriages filled with masks, and ladies, slowly pace the street, thus illuminated inside and out. The

row and merry tumult is heightened by the incessant shouting and plaudits of the people; the fun and ecstasies are at their height, and gradually decline: the candles are burnt out, the folks get hungry, and begin to think of dinner; the carriages move away, and I with the rest.

A little respite; and then to the masquerade at the Teatro Alberto. Here, for a finale, is all the world, and all its characters. I was talking with a very humorous universal Quack Doctor, having a long burnt cork nose, when, suddenly, the lights were extinguished; and by eleven at night the theatres, the streets, the people, and all Rome was hushed. It was the eve of Ash Wednesday: this morning the Cardinals have undergone in the Sistine Chapel the spiritual mortification of sprinkling their heads with ashes; and thus begins the Catholic Lent of penance, and fasting.

But now—

Amoto ludo, quæramus seria.*

Yesterday was given to an excursion to Tivoli, whose very name is magic, where all is landscape inimitable; the sublimity of torrents; the peaceful luxuriance of Italian climes; the pictures of Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa; the Temple of Vesta; the classical recollections of Horace, of Mæcenas, of Brutus, of Cassius.

* Away with joke and let's be serious.

One of the first interesting objects on the road is the passage of a bridge reported erected, or at least, repaired by Mammia, mother of Alexander Severus, now called Ponte Mammolo, and thrown across the Teverone, anciently the Anio, the original boundary of the Latins and Sabines, and which bridge derived its name from Anius, King of Etruria, who here drowned himself on account of the loss of his daughter.

At some further distance another bridge crosses the Solfaterra, whose sulphureous stream springs from the diminished Albulean Lake. Fetid odours taint the air; the waters are bluish, while the bituminous and foul exhalations from the stagnant pool have given it the distinctive name of a Lake of Tartarus. The waters also possess the petrifying quality, roots, vegetables, and plants, soon become stone; they adhere in masses, and form little floating islands. Yet how interesting is this spot, for on the banks of this lake once stood the sacred Grove, the Temple, and Oracle of Faunus, consecrated by the verses of Virgil as the scene of the consultation of King Latinus, son of Faunus, who, perturbed by the omen of heaven to his only daughter:

> ——— when fair Lavinia fed the fire
> Before the gods, and stood before her sire,
> Strange to relate, the flames involv'd the smoke
> Of incense from the sacred altar broke;

Caught her dishevell'd hair and rich attire;
Her crown, and jewels, crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danced about her head.
Latinus frighted with this dire portent,
For counsel to his father Faunus went,
And sought the shades, renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's sulphureous fountain lie.

At rex, &c. &c. *Dryden's Eneid* 7, v. 107, et seq.

But of this sacred oracular spot; of this scene of the happy omen of the approaching nuptials of Eneas and the fair Lavinia; nought, nought, remains but the poesy of the Roman bard.

Soon after, are seen the venerable remains of the sumptuous tomb erected for the noble Plautian family, near the public bridge, or Ponte Lucano which they had erected. The ancient bridge is lost, but the sepulchre consecrated by a nation's gratitude remains. The ivy, and foliage, twining around shed a venerable, picturesque effect, though they hide the beauty of its circular form, which much resembles the tomb of Cecilia Metella; yet additionally enriched with a front adorned by columns still remaining, though in mutilated grandeur. Several inscriptions remain recording Marcus Plautius, his family, and the services for which these honours were decreed to him by the Senate, his titles, &c. &c.

We then proceeded to the Villa of Adrian; or to the attempt to discover from the sad heaps of

ruins that remain how so vast a palace, and appendages were once appropriated. The knowledge of antiquarians, and the researches of architects have done much; still more the antiquities dug out from time to time on the spot, all which, or many of them, are now arranged in the galleries of the Vatican.

On these vast plains, at present the property of the Duke Braschi, the Emperor Adrian had once erected, in a circuit occupying three miles, every species of building, or temple, which in the course of his long travels had struck him as most remarkable. Here, therefore, was a Pœcile, or Picture Gallery of Athens, and a Prytaneum, or Public Hall for the meritorious; a Canopus of Egypt; a Lyceum; Baths for both sexes; Theatres; Temples; Libraries; Regal Halls; Stoæ, or Porticoes; Barracks; a Hippodrome; a Naumachia; a Stadium, or place for feats of running, or wrestling; Academies; a Vale of Tempe; and here was even an imitation of Elysium as well as of the Infernal Regions.

Of all this former pride and grandeur, little indeed remains but ruins and recollections; succeeding emperors despoiled it; Totila and the Goths ravaged it; and modern Romans ground its precious marbles into mortar. Excavation has exhausted its treasures, and has ceased; while nature frighted away has, at length, resumed her

tranquil, verdant, luxuriance; the massive ruins, above, are almost hidden by the encroaching foliage; and cultivation, below, obliterates all traces of former Roman golden halls.

But though I dismiss Adrian's wonderful Villa thus summarily rather than fatigue attention by minute disquisitions on its endless, roofless, ruins, I must say that the time I gave to it excited much interest; and that with the aid of imagination, and classic recollections, hours might pass unheeded in their length in tracing every assigned division of this truly imperial, though ruined palace; and amid scenes of nature which ever bloom in renovated beauty, spite of man and time.

We now remounted, and arriving in half an hour at Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, which existed even centuries before Rome was known, eagerly ran to witness the stupendous cataract formed by the falls of the Teverone. The proud palaces of emperors had fallen to decay; but the sublime creations of nature remain to this hour even as when gazed upon by ancient Rome!

The first fall seen is in one broad, and tranquil, silvery sheet of about 150 feet. We then descended by a winding path till we reached a cavern formed by stupendous rocks; on the one hand was seen the same torrent issuing from a narrow aperture in the rock, tumbling precipitately in one broad expanse of silvery spray; but quite unchecked by

any obstacle in its fall, it perpetually glides along its hurried, downward course, without fury, or noise, more remarkable for its ever-varying beauty, its playful chase of waters, its thousand sparkling, pleasing, silvery waves and forms.

On the other hand, and immediately opposite, from a dark recess of rocks two torrents rush out together with tremendous rage, perpetually conflicting with each other. Each, as they burst forth from opposite points, mingle their battling waters, and precipitate their boiling streams with tremendous noise and roar adown the craggy steep, their foam and fury increased by the huge, and massive stones that seem, in very spite, to come athwart their course, and dash them both in vengeance to clouds of misty spray. Thus however, all the torrents meet in one abyss below, and here we then descended, shrouded on all sides by the dark, o'erhanging, cliffs till we cautiously, and tremblingly, stood on the very brink of the precipice, and of that narrow, dark, and rocky steep down which the united waters rage, where the eye cannot trace their furious, endless course; nor the ear catch any other sound save their thunders.

Sublime, tremendous, sight! to see the raging, foaming billows rushing with resistless, lightning speed to the black, and fathomless gulph, wave upon wave, torrent upon torrent, raging, battling, warring with each other; wearing and cleaving

the adamantine cliff; thundering to deafen the loudest cannon's roar; bounding with giant, frantic leaps from rock to rock, and shivering into clouds of misty, silvery spray! Thus were they raging when Romans gazed upon them 2000 years ago; thus were they when I beheld them; and thus do they foam on now and ever!

Nature in some of her prodigies exhausts herself; the tempest, and the volcano endure but for a period; yet the mighty cataract foams on, no stop, no stay, time without end: the volcano desolates; the earthquake annihilates; yet the cataract, fearful, and tremendous as it is, harms not:—to the dark caverns where man, or his works are not known it retires to rage in unabating, but innoxious fury.

Mid this scene of sublimity and horror, oft does the Iris play, and arch the black, and foaming billows with her bow of ethereal, heavenly, hues. Exquisite contrast! The celestial messenger of Juno come down from above! or Heaven's own bow of promise irradiating with its sunny tints the depths of Tartarus: or like Hope, bright, benignant, Hope, flitting and smiling upon Despair!

Immediately over this scene hangs the beautiful Temple of Vesta, or, more properly, of the Tiburtine Sybil, Albunea. Its circular form, and architecture are of the purest style; time has levelled eight of its eighteen Corinthian columns, which

are fluted, the capital sculptured with the foliage of the olive, the entablature with festoons of flowers, but age has given it a venerable, picturesque beauty, while nature has superadded all the charms of situation.

Tivoli had well nigh lost this magnet of attraction; for an English nobleman, Lord Bristol, had bargained with the man on whose ground it stands for the entire edifice. Already was every stone numbered preparatory to unframing it for its re-erection in an English park, when the Roman Government interposed its veto, and declared such relics national property.

The church of St. Giorgio, close at hand, is remarkable as being thus transmuted from some other ancient temple, at present commonly asserted that of the Sybil.

We now breakfasted, and afterwards took that walk which includes in its long round the Via Valeria; vestiges of the Temple of Hercules, now the Cathedral; the villas of Propertius, of Mæcænas, of Horace, of Quintilius Varus, still termed Quintigliolo; of Catullus, of Piso, of Lepidus, and of Vopiscus, though this latter is made dubious by reference to Statius's description of it.

With regard to Horace's possessing a villa here much doubt exists; but is it not sufficient to know that here he wandered, and here he sang? (Vide 7th Ode of 1st Book; and 2d Ode 4th Book.)

It is at Licenza, at about twelve miles distance, that we shall find the ancient Digentia, and Horace's Sabine Farm. In our excursion hither we shall explore or pass near to Vico Varo, formerly Varia, to Mandela, the Temple of Vacuna, now usurped by the village of Rocca Giovane, the Mons Lucretilis, now Libretti; we shall see, and may taste the still pure stream of the Blandusian fount; and after recalling these many detailed descriptions of the poet, we here may enter within the ruined circle where general consent has fixed the residence of the bard: yet I must add that a broken wall, and some little mosaic pavement, are the only traces left.

To return to Tivoli—Mæcenas's Villa still exhibits those vestiges which prove its former grandeur, and extent; yet it is now, strange conversion! a manufactory, and forge for iron machinery.

The terrace commands those views which might well inspire the muse of his poet friend; while the entire walk I am speaking of opens the most luxuriant, the most glowing and varied landscapes: they justify their selection by the poetic, and the illustrious of Old Rome; they recall the paintings of Claude, those inimitable pictures which connoisseurs doat on, and which the opulent only can possess; yet how humble, how immeasurably inferior to the ever living, ever varying, originals of nature.

The great cascade is partially seen, and heard even at this distance, but the more immediate beauties of this kind are in a number of small cascades, or *Cascatelle*, which flow from the hills where Mæcenas's villa stands aloft. From these hills there issue about seven, or eight principal streams; these tumble down the verdant steep, dividing into several less, and less cascades, sporting and curving in many a graceful wreath among the green foliage, the little mossy rocks, and groves of vines, and olives, sprinkling them with silvery spray, and lighted as the sun-beams dance among them with all the colours of the rainbow.

But I must waive the futile attempt of describing those scenic beauties of Tivoli which like the balmy air around it, can only be felt upon the spot: Of the further works of man, and of art, let me point out the remains of that disputed temple, so curiously named the Temple of Cough, *Il Tempio di Tóssa*; but though its original appropriation be unknown whether bath, tomb, or temple, its form, its windows, niches, and general resemblance to the beautiful temple of Minerva Medica at Rome, render it worthy of inspection. Add the majestic, and picturesque ruins of the Claudian Aqueducts, and that singular spectacle of the impression of a portion of a Wheel in the solid rock of the Grotto of Neptune; and from a block of which similar Tiburtine or Travertine stone had

been formerly cut out an antique iron instrument, resembling a crow.

Of the days I have spent at Rome in this second visit, a greater portion has been given to the further view and examination, of some of those principal grandeurs which I have already described rather than to any particular novelty yet unnoticed. But in this latter class I must speak of Canova, and of his model just finished, representing Christ dead, supported by the Virgin Mother, and Magdalen.

What words can adequately express the sublime conception, the exquisite finish of this composition! Let but the marble equal the clay, for after-ages to gaze upon it; nor do I know what may then be thought worthy of competition with it.

I went yesterday to the manufactory of Roman Pearls, and which are very generally prized by English belles. The process is simple. They are formed of alabaster cut into any size from the smallest drop to the largest pendant. They are then smoothed, and rounded by friction, afterwards they receive a slight coating of wax, and finally are dipped into a sort of viscous liquid, being the prepared entrails of a fish found only in these parts, and which gives the exact, natural lustre and hue of the real pearl.

After examining the process, I purchased some articles as presents, and mementoes of Rome. I

afterwards bought for the same purpose, some cameo shells, and mosaics of the finest workmanship, but which, though so well known, and so frequently seen in England, still keep up at Rome a very high price.

The process of these cameo shells is peculiar to Rome. They are Oriental, and minute bassi rilievi are formed by cutting the external paler colour into the internal deeper stain. The most celebrated practiser in this art is Dies, and one cameo I purchased of him is perhaps as beautiful a specimen as can be produced. The Mosaics are formed of smalts, an opake glass, compounded of minerals, &c. so shaped as to be easily cut into suitable pieces; chemically coloured, inserted in a peculiar mastic, and afterwards polished. The extraordinary beauty, and delicacy of some of the large Mosaic pictures in St. Peter's will less surprise when it is asserted that of these smalts the artisans can employ 1700 different hues, and shades. However, these pearls and shells, &c. these little proofs of my recollection of those far away, I devoutly hope I may get safe, and sound to Old England for those fair friends for whom they are intended.

The latest particular excursion in the vicinity of Rome has been to Frascati, &c. In passing through the Porta San Giovanni I was enabled to take a farewell glance of the magnificent Basilica dedi-

cated to that Saint, leaving on the right the Porta Assinaria, or Asses Gate, so called as being the general passage to Rome for those beasts of burthen laden with the produce of the neighbouring gardens; but far more memorable as being the gate by which Totila, King of the Goths, entered Rome.*

At some little distance are seen, on either hand, the venerable remains of two of the noblest aqueducts of ancient Rome, stretching their interminable, and picturesque rows of arches athwart the plain.

The first water ever thus conveyed to Rome was brought from Tusculum at a distance of more than seven miles, and was the noble work of the Censor, Appius Claudius, A. U. C. 441, who also founded the Appian Way. The mighty ruins we were gazing on were the arches of the aqueduct constructed by the Emperor Claudius, about 50 years after Christ, and which thus conveyed the second purest stream of Rome over hill, and dale, for above forty miles; the other were the vestiges of the Marcian aqueduct, a work of Quintus Martius in the days of the Republic.

Near to this spot was found the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus, and his mother Mammea, now so conspicuous an ornament in the Capitoline Museum, and already described.

* Procopius, b. iii. c. 20. Wars of the Goths.

About ten miles further is Frascati, near the site of the ancient Tusculum, the favourite retreat still of the modern, as it was of the ancient Romans for its reviving breezes.* Of its history there is no doubt. It was founded by Telegonus, son of Ulysses, and Circe, and is thus alluded to in the classics.† In the ninth century Tusculum was governed by its own Counts, and was still a considerable city; but in April 1191, it was entirely ceded by agreement with the Emperor Henry VI, and no sooner had the Imperial Garrison retired than the Romans themselves rased the citadel, and almost totally demolished the place. From this time there remains nothing memorable in the history of Frascati; in process of years the inhabitants somewhat restored their native town, while its picturesque, and natural beauties, with its verdant groves, made it the residence of the opulent and classical Romans.

The chief remaining vestige of antiquity is an Amphitheatre in tolerable preservation, and the ruins of Cicero's Villa of Tusculum, so often, and so complacently alluded to by the orator himself; and where he wrote his Tusculan Questions, and his Dialogue de Divinatione.

That the villa itself contained much that was

* Silius Italicus, b. iv. and Martial, b. i. epig. 123.

† Horace, b. iii. Ode 29. Ovid, b. iii. Fasti, v. 91. Propertius, b. ii. Elegy 23. Silius Italicus, b. xii. v. 534.

valuable in art, there is no doubt, yet its chief attractions arose from its situation. In sight, or in the immediate vicinity of the Alban Mount, once crowned with the proud temple of Jupiter Latialis, to which the ascent was by the Via Triumphalis, and which Cicero so eloquently apostrophises: *—in sight of Præneste, the Tiber, Rome, Ostia, Antium, Laurentium, the Lake of Juturna, and those extensive plains where Virgil has depicted the romantic friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, with all the other incidents of the last six books of the Æneid.

On this classic spot Lucien Bonaparte did possess a villa, the Ruffinella, and his constant pursuit was excavation. He had been rewarded by obtaining no less than thirteen antique statues, when a variety of events, and particularly the attack made by a party of brigands from the neighbouring mountains, who came with the express purpose of carrying off Lucien in order to obtain a high ransom, compelled the prince to part with his palace, which is now the property of a Roman Duchess.

These wretches did partly succeed in their object by securing his secretary, in mistake for Lucien, whom, with the butler, and a *Facchino*, or porter, they carried into the mountains. To ransom them their master paid 6000 crowns; resistance he

* Oration for Milo, Section 16.

knew, at that time, was fruitless, since their murder would infallibly have followed his refusal to pay. Troops, and 200 armed peasantry, were prepared to pursue these banditti the moment after the delivery of the prisoners; they did so; but all in vain: the sole result was the additional expense entailed on Lucien, and the abandonment of his villa. The road is still infested, and parties of soldiers are dispersed around for the protection of travellers.

In returning, we visited the Aldobrandini Villa, of which the only remarkable object are the Water-works. In front of the house there was made to play a Girandola, really good from the body, and height of the water thus tumbling precipitately, and beautifully. All the rest seemed to me the most puerile, and ridiculous conceits imaginable. First, in a natural recess of rocks and foliage, a Centaur blows a harsh, and discordant trumpet by the force of the stream, in which there was just as much music as when water is puffing, and struggling for vent with the air in leaden pipes, or conduits; then, opposite to this, was a Pan, but his pipe being, luckily, out of order, we were, happily, spared his concert. In another large room was seen Apollo, seated on the clouds, the nine Muses were beneath, with Pegasus in the centre; each had an appropriate instrument, and the water being applied, the concert began. The audience are to suppose

that the Muses themselves are singing, and playing; while the source of all this discord arises from an Organ, behind, set in force by the stream. Any pretended music more harsh, bellowing, and squeaking, I never heard; Pegasus himself seemed to me to be *braying;* nor have I often met with any thing more in a vitiated taste than these *guochi d'acqua.*

Ere we remounted our carriages, we recollected that Tusculum was the birth-place of Cato; and that near here was the Lake Regillus and Regillum, so famed for the splendid victory achieved by the Romans over the Tarquins, and the Etrurians, and gained, as asserted, by the supernatural aid of Castor and Pollux, who headed the Romans on their milk white steeds; flew on the winds to Rome to tell the conquest; and then vanished from the airy view!

We now proceeded to Grotta Ferrata. The Abbey of this place was founded by St. Nilus, a Greek monk of the order of St. Basil, in the year 1000, after flying from the persecutions of the Saracens in Calabria; and here, as some assert, was the villa of Cicero, though, unquestionably, with little reason, and, more probably, here was the villa of Lucullus. The Chapel detained us some time in admiring the frescoes of Domenichino. The two most admired are St. Nilus curing a demoniac boy by administering a drop of oil in his

mouth, taken from the lamp burning before the image of the Virgin. The other, the meeting of the same Saint with the Emperor, Otho III in a monastery near Gaeta.

Of Domenichino as a painter, for masterly vigour, dignity, and sublimity, I think I cannot speak too highly: and these frescoes are on a par with, or I may say almost surpass, his usual unrivalled excellencies.

A further romantic ride brought us to Castel Gandolfo, and the well known Alban Lake. This lake, about five miles in circumference, is seen with its tranquil, crystal waters far beneath the main road, completely environed by an elliptical range of mountains, verdant even to the water's edge with their woods and cultivation. Its origin is volcanic, and its bed supposed the crater of an extinguished volcano. Lava and basalt are found around it.

In the year of Rome 357 the Romans were besieging Veii, and, in a time of general drought, they were amazed by the prodigy of this lake suddenly swelling its waters to a most unusual, and unaccountable height. This phenomenon might have arisen from various natural causes, but has also been conjectured as proceeding from the volcanic force not then spent, as now. The superstitious Romans, however, instantly dispatched embassadors to consult the Pythian Oracle at Delphos. The priest

replied that they should never take Veii till they had drained the waters of the Alban Lake. In one year after this declaration, viz. in 359, A. U. C. this Emissarius, or subterranean conduit through the mountain of Albano was completed, which answers the same purpose to this day, and which to this hour has never needed the slightest repair.

We descended to the borders of the lake to inspect this tunnel more minutely; the channel is formed of immense masses of Tiburtine stone, through which the water flows regularly at a depth of about a foot, and a half; as well as through the open, yet ruined chamber which we first enter:—It is impossible to penetrate very far within the conduit owing to the fetid air; but it preserves a general height of vaulting of about six feet, and breadth of nearly four, thus flowing in a channel bored through mountain and rock for a distance of about a mile and a half.

By this time the day was so far advanced that we were compelled to return to Rome without exploring Albano, or Nemi,—though neither the one or the other now retain more than a faint vestige of their former renown.

I should have been pleased to have visited even the little remains of the sepulchral monument of the Horatii and Curiatii; or, probably, the tomb of Cneius Pompeius, Pompey the Great:—to have seen the cloister, or crypto-porticus asserted as a

remnant of the house of Clodius, perhaps the very spot where he fell when pursued by the assassins of Milo: the remains of Domitian's Villa, and Nymphæum: of the Prætorian Camp: of the Temple of Jupiter Latialis: and of Alba Longa, that city founded by Ascanius, son of Æneas, 1152 years before Christ.

At Nemi too was that Lake so tranquil, and so clear, as to be called Diana's looking glass: *Speculum Dianæ* (Virgil). Near to here were her sacred groves, and the Artemisian Festivals; her priest styled Rex Nemorensis, and the dreadful tenure by which he held his place; that of murdering his predecessor, and of keeping his post till he himself was murdered; to guard against which these priests were always seen with a drawn sword. Here was Trajan's aquatic palace; and a Fountain of Egeria; and here were the woods where Diana restored to life her beloved Hippolytus.*

* Some of this scenery is more detailed in the account of the journey from Rome to Naples.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BRIEF REVIEW OF ROMAN SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE—FEMALE CHARACTER—CAVALIERI SERVENTI—MARRIAGE—VILLA ALBANI—CASINO OF RAPHAEL—FUNERALS—BLESSING OF ANIMALS—TAKING THE VEIL—CONVENTS, AND MONASTERIES—MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS—TEMPLE OF MINERVA MEDICA—CHURCH OF JESUS—THE SEVEN HILLS—PALATINE—ROMULUS—ETYMOLOGY—PALILIA—TEMPLES—PALACES—THE CAPITOLINE—TEMPLES OF JOVE—SPOLIA OPIMA—SATURN—ETYMOLOGY—MANLIUS CAPITOLINUS—OTHER TEMPLES, &c.—THE ESQUILINE—SERVIUS TULLIUS, AND TULLIA—THE QUIRINAL—ANTIQUE HORSES—FORMER TEMPLES—THE CŒLIAN—TEMPLES—CHURCHES OF S^A. MARIA NAVICELLA, AND SAN STEFANO ROTONDO—THE VIMINAL—THE AVENTINE—ANCUS MARTIUS—REMUS, AND AUGURY—ELICIAN JOVE—HERCULES, AND CACUS—CAIUS GRACCHUS—SEPTIMONTIUM—ROMAN FORUM—SABINE WOMEN—VIRGINIA AND APPIUS CLAUDIUS—FICUS RUMINALIS—CHURCH OF ST. THEODORE—TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX—VIA SACRA—FORUMS OF CÆSAR AND AUGUSTUS—ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE—RAPHAEL—VARIOUS TEMPLES—TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA—VESTAL VIRGINS—HORATII AND CURIATII—FILIAL PIETY—OTHER TEMPLES—SLAVES—THE TIBER.

CIRCUMSTANCES which I cannot control, compel me now, reluctantly, to leave Rome. Much, very much more might be said of antiquity, of art, of ancient deeds and recollections; of modern modes and appropriations, yet though prevented from entering into any detailed and critical account of these matters alluded to, still undescribed, let me,

at least, give a parting sketch of what may be deemed worthy the research of others, or of my own deeper investigation if I e'er return.

In any attempt to delineate the state of society, and modern manners of Rome, I shall be brief, and circumspect.

To the modes, and principles of my own country, amid all that I have seen, I ever revert with fond preference; but this springs not, I would hope, from any narrow bigotry of mind; and still less do I incline to pass censure upon society where my associations have been so fleeting, or upon systems the depth of which I have had so little comparative leisure to develope.

In extenuation of the apathy, the indolence, and the rust of mind, so apparent throughout all the ranks of Rome, the clergy excepted, may be remembered the long oppressions, the annihilation of political importance, and the total absence of any stimulus to rouse the slumbering energies of the modern Romans. The absolute ignorance of some even of the highest classes cannot be extenuated; reason would suggest that the want of political importance might be somewhat compensated by literary competition, and eminence; but experience proclaims that national freedom and greatness is ever accompanied with mental energy: when the one is oppressed, so does the other languish.

Rank, and family honours unsullied by less noble alliances, and unstained by plebeian commerce, are the envied desiderati. The Church and the Army, only, are fitting for such high born, and their sons; the first is, indeed, overstocked: and, for the second, who now would tremble at a Roman Army?

The nature of the papal government and the endless religious observances it enforces, is another incalculable drawback upon the exertion of faculty, and talent. Independently of the fifty-two Sundays in the year, there are about seventy Festas, or Saints' days, or Holidays at Rome, on which occasions shops, schools, and occupations are commonly suspended; and mass, and idleness, or sauntering, and lounging about are almost the sole pursuit.

Yet though Rome may now languish in art, as in spirit, it cannot be forgotten how splendid was the no very distant age of Leo X.; the government was then aroused, genius then was fostered, and the glories of that era are still the theme of the historian, the admiration of the scientific.

Moreover Rome ever has attracted, and ever will attract the learned of every region; and it is no little recommendation to be sure here to meet with the eminent of every art, and almost of every country. In literature also the present Roman ladies may justly boast of their predecessors, since

the professorship of many a profound art, and science, has been ably and honourably filled by them; while at this day there are many amiable Italian females solely devoted to literary attainments.

Now to speak of that striking feature in female Italian character so extraordinary, so repulsive to an English maid or wife: the almost total disregard of matrimonial fidelity. Few Italian wives omit to select that attentive, regular-serving, constant companion termed a *Cavaliere Servente.* It is not with their husband but with this object that they are constantly associated, and by whom they are constantly escorted; of him they exact every important, and every minute attention; and without such an admirer an Italian *belle* may run the hazard of that greatest of all mortifications to every belle, that of not possessing sufficient charms to attract a *Cavaliere.*

I am well aware that it is often contested that such a connexion is not always criminal, and who would not hope so? but how does it grate upon the ear to be forced by appearances to make such a declaration; and how does it offend an English eye, and English feelings, to witness a wife from universal habit, and system, seeking a confidant, a friend, an inseparable, in any other than her husband? Such however is the mode, and perhaps more surprise is excited that man and wife should

be undeviatingly faithful than faithless. Yet Heaven forbid that I should be supposed to assert that conjugal fidelity is unknown; it may be, comparatively, rare, but doubtless it exists. Some pleading excuse, some extenuation of such a system, ought in fairness, if possible, to be adduced; and first then let us speak of the mode of contracting marriage.

The *signorina* bred, and educated probably in a convent, a recluse from the world, a stranger to society, is released from these trammels at once to accept at the altar, and there to vow eternal honor, and love, to that man whom she has scarcely seen, cannot know, and whose sole recommendation may be his parity of rank and fortune, with the mutual recommendations of parents. To break such marriage vows neither shame, nor character, nor loss of friends interpose their powerful mediation, for custom sanctions the indulgence; and finally, and chief of all, the husband, commonly, is the first to violate his fealty, seeking general intrigue, or becoming himself a *cavaliere servente* to some other. Yet, by a strange contradiction, it is deemed, as I understand, honourable, and recommendatory to be constant to a *Cavaliere,* however little faith may be kept to a *Marito.* To prove a yet greater degradation of morals, I might quote what I have heard asserted, but certainly do not know of myself, that husbands will sometimes bar-

gain with a wealthier neighbour for the undisturbed society of their *cara sposa*.

Happily, such principles, such ideas, may not even have entered the imagination of an English-maiden; with her those sacred words, her husband, and her home, comprise her dearest hopes, her fondest affections;—and though Italians never may, let Englishmen still, and ever continue to think with their immortal bard, that the bereavement of a wife is

> "A loss of her
> That like a jewel has hung twenty years
> About his neck; yet never lost her lustre."

Among the objects of interest in art, not sufficiently explored, I name chiefly the Villa Albani, which, in truth, I tried much to see, but after waiting a considerable time, no *custode*, from some unaccountable circumstance, was to be found, and we were fain to depart with the slender satisfaction of having had a glimpse of some few matters only, not committed to his special custody. Thinned, and impoverished as this once matchless private collection has been by French plunder and cupidity, the Prince Albani still boasts treasures in sculptured art which, according to fame, not to see may well be regretted.

The Casino of Raphael also, or the chosen home where he retired to achieve some of his immortal works, must be a spot dear to the admirers of ge-

nius. It is situated near the Villa Borghese, now uninhabited, and one of the rooms is enriched with a variety of paintings by his own hand, fanciful, mythological, and poetical.

Some particular religious ceremonies of Rome we all know exceed in their pomp, splendour, and general effect, any other such ceremonies in the world; but even the ordinary ones are striking to a foreigner. In the burial of any common individual, I have looked with some interest on the long trains of friars, clad in the penitential garbs of their respective orders, girt about with ropes, their faces concealed by masks, white or black, and preceded by the crucifix with other emblems borne aloft;—and with much attention have I listened to the slow and solemn chaunt they raised as they reverently walked along. Entering the church, I have waited the conclusion of a lengthened service to take a farewell view of the corpse, which is invariably left exposed in the church all that night, and consigned to dust the next morning. The wealthier the individual, the longer the train of mourners and monks in the walking procession; the innumerable tapers borne flit a melancholy, uncertain glare upon the objects around, seeming yet more dismal in the evening shades, while, as if in mockery of human life, the clay-cold corpse is exposed to general view dressed in its gayest, best attire! and even sometimes the pallid cheeks are

painted red! We must, however, recollect that this custom prevailed in ancient Greece. A Cardinal is buried with great pomp, and lays in state in the church; and lucky indeed are those good Catholics who die in the interval between a Cardinal's death and burial, since his *Eminentissimo* infallibly carries them all up with himself to Heaven.

Had I chanced to have been in Rome about the middle of January, no doubt I should have been amused with witnessing that singular annual Catholic *festa* of distributing St. Anthony's blessing to all dumb animals. It is celebrated at the church of the Saint, and probably on this auspicious day not a horse, cow, dog, ass, or sheep, &c. either in Rome or in the vicinity, but is driven by its credulous owner to partake of this happy, and efficacious baptism; nor is the mania confined solely to the ignorant and the vulgar, for among the throngs of quadrupeds of all descriptions are also to be seen the equipages of the grandees, whose steeds await their turn for the benediction.

The officiating priest stands at the porch of the church, and, dipping his brush in a bucket, sprinkles the animals as they pass him with the holy water, gabbling to them all, in succession, as fast as he can, this comprehensive and perfect blessing:—Per intercessionem beati Antonii Abbatis hæc ani-

malia liberantur a malis in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.*

Some of the animals are bedecked with finery, and their owners commonly give an offering to the Saint, in proportion to their liberality or their superstition, though such present is not at all compulsory. However, I am determined, if ever I turn Roman Catholic, to take St. Anthony for my patron, he being the only one, out of the whole conclave of Saints and Godlies that ever interposed, as far as I know, for the protection of the oppressed and defenceless dumb creation.

Another, and not unfrequent spectacle at Rome, though of a very different nature, solemn, impressive, and most important, I should have wished to have seen; that of taking the Veil.

There are in Rome, and the neighbourhood, from seventy to eighty monasteries and convents, for nuns and friars, varying in the severities of their penances and mortifications, according to the ordinances of their respective founders; some enjoying the great boon of heaven to us all, air and liberty; others again bound by the most solemn vows to fasting, flagellation, silence, prayer, and imprisonment. Most of the orders of Friars, as

* Through the intercession of the blessed St. Anthony these animals are delivered from evil in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

we all know, are at liberty, and even enjoined to roam through the globe; but for a female to take the solemn vows of a nun, is almost to debar herself from the world, with all its associations, irrevocably and for ever. I say almost, because there are instances, though rarely, of a nun being, from very peculiar circumstances, reinstated in society even after she has taken the vows.

To those, the majority of human kind, who are immersed in the pursuits of the world, devoted to its pleasures, and involved in endless schemes for promotion in it, that spectacle must be indeed impressive of beholding a young, perhaps a noble, and lovely female spontaneously abjuring all the present delights, and future hopes of life; voluntarily nipping the buds of promise, and freely exchanging rank, distinction, fortune, liberty, marriage, for seclusion, imprisonment, penance, poverty, and religious mortification.

On this solemn occasion the Roman Catholic policy omits no possible ceremonial to grace their religious triumph; or to confer the last fleeting, delusive honours on their hapless victim. To see the attendant, thronging crowds;—to receive the solemn benedictions;—to anticipate the promised joys of Paradise;—to be pronounced a betrothed Bride of Heaven;—to melt with the soul-subduing chaunts, and strains of celestial music;—to listen to the whispered welcome from the Virgin Sister-

hood;—to shine resplendent, though but for a little while, amid the blaze of dress, and jewels, so soon to be despoiled, renounced, and in their glittering stead to be invested with the virgin veil, and maiden coif;—to take the last solemn oaths;—to abjure her honors,and change her appellation;—finally, to enter at that grate which, her footsteps once passing, for ever severs her from the world:—Such are the imposing ceremonials which take place amid the gaze of thousands, and thus conspicuous for a brief moment is their heroine!

The severest of all the female convents at Rome is one known by the dread name of the Sepolto Vivo; It is, I believe, rather a receptacle for nuns, and females, who may have transgressed against religion, or the higher powers; but its secrets, and its sufferings are known to none but to its unhappy inmates.

In the reign of Napoleon nearly all these institutions were suppressed, and almost all the friars were ousted, their revenues confiscated, and the only acceptable alternative offered was that of taking arms for the support of the French: in the late counter-revolution many of these monasteries, with all their mummeries, have been restored; doubtless to the great edification, and admiration of all sensible folks!

Friday.—The Mausoleum of Augustus was an object I had deemed as calculated to excite solemn

interest:—I found it an Arena for Bull-fights! It is situated in the Campus Martius; it once towered to the height of 370 feet, and its dome was crowned by the effigy of the Emperor.—Here once had been sepulchral chambers for himself, and family, an inner capacious saloon, two obelisks, and the ashes of Augustus, Marcellus, Germanicus, Agrippina, Livia, with others of the blood of the Cæsars.

Scarcely a vestige of these monumental grandeurs remains to assimilate with the feelings with which we explore such relics; while the present appropriation of the place rendered my visit here, perhaps, more nugatory, and disappointing than any other in Rome I have yet recorded.

The Temple of Minerva Medica was however proportionately interesting. It stands, as it were, alone on the Esquiline Hill;—a mournful ruin of picturesque beauty.

Its present name is derived from a lately excavated statue representing the sage Goddess with the Serpent at her feet. It is built of brick, circular externally, decagonal internally; its roof is vaulted; it has windows and nine niches, or recesses for the statues which have been discovered around it, and which once contributed to its splendour; although the rains from the skies above, and the damps of the earth beneath, are now accelerating its total decay.

One afternoon we chanced to roam into the

Church of Jesus, belonging to the Jesuits, at that particular time when it was so crowded by devotees assisting in some religious ceremonial, that though we were immediately struck with the extraordinary splendors of the place, we had scarcely room, or opportunity to examine the surrounding beauties.

Being borne along by the crowd to one particular chapel, that of St. Ignatius, here we stayed admiring its altar, its columns of lapis lazuli, and bronze, with its gold, and precious marbles; its many beautiful sculptures, allegorically allusive to Christianity; and the effigy of the Father holding the globe in his hand, formed of one mass of lapis lazuli. Above the altar is a statue of the Saint, but I know not whether it be of solid silver, as was its predecessor, seized, and melted without remorse, by the revolutionists; while beneath it the skeleton reposes in a wrought sarcophagus, adorned with precious stones.

To these dazzling illusions for the eyes was superadded the greater charm of soft and solemn music; and the deep-toned chords of a very fine organ.

The last sketch I attempt, ere bidding farewell to Rome, is to advert to some of those antique temples and famed spots, not yet described, which recall to our recollection the brighter periods of ancient Roman greatness, or the striking features of former Roman character.

With such feelings I reverently bent my way towards the Seven Hills:—I ranged o'er part, or from an eminence I gazed upon their wide, yet ruin-strewed extent, while crowds of classic recollections rushed upon the memory, chasing, and effacing each other like ocean waves:—but description must be methodical; and let us first, therefore, advert to the Palatine.

On this hill did Romulus originally found the future fortunes of Rome; the then humble city was square, like the mount on which it was raised; its entire circuit had been marked by a ploughshare, and the dwelling-house of the immortal monarch was a straw-roofed cottage. Here was seen that auspicious flight of twelve vultures, ominous of the decree of Jupiter for the supremacy of Romulus; and here was slain his ill-starred brother, while contesting for the sovereign power, but to whom the Sire of Gods and Men, as Remus watched his heavenly decree on the summit of Mount Aventine, sent but six vultures, to indicate his less aspiring fate.

Once, the Palatine contained all Rome; soon were its buildings extended o'er the six neighbouring hills; when Rome was Mistress of the Globe one single palace of her emperor, the Domus Aurea of Nero, covered the whole Palatine Hill, and stretched beyond it; yet now, behold, all is ruination, silence, and desolation;—some solitary

mendicant friars; some gardens of roots, for bare sustenance, are all that tell one of present existence.

The etymology of the Palatine has provoked much discussion:—it may be derived from the word *palantes*, signifying wandering, because Evander here gathered his wandering tribes; or it may come from Pales, the Goddess of sheep, and husbandry, and from their frequent bleatings, *palare*, vel *balare;* or from Pallas son of King Evander; or from Palatium, a part of the ancient Reate, whose inhabitants contributed to colonize infant Rome;—but, though its derivation be uncertain, we know that the modern words palace, *palais*, *palazzo*, &c. &c. are all derived from *Palatium*, the distinctive name for the first habitation of the Kings of Rome on the Mons Palatinus.

The Palilia, or festivals in honour of Pales, were commemorated on 21st of April, because on that day was laid the foundation of the city; and through centuries was this holy day kept, till the empire was removed to Constantinople, and till Christianity superseded Paganism.

These ceremonials however were mild; the chief sacrifices were prayers for the fruitfulness of the flocks; the chief offerings were cakes of millet, cheese, and the juice of the grape. The evening concluded with a feast, like our modern harvest-home, and the laborers danced o'er the smoke of

the stubbles which they had lit again to fertilize the fields. (Ovid. 4th and 6th Fast.)

Here too was the temple of Palatine Apollo, in commemoration of the victory of Antium; and his famed colossal statue; the Palatine Library, and the awful Sybilline prophetic books; though not the three original ones obtained by Tarquin, and which were burnt in the Capitol, but a subsequent collection of their oracular writings from all parts of the globe. Here once were temples to so many other Heathen Gods, and here had been the vast, and extraordinarily splendid palaces of Tiberius, Augustus, Nero, Domitian, who also erected the magnificent Adonea, or Hall of Adonis; together with those of Septimus Severus, and of Caligula, who built his bridge across the Forum to connect his Palatine palace with that on the Capitol.

In the adjacent Farnese Gardens, which occupy a portion of the site of these former palaces of the Cæsars, have been found innumerable relics of imperial grandeur in sculpture, and painting, &c. —Here also are two subterranean chambers where I groped my dark way, pleased with the anticipation of being allowed to go into the very baths where the regal wife of Augustus, the famed, but ungrateful Livia, had laved.—Of the identity of these two recesses there is little doubt; we are absolutely admitted into this former female regal sanctuary:—but there is no longer any matter to

feast the eye, save the remnants of the gilding of the ceiling, and its beautiful paintings.

Beneath the site of these proud edifices is still to be seen the Circus Maximus where the lordly Romans, in countless thousands, thronged to witness the national games; the Gabinetto di Nero, or balcony whence he gave the signal for their commencement, is yet pointed out; and near at hand is the elevated spot where the imperial monster glutted his senses with the feast of the entire city in flames by his command, while he chaunted to his lyre the conflagration of Troy.

Yet although Rome rekindled more splendid from her destruction, nevertheless, in process of time, her proud palaces were rifled by Goths, and Vandals; they were occupied by Genseric, by Totila, by Belisarius; some centuries afterwards they were converted into fortresses by the Barons in their feudal wars; finally those imperishable beauties the palaces of the Cæsars still possessed were seized by the modern nobles for the erection of their *casini* of the day. No more indeed of these former splendours now is left; ruins, and broken walls alone remain on the once proud Palatine, and ne'er again shall Imperial Rome arise, with all her glories, to rule the nations of the earth.

The Capitoline Hill is next in rank, for on its brow was erected the first sacred temple of Rome.

Romulus, victorious over the Cæninenses, who

waged war for the rape of their virgins, in company with the Sabines, slew Acron, their king, with his own hands, and carrying the regal spoils, the *opima spolia*, to the brow of this hill, here vowed a temple to Feretrian Jove; binding also all successive Romans, who might thus personally vanquish the general in chief of a hostile force, here to consecrate their spoils. Yet so rare was this species of triumph that up to the time of Livy, from whom we take this information (b. i. sec. 10.), only two such victories had been achieved, that of Cornelius Cossus, who killed with his own hand Volumnius, King of the Veians, A.U.C. 317; and that of Marcus Claudius Marcellus, who slew Viridomarus, King of the Gauls, about two centuries afterwards. On an opposite summit of this hill towered the proud, and unrivalled temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, already described, and now occupied by the church of Ara Cœli.

But, insensibly, my mind reverted to yet more distant periods, and I thought of the days when Italy was ruled by a God of Heaven, by Saturn himself, who here fled to avoid the anger, and the greater power of his son Jupiter; and when Latium was so blessed, and so fertile under his godly sway that this era has ever been termed the Golden Age. Saturn then lived upon this hill, which was accordingly named Saturnius; the recollection of its change of name to Tarpeian from the treachery

of Tarpeia, brought my reveries down to later days; and, finally, I thought of the origin of its last, and present appellation, Capitolium, or Capitolinus, from the original vow of Tarquin the First, and from the omen so auspiciously interpreted by the augurs who declared that the skull of Tolius, found in so perfect a state, when digging for the foundations of the temple, implied that Rome should become the head of the universe. Hence the appellation *Caput Tolii—Capitolium.*

Here was preserved the venerated straw thatched cottage of the monarch Romulus; and here too had been the house of the valiant Manlius, surnamed Capitolinus, from his having saved the citadel, but who for his encroaching ambition was hurled to death from the Tarpeian Rock, and in sight of that very Capitol. So keen was then the sense of Roman patriotism that his surname of Marcus was for ever forbidden to be borne by his family; his house was rased to the ground, and upon its site was built the temple of Juno Moneta.

On this hill too was the Intermontium, and the Asylum consecrated by Romulus, recalling the policy through which he colonised his infant kingdom; for whatever exile, or criminal, could reach this spot was safe, and freed from punishment for former crime. Here was the altar of the young Jupiter, or Vejovis; here were Triumphal Arches, perhaps that of Nero on which were placed the

famous bronze horses of Venice; here were Temples, Libraries, not a vestige of which remains; and here was the Tabularium, or National Registery, whose destruction by fire during the wars between Vitellius and Vespasian, we most deplore, since it possessed 3000 tablets of bronze, on which were inscribed the laws, records, and acts of the Senate, and people of Rome, though it must be added that Vespasian by extraordinary zeal repaired much of this loss.

My eyes then wandered o'er the Esquiline Hill, and I bethought me of its beauties, and attractions, when adorned with the villas of Mecenas, and Virgil; with the Baths of Titus, and his Palace; and with a portion of Nero's Golden House.

But these reveries of splendour, and of greatness were checked when I remembered the tragedy of the sage, and beneficent Servius Tullius, sixth King of Rome, murdered by his daughter's husband; that husband, Tarquin the Proud, thus first proclaimed King, in the Forum, by his wife, the instigatress of the foul deed; and, horrid to add, that daughter, when soon after, her father's mangled corpse, found exposed in the road, seemed to arrest her path, and when her charioteer would fain have turned his steeds aside; she, his child, his offspring, drove her chariot wheels o'er her father's bleeding body, besprinkling herself with a parent's blood! (*Livy, b.* i. *sec.* 48.) Such a scene occurred on, or

close to this Esquiline Hill, 534 years before Christ, and ever afterwards was the horrid spot termed the Street of Wickedness, the Vicus Sceleratus.

But let us turn from such revolting recollections, and survey the Quirinal Hill, thus anciently named from Romulus Quirinus, and now termed Monte Cavallo, from the two colossal groups of a horse and man, found in the neighbouring baths of Constantine, asserted as the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, and now here erected opposite to the Papal Palace.

Such names in art excite no humble expectations, yet I must express my doubts that this group of Castor and Pollux was executed by these unrivalled masters; or being so, I must say that they are very inferior in finish and perfection to the Elgin Marbles of the one, or to the Cupid, and Fawn, of the other.

These lofty figures are each guiding, or restraining a fiery horse; the conception, and the attitude are equally free, and spirited; yet I never could gaze upon them with that pleasure which the famous horse of Marcus Aurelius always inspires.

This hill is now crowned with almost as many modern villas and churches, as formerly it boasted ancient temples and palaces; the papal residence towering above them all. Chief of its classic recollections we remember that here was the temple of

Romulus Quirinus, built by Numa, and the Quirinalian Festivals, and that the habitation of the Scipios was here; yet while we glow with the remembrance of their bright virtues we sadden with the recollection that here also was the Senate-house, or Senaculum for females instituted by the base and worthless, the abandoned Heliogabalus.

The Church of St. Andrew, with its sculpture of the dying St. Stanislaus, or the immediate vicinity of the church, occupies the site of the ancient temple of Romulus Quirinus.

The Cœlian Hill, originally called Querquetulanus, from its many Oaks, once had its temples, its fanes, its sacred groves, yet now possesses fewer vestiges than its neighbouring mounts of former Roman grandeur. The ruins of the mighty united Claudian and Neronian Aqueducts still oppress the plains, unprofaned by any modern pigmy appropriation; though on this hill Catholic Churches chiefly now efface Roman Temples. Christianity has triumphed o'er Paganism, and Polytheism, while the proud Basilica of St. John's Lateran, towering upon the summit of the Cœlian Hill seems here placed aloft to deride Bacchus, Diana, and Faunus, whose sacred fanes, like their votaries, have mouldered into oblivious dust.

The Church of S^{a} Maria Navicella occupies the site of the ancient Castra Peregrina, or Camps for Foreign Allies; while it derives its appellation,

Navicella, from a small, antique marble ship placed on a pedestal in front of the church by order of Leo X.

Close upon the church of St. John, and St. Paul, are some remains of a former massive building which may have been the Vivarium of Domitian, or enclosure for the beasts doomed for the sports of the Amphitheatre.

The temple of Faunus, or Bacchus, or of the deified Emperor Claudius, is now converted into the church of St. Stefano Rotondo. The fifty-eight antique columns, the beautiful effect of their disposition circularly, with further ancient vestiges, and remembrances attached to this church, rendered the hour which we gave to its investigation singularly interesting.

But the Genius of Desolation has long since stricken the Cœlian Hill with her withering hand, and here she seems still to reign; for neither does cultivation arise, with smiling face, to expel her; nor does busy man seek by habitation to dispossess her; solitude, and monastic gloom alone, now hover o'er the scene of former Pagan splendour.

The Viminal Hill is the least distinguished of the seven. It is situated between the Esquiline, and the Quirinal, and once was honoured with a temple sacred to Jupiter Viminalis. That this fane should, long since, have quite vanished is not extraordinary, but it may seem strange to assert

that the hill itself is no longer perspicuous, but seems to have been absorbed, or to have had its adjacent hollows filled up in the lapse of time, and by the ruins of ages. Its name, Viminalis, seems allusive to the Oziers (Vimines) which here abounded.

Last, though not least, of the seven hills of Rome is the Aventine.

According to Livy, b. i. sec. 33, Ancus Martius originally, when already the Palatine, the Capitoline, and the Cœlian Hills were occupied by the Romans, gave the Aventine for the residence of the increasing population in company with the captive citizens of Ficana, and Tellenæ. Its circumference was between 13,000 and 14,000 feet; and its name may be derived from Aventinus, one of the kings of ancient Alba, who was buried upon it.

The Aventine, in former splendour of temples, and in classic recollections, yields to none of its rival hills. Here first did Remus ascend to watch the fatal augury of omnipotent Jove; and here was interred his murdered body, proclaiming the unpropitious fates, and a brother's ruthless, sanguinary vengeance. Here was the altar of Elician Jove, cotemporary with Numa, and whose priests presumed that their prayers and vows could draw down on earth, or *elicit* the Thunderer from the heights of Heaven itself. Here was the cave of Cacus;

the famed exploits of Hercules, and the altars consequent upon the victory; one to Jupiter the Inventor, for the inspired suggestion of breaking open the cave; the other to himself as Hercules Victorious.

Here, too, were erst splendid temples to Juno; to the once chaste and venerable Bona Dea; to Liberty; to Diana; not a stone of which latter proud fane is left; temples so sacred as being coeval with the earliest *regal* days of Rome, and mingling with others, centuries subsequently, of the *imperial* era of the city, such as the Ædicola of Isis, with all its licentious rites; though near to this same spot, for greater contrast, was commemorated that martial festival the Armilustrium.

But, though the solid marble has perished, yet, still, as ever, is the recollection fresh, and the deeds bright of the illustrious Caius Gracchus, who fled to this temple of Diana, here to commit suicide, when, after long efforts in behalf of the people, and for the Agrarian Law; and when, after the assassination of his brother Tiberius in the same cause; he also was overpowered by the overwhelming influence of the proud nobles; and his struggles in the popular behalf requited by a mandate for his death from the Consul Opimius; to which untimely end was added the indignity of throwing his corpse into the Tiber, and forbidding his widow to put on funereal robes. (B. C. 121 years.)

The church of St. Alexis, and adjacent villa of the late King of Spain, may occupy the site of the Temple of Hercules; that of Santa Maria del Priorata, and of the Knights of Malta, the site of Bona Dea; while that of Santa Sabina, with its yet remaining twenty-four antique Corinthian columns of Parian marble, is conjectured as built on the foundations of this memorable temple of the "Common Diana," so called because invoked by all the tribes of Latium.

Such, and thus mingled were the varying recollections inspired by gazing o'er the expansive ruins of Rome's Seven Hills; yet, ere I concluded my survey, I remembered that to their honour the festival of the Septimontium was annually celebrated every December.

In place of former Roman grandeur, and dominion, and patriotism, there is now desolation, and abandonment; with Catholic superstition, so nearly akin to Pagan creeds. The empire of the Mistress of the World has vanished into airy nothingness, and though Rome be yet a kingdom, she retains her sickly existence more from modern religious reverence, and from veneration for her ancient wonders than from any inherent force, or power.

Leaving this wide circuit, I directed my steps to the Roman Forum; and here, in pensive thought, I long mused upon the recollections which this little spot, so pregnant with interest, inspires. I

have already noticed some of its striking features: let me now advert to some others yet undetailed.

Generally speaking, the present surface of the Forum is from twelve to twenty feet above its ancient level, those detached spots only excepted which have been laid open to their original base; excavations are continually in progress, more particularly since the days of the French; but the interesting impressions which such operations must inspire are not a little counteracted by the sight of the human objects who effect them; convicts, slaves, and felons, linked together by clanking, iron chains, condemned for their crimes to this labour, and alternately swearing, and begging charity.

But I heeded not these impressions, for my mind was lulled into a reverie of the past, rather than of the present; and I bethought me of the olden days when Romulus reigned; of the days when his martial, yet barbarian subjects procured for themselves blooming wives by the perfidious rape of the Sabine Virgins; how soon those maidens were reconciled, and became happy in their husbands; how fiercely some time after did their injured nation war with Rome; and how affectionately, yet daringly, did these Sabine wives, and mothers, on this very spot, the Forum, rushing in upon the combatants, with dishevelled locks, and streaming garments, by their imploring intreaties,

and their tears, part the implacable warriors, henceforth, and for ever, to be allies, and friends.*

The Forum also was the scene of that memorable tragedy where a Virgin's blood was spilt, and life was willingly given, to save a maiden's honour.

Here did the unhappy father, Virginius, when the unblushing fraud, and force of Appius Claudius had triumphed o'er all obstacles, and when already the maiden trembled at his approaching grasp; here did he obtain the last sad grace of one moment's converse with his child, and here, in that instant, did he plunge the reeking dagger to her heart, exclaiming, "Thus, my child, thus do I liberate thee!" and then thundered out to the conscience stricken Appius, "On thee, O Appius! and on thy head be this blood!"†

On this spot, moreover, was the sacred Fig Tree, the Ficus Ruminalis, under whose venerated boughs the infant founders of Eternal Rome first sucked their wolfish nourishment; here was found the famed bronze group representing that incident; and here was that most ancient temple of Romulus, probably the very spot now occupied by the church of St. Theodore, or St. Toto; and where, I believe, to this hour is preserved the custom of mothers bringing their infirm offspring to the altar of the saint for his healing interposition as formerly

* Livy, b. i. sec. 9 and 13. † Ib. b. iii. sec. 44, et. seq.

Roman matrons brought theirs for the same purpose to the shrine of the deified Romulus.*

Near to this spot was the temple erected to Castor and Pollux, upon the margin of the Lake Juturna, perhaps the same as the Velabrum, in whose waters the supernatural vision of the warriors and their horses vanished, when the immortal youths had announced to the Romans their victory of Regillum.

From such recollections of simple, early days my mind wandered to the proud era of Roman pre-eminent glory, and conquest; for my eyes were attracted to a portion of the Via Sacra, which although its extent, and dimensions have caused such endless, and undecided disputations, yet, undoubtedly, does intersect the Forum; and while gazing on the probable spot, I thought of the origin of its name, the Sacred Way, sacred from the solemn oaths taken to preserve inviolate the treaty of peace ratified by Romulus and Tatius; and afterwards so famed from being the established path for all triumphal, martial pomps in their ascent to the lofty temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

In the centre of this Forum was the Rostra, or Pulpit for the public orators: whence had been made so many popular and triumphant appeals, to the force of which I have already alluded; and although by Julius Cæsar this powerful engine of patriotic feeling was removed from its central

* Roma Moderna, by Rodolph Venuti, 1766.

place to a corner of the Forum; yet by this same emperor was erected near to it that magnificent Forum Julium, whose area alone, according to Suetonius, cost 100,000 sesterces.

Close by was the third Forum, that of Augustus, with its beautiful temple to Mars, the Avenger, Mars Ultor; independently of which attraction it contained two Porticoes with statues of all the Latin kings from Eneas, and of all the Roman kings from Romulus, &c. (Lipsius.)

Of such pristine beauties there now remains nought, though there are some broken walls which may be those of the former shops, or Tabernæ attached to it. The scite of this Forum is now occupied by the church of Sts. Martin and Luke; but if we be indifferent to the exploring of the church, let me at least recommend the inspection of its adjacent Academy, for the sake of Raphael's invaluable picture representing St. Luke painting the Virgin. Here too may the craniologist inspect the skull whose living conceptions created this matchless picture:—the skull of the divine Raphael!

No vestiges remain of the Triumphal Arch of Tiberius; of the Public Treasury, or Temple of Saturn; with the Libri Elephantini, or the Financial Systems for the "Ways and Means;" of the Basilica of Paulus Æmilius; of the Council House of the Senate, or *Secretarium Senatus;* of the Arch of Fabius; or of the Schola Xantha, the

place of assembly for the public Notaries of Rome, all which buildings once decked the Roman Forum; but there are the impressive remains of the noble temple erected nearly 1700 years ago to Antoninus Pius, and his empress Faustina. Still are seen its ten Corinthian pillars of Cipollino marble, forty-three feet high; and the entablature, with its beautifully sculptured frieze of griffins, candelabras, &c. To the church of St. Lorenzo in Miranda is this former Pagan Temple now appropriated.

Near to the base of the Palatine Hill was the Temple of Vesta, and the residence of the Vestal Virgins, whose antiquity mounts as high as Ilia, or Rhea Sylvia, the mother of Romulus; whose consecration, duties, and honours were so sacred; to whom was entrusted that most holy effigy, the Palladium; and whose institution lasted 1000 years; but not a stone remains to identify so venerated a spot; recollection alone recalls it; or that other memorable relic, the Pila Horatii, or Trophy raised in the Forum, on which were suspended the captured arms of the three gallant Curiatii, slain by the single handed valour of one brave Roman, "that Rome might govern Alba" (*ut Romanus Albano imperet*) though we lament that the bright deed was stained by the crime of sororicide; and sigh at the fate of a hapless virgin, who, for mourning a lover lost when she met her

victorious brother laden, among other spoils, with her warrior's scarf which she had wrought for him with her own fair hands, and for invoking with frantic grief her affianced lord; for that very grief and invocation, was hurled to the shades of death by an indignant brother, while he exclaimed: "Hence, to thy betrothed, with thy unripened love; alike forgetful, as thou art, of thy country, of thy brothers slain, thy brother living; and thus may every Roman damsel die who mourns a Roman foe." *

While thus floating in reveries of female feelings and fortitude, I reverted to that other never to be forgotten act of filial piety; to that Roman daughter who nourished from her bosom her condemned parent; and in honour of which daughter, and of the deed, Rome consecrated a temple to Filial Piety.†

Such were the recollections of Roman charac-

* Abi hinc cum immaturo amore ad sponsum, oblita fratrum mortuorum, vivique, oblita patriæ. Sic eat quæcunque Romana lugebit hostem. *(Livy, book* i. *sec.* 23, *et seq.)*

† I am aware that there is much disputation as to whether it were a Father, or a Mother: also as to the present existence of any fragment of such a temple, though the church of St. Nicolas in Carcere is commonly reputed to occupy the scite of this temple, built in the Forum Olitorium, over the prisons of the Decemviri where the incident occurred. But I quote and speak of the act for the feelings it excites: for the dry, and inconclusive antiquarian discussions about the exact scite of the building I care not.

teristics that flashed across the brain while taking a farewell gaze of the ruin stricken Forum.

To describe the various temples all around, whose site, and appropriation are so endlessly contested, and in whose place shattered walls, and broken bricks alone remain; to particularise every mortal, and immortal object of adoration; all this I waive.

For former grandeur and sumptuosity, there is ruin and filth; for former Pagan adoration there is Christian contempt, and rejection; and shame too will even now mantle the cheek when we remember that Rome had consecrated a temple to Fraus, or the Goddess of Fraud; as well as to Volupia, or the Goddess of Sensual Indulgence, whose effigy represented her as trampling Virtue under her feet: and when we look upon the remains of that once most splendid double temple on the Via Sacra consecrated to Venus, and to Rome, the mighty work of the Emperor Adrian, the ruins of which still bestrew the vicinity of Titus's Arch; but which remind us that the haughty monarch put to death the renowned Apollodorus merely because he presumed to criticise the architecture of the imperial pile.

Yet while these melancholy recollections o'ershadowed the mind, a bright conviction arose to diffuse its genial influence; for, as a Briton, I stood free on that very spot where erst my coun-

trymen had been vilely sold for captive slaves by Romans, now when Rome, and all her pride was humbled to the dust; when, for contrast, the very name of a Briton was respected as was the former declaration "I am a Roman;" and when to British valour and conduct, the sovereigns of Italy owe their restoration, and their throne!*

Amid these wrecks, and desolations, where man and time exhibit so plainly the fearful results of their ravages; where so little remains; and yet where around that little so many great, and good, and learned, congregate from the most distant parts of the earth, like pilgrims, to meditate, and to perpetuate the remembrance of Old Rome: one only feature remains still, and ever, as it was in Rome's earliest days, whereon man cannot impress his marks, or show his dominion: the Tiber: which still flows on mournfully, and slowly, through the same plains, in the same channels, and watering the same verdant banks. Her "yellow" waves while we watch their restless, ceaseless course inspire, with their expressive murmurings, a train of pensive thoughts; whilst deep sunk within her oozy beds, and shielded from all profane contact, doubtless she still preserves, with jealous caution, many a precious relic of her former Imperial Mistress!

* There was a market for slaves near to the Forum, and it is Strabo, I believe, who speaks of Cæsar taking as booty the produce of the Britons captured in his conquests.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DEPARTURE FROM ROME—ETRURIA—CAMILLUS—VEII—FALERII—THE CREMERA, AND THE FABII—CIVITA CASTELLANA—SORACTE—OTRICULI—NARNI AND UMBRIA—CASCADE OF TERNI—THE FURY ALECTO—SPOLETO—AQUEDUCT AND ANCIENT CHURCH—GATE OF ANNIBAL—LAKE OF THRASYMENE AND BATTLE—BEVAGNA—THE CLITUMNUS, AND MILK-WHITE BULLS—TEMPLE—FOLIGNO—THE APENNINES—COL FIORITO—VALCIMARA—MACERATA.

WHO can leave Rome without regret? Who can quit the ancient Mistress of the Globe, whose proud monuments still tower to the skies, and proclaim aloud how great once was Rome; who can quit such, the Eternal City, famed even now as then, without reluctance? But, though time, and havoc have destroyed the material, the massive, and the solid, yet, do the immaterial, the recollection, the spirit remain; and the shades of the Fabii, of Cæsar, of the Scipios, of Pompey, of Trajan, may smile in the skies, now attained, which they sought when on earth, and know that though their monuments, and their effigies be destroyed, yet that their deeds shine bright still as when hailed, centuries since, by a grateful country!

It was early in the morning of a bright day that we took our farewell glance of the Eternal City; and, as Rome, with all her glories, receded gradually from our lingering looks, and as, propor-

tionately, past impressions yielded to present, we began to remember that we were again traversing the ancient Via Flaminia, and that we were now in the country of Hetruria, whose many nations warred so long with Rome; yet all of whom were fated, ultimately, to sink beneath her power, and to acknowledge her supremacy of sway.

How forcibly did this neighbourhood recall to mind the prowess, and the valour of that distinguished son of Rome, of Camillus, who, at length, after a siege long as that of Troy, humbled the proud city of Veii; and who again when he might by treachery have possessed himself of Falerii, the capital of the Falisci, yet spurned the traitor, and the offer, and by this very nobleness of soul induced the city voluntarily to surrender.*

But of all these once famed cities of Hetruria no vestiges now remain to point their former place; though I must add of Veii whose splendour at the time of its siege surpassed the then Rome, and whose eligible situation, superadded, prompted the Romans to propose abandoning their capital for

* While the town was besieging, a schoolmaster of the place brought his pupils to Camillus, offering them as prisoners, or hostages, naturally inferring that for their sakes, their parents might decide upon surrender. But the Roman General ordered the perfidious pedagogue to be stripped, to have his hands tied behind him, and to be thus publicly whipped back by these pupils to the town. (Livy, book v, sec. 27. Plutarch's life of Camillus.)

Veii: that this scite, after endless disputations, seems now fixed at Isola Barberini, about a mile and a half from La Storta, and about ten from Rome.

Proceeding in the same route we traversed that little stream, yet with so great a fame, the Cremera, whose waves, 2300 years ago, were crimsoned with the blood of the three hundred and six immortal Fabii, one family, who devoting themselves to their country, here volunteered to fight their country's foes, the Veientes, though haplessly all, save one, were slain; and from which stripling youth, sole remnant of three hundred and six slaughtered kinsmen, arose the subsequent glorious race of the Fabii, and the brave opponent of the Carthaginian warrior.*

By night we had reached, and stayed to sleep at Civita Castellana, probably the ancient Fescennium. From hence is plainly to be seen the classic Mount Soracte, now St. Oreste, so long, and well known, from Horace's apostrophe:

> Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
> Soracte. (Ode 9, Book 1.)
>
> Lofty Soracte, blanched with snows:

and whose towering brow had been consecrated by a temple to Apollo Soractis; and we were near to that Ciminian Wood once deemed more drear, and dread than the forests of Germany, and where scarcely any mortal ventured to plant his foot.†

* Livy, book ii. sec. 48, et seq. † Ib. book ix. sec. 36.

But sleep dispelled, for the time, our illusive recollections, though on the ensuing morning we recommenced them when passing through the ancient Otriculi; and more particularly when we reached the romantic town, and ancient Roman colony of Narni, or Nequinum, the southern boundary of Umbria, seated on a precipitate hill, beautified with verdure, laved in the dell below by the Nera, and opening in many a picturesque point to all the luxuriant, boundless, champaign landscapes that characterise Italian scenery, and the delineations of Claude.

Here are the remains of that noble bridge over the Nar, 600 feet in length, effecting a communication between two hills, and which was erected by Augustus; but of which the sole, stupendous arch now remaining entire, and the ruined piers, prove it to have been one of the noblest works of the kind in Italy.

But it was Terni, the ancient Interamna, and the birth-place of the emperor, and of the historian, Tacitus, also of the short-reigned Florian, that we were impatient to reach; and the moment of arriving we ordered post-horses and drove as near as they would take us to the celebrated Cascade of Terni, or falls of the Velino, and Caduta delle Marmore.

The ascent is up a steep mountain, and passing the village of Papignia, the devastations of war

appear visibly to have reached even these peaceful retreats; and they have been again ravaged so lately as two years since in the struggles of the Neapolitans for a Constitution. All before you is romantic picture; the spreading plains beneath; the many minor hills among them; some crowned with groves, others with a villa, or a town, the Nar flowing circuitously amid; the greater mountains that tower to the clouds; beyond them the distant, boundless, varied prospect.

Leaving the carriage we wound through narrow paths, the eye impatient for the view, and excited by the ear, on which the distant roar of the torrent came thundering louder and louder, as we hurried on to behold it, till we caught the first, and impressive spectacle of the stream, here seen at its highest point, and before its fall, viewed through a narrow aperture, and presenting one vast, broad ocean flowing with terrific fury, its waves chasing each other with lightning speed, and hurrying on to the edge of the dreadful precipice, down which they instantaneously dashed, where we saw them not, but heard the thunders of their precipitate, headlong course.

The next view was of the first fall, where the torrent tumbles in three broad masses o'er three immense granites into a rocky plain beneath. This fall, by comparison, is not much, but it serves to dash the angry waters into rage, and from hence,

in one broad misty torrent, not of water only, but of spray and foam, they rush over, and down to the deep descent below, 400 feet. So headlong is their rage, that clouds of misty rain, and feathery vapours rise midway up again, and almost hide the depths beneath.

As the sun sparkles on these clouds the beauteous Iris stretches athwart, and continues upward to the skies; this again is reflected; while sometimes three permanent rainbows, with their exquisite hues, and brilliant tints are seen at once.

There are many further points of view of the angry, raging waters, they may be again seen midway down the path, and also at the bottom; each view presenting a very different aspect, since the torrent has many conflicts, and many an opposing rock ere it reach the dell below to stream peaceably away.

One of the finest points is from a shed at some distance from the fall, and from which point many artists have taken their views. Here is seen the grand torrent of foam issuing in one broad stream from the little plain above, which is surmounted with rugged rocks, yet contrasted with the verdure of the ilex, the ash, and the fir. Here also is beheld the second fall of the torrent, tumbling with headlong rage and precipitate fury about 400 feet, with the clouds of feathery, silvery spray formed by its own impetus, rising midway up again in

endless circling, glittering sparkles. By the side of this thundering Velino some gentler streams, and rills slip peacefully down the verdant hill, contrasting with their silvery arrows, their comet-form, and graceful play, the mingled terrors, and terrific furies of the grander torrent.

At the point below where they rush in their descent, the foaming waves seem battling with each other, confined as they are within a narrow bed of granites, and more than half obscured by the froth they form in their conflict, but bursting out once more o'er rock, and mount, they find a tortuous course, and tumble away in many lesser streams into the farther dell.

Here again still do many other obstacles oppose themselves, a little rocky island in the midst, though crowned with trees, and many a ponderous mount, and stone. The headlong stream divides on either hand, yet foaming to its peaceful end, it tumbles in a hundred varying, playful cascades, some green as the ocean hues, some all silvery foam and spray.

This celebrated, stupendous, and matchless cascade may be termed a Landscape Cataract. It has not the dark, and sublime horrors of some I have seen in Switzerland, or that so recently at Tivoli, on the contrary all is open to the light of the sun, whose dancing beams, and rainbows are ever playing with it; while the walks,

the verdure, the landscape around, are truly Italian. The name of the Vale of Terni itself implies beauty. The torrent is awful, magnificent, sublime; its war and battling are tremendous like the thundering of an army; but there is not any one point at which it can be approached so near as to make this rage o'erpalling; the finest, and most expanded points of view are at some distance. Nature has given the sublimity of a torrent-fall, but has not allowed too near an approach;-and moreover she has placed these terrors amid the ethereal skies, the delicious orange groves, and vines of the Vale of Terni.

It may be observed that this stream, the Velinus of Virgil, was first made thus to flow, and to fall artificially by the Consul, Curius Dentatus, about 250 years B. C. in consequence of its inundating the Vale of Reate; but that the torrent owes much of its present additional sublime, and beautiful effect to the further artificial labours of the late Pius VI: and so likewise have the terrors of the cascade of Tivoli been augmented by the powers of art.

It may be further remembered that Addison insists upon it, that it was through this terrific gulf that the Fury, Alecto, after executing the fatal commission entrusted to her by Juno, flew back to Hell. (Virgil, Æneid vii. lines 516, 517, 563, &c.)

The first stage from Terni is Spoleto, pleasing from its very romantic situation, and boundless views on either side; and remarkable for its antique castle, as old as the date of Theodoric, who built it; since which period, and during the Gothic wars, it has been greatly ravaged. Near to it, a stupendous aqueduct of double arches stretches across the dell beneath, conveying water from the mountains on one side to the town on the other. This aqueduct is equally remarkable for its picturesque beauty, and as a monument of art, particularly with reference to its height.

Here also is a church now occupied by six mendicant friars of the order of St. Augustine, built upon the site of, and thus converted from a former temple of Concord. The cornices, with other portions of the three great outer entrances remain; within, are many ancient columns; while the whole preserves a more striking affinity to a Roman temple than many a one which I have toiled to see, though as old as this, and which may be traced to the age of Constantine.

Yet the great glory of Spoleto is the proud recollection of having repulsed Annibal from its gates when the Carthaginian General, elated with the defeat of the Roman Consul, and exulting in the slaughter of so many thousand antagonist warriors at Thrasymene, vainly hoped to add Spoleto to his immediate, and Rome to his subsequent, conquests.

But, being here defeated, he fled through a gateway which bears to this day the name of Porta Fugæ, and which records this modest, and appropriate inscription:

Annibal
Cæsis ad Thrasymenum Romanis
Urbem Romam infenso agmine petens,
Spoleto
Magna suorum clade repulsus
Insigni fuga portæ nomen fecit.

Annibal,
After the slaughter of the Romans at Thrasymene,
And in full march to Rome with his Army;
Spoleto,
Having defeated with great ruin of his Forces,
Commemorates this as the Gate through which he fled.

We were now near the village of Passignano, and in the neighbourhood of that most memorable, and most disastrous spot, the Lake of Thrasimene. Important, and deeply interesting in the recollections of ancient Rome as is this ground, proportionately do I lament that any circumstances should have intervened to prevent my exploring it; or, rather, that I did not forego every other temporary consideration for such a research as this.

So complete are the accounts of this battle by the historians Polybius and Livy, that the various localities, the positions of the respective forces, the site of the fatal ambush:—"loca insidiis nata," &c. &c. may be sufficiently satisfactorily traced,

with all the details of a battle so memorable for the great slaughter of the Romans—"inter paucas memorata populi Romani clades;" and wherein 15,000 were killed, 10,000 put to flight, and scattered through Hetruria, besides the numbers who subsequently perished of their wounds. Still there is to be seen the streamlet near the Lake, retaining to this day the appellation of the "bloody," Il Sanguinetto, from the torrents of human blood with which its waves were crimsoned; and still there is the little hamlet, called Ossaia, from the heaps of bones which were left to moulder there, or in the immediate neighbourhood.

It had been no trifling pleasing dream of fancy, on the very spot again to have conjured up, in imagination, all the battle, and all its horrors; to have lamented the too desperate valour, the rashness of the Roman General, Flaminius, which led him, so heedlessly, into the deep laid snare of the wily Annibal; to have deplored that the very elements conspired against Rome, and her warriors, since from the lake whereabouts they stood there suddenly arose a dense fog to envelop, and blind them. The signal for battle being given by the Carthaginian General, the Romans, ere they had time to marshal their ranks, or to gird their swords, were surrounded; nay, so uncertain, so dark, and terrific was their deplorable situation that they depended more upon their hearing, than

upon their eye sight: ("et erat in tantâ caligine major usus aurium quam oculorum,") and finally how greatly would the recollections of the terrors of the battle have been enhanced by reflecting on the very spot, that so deadly was the conflict, and so desperate the valour, of the hostile armies, that while warring against each other there occurred an earthquake which overthrew mountains, and portions of many cities of Italy, and which turned rivers aside from their rapid course; and yet not one of the combatants was aware of such a convulsion. Livy, b. xxii. sec. 4. et seq.

Beyond Spoleto are the plains of Bevagna, anciently Mevania, but though from hence the Romans obtained their milk white bulls to adorn their triumphal cars, thus pure of colour from drinking, and laving in the streams of the Clitumnus, I looked, and looked in vain for even a single ox to recall the memory of the breed, or of the many classical allusions.

Yet the Clitumnus still is seen to roll its sacred waters, while on the summit of the hill are the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Clitumnus. This temple, when extant in its original purity, was equally famed for its beauty, and situation, as well as resorted to on account of an oracle inspired either by Jove himself, or by the God of the River. At present it exhibits, externally, a portico of four Corinthian pillars; and internally, the Cella of the

ancient temple, now consecrated as a Catholic Chapel.

There is no doubt that these remains form only a part of the former temples of Jupiter Clitumnus, of which fanes, and of the adjacent scenery and fountain, Pliny the Younger, in the eighth Epistle of Book eighth, has given a particular, and inviting description. Indeed so delighted is he as to exclaim:—In summa nihil erit ex quo non capias voluptatem.*

The following are some of the classical allusions to the streams of the Clitumnus.

Quà formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves.
Propertius, b. ii. Elegy 19.

Where the Clitumnus still amid forests flows,
And the milk white ox that drinks, yet whiter grows.

Patulis Clitumnus in arvis
Candentes gelidc perfundit flumine tauros. *Sil. Ital.* b. ii.

The Clitumnus washing with its frigid wave
The snowy bulls that in its waters lave.

Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa deûm duxêre triumphos.
Second Georgics, v. 146.

Here flows the Clitumnus, in whose sacred stream
The fleecy flocks that lave grow white, we deem;
Hence come the lordly bulls for Jove that bleed,
And Roman triumphs to his temples lead.

* In fine, there is nothing with which you may not be pleased.

Foligno we have just reached, but find nothing particularly worthy of notice.—Anciently Fulginia, and Fulginium.

Thursday.—This day has been spent in traversing the Apennines; in exploring the wild, the grand, the never-satiating sublimity of Alpine scenery; and though some of the way was dreary, some again was equally romantic, more particularly when from the lofty height, or close upon the torrent, the eye looks down upon the fragrant dell below, the scattered hamlet, village spire, grove or streamlet, peeping from amid the olive and the vine, yet topped on all sides by the craggy, and aspiring giant mountain.

After the pass of Col Fiorito comes the miserable village of Sieravale, separating Umbria from the March of Ancona, the road near which is intersected by the Via Flaminia.

Leaving the poverty-stricken village of Valcimara, where we slept last night, and where compassion for penury lightened the purse equally with payments for superfluous luxury and parade, we set off long before day break on a frosty morning, and passing Tolentino, stopped some time at Macerata.

It is long since I have seen a town so picturesque, so clean, and well preserved. It is situated on an eminence commanding on all sides the most varied, and luxuriant prospects; endless plains, and verdant hills, stretch beneath the eye,

diversified by cultivation, and habitation. In the very further distance, we caught with delight the first glimpse of the expansive Adriatic, together with the Apennines, lifting their blanched summits to the skies, glittering with pinky hues as the sunbeams played upon their virgin snows; while for all the intermediate space there was luxuriancy of produce.

This town, with its many gates, and military wall, are all enclosed by one noble road that winds around the entire city;—yet while, at this moment, I view the beauteous prospect varying at every point; and while I yet gaze once more upon the Apennines just passed:—Italy, and chiefly Rome, with all her grandeur, and all her recollections burst upon the mind; nor can I forbear a sigh to the memory of that country whose fame still remains, and ever shall remain, so long as the fleecy clouds canopy her soil!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LORETTO—CHURCH—SANTA CASA—VIRGIN, AND JESUS—HISTORY, AND VARIOUS FLIGHTS OF HOLY HOUSE—ITS CASE—TREASURY—PORRINGER—ANCONA—ORIGIN—TRAJAN'S ARCH—MOLE—CATHEDRAL—SENEGAGLIA, AND ACCIDENTS—THE METAURUS, AND BATTLE OF—ASDRUBAL—FANO—PESARO—PRISON—BERGAMI—RIMINI—ROMAN ARCH AND BRIDGE—THE RUBICON, AND CÆSAR—CÆSAR'S COLUMN—REPUBLIC OF ST. MARINO, AND HISTORY—NAPOLEON—CESENA—FAENZA—VIA EMILIA—IMOLA—BOLOGNA.

SUNDAY, ten o'clock at night.—Arrived at Loretto this evening, though just too late to see the Church, and Santissima Casa. Our stroll enabled us to explore the town which is handsome, and the patrimony of the Virgin which is so rich; an immense tract of ground being pointed out to us, the produce or revenue of which, 80,000 crowns, is appropriated to the maintenance of the priests of this church, and which income, together with other foundations, legacies, bequests, &c. support a very complete, and dignified ecclesiastical establishment.

The revenue of the city being thus misapplied, the hapless inhabitants are proportionately poor; they are clamorous, and irresistibly importunate for the passing stranger to purchase their religious offerings, their other trifles or ornaments, rosaries, crucifixes, necklaces, beads, trinkets, &c. so that we

willingly gave to poverty what I would ever deny to superstition.

The artless speech of a young, and pretty girl who had fixed her station in the saloon of our hotel, and of whom I was purchasing some trifle went to the heart. *Ah! caro Signore, quando non vengono forestieri, non si mangia.**

This maiden of fifteen told me that she had determined to take the vows, and to become a Nun.

Monday.—We were in the church by half past four this morning, finding abundance of devotees who had groped there in the dark, as well as ourselves, to fall on their knees in the Santissima Casa. Mass was even then performing, while a profusion of lamps illuminated this most sacred and splendid church, erected to consecrate and shield the Holy House. Advancing up the nave, we gazed, for a moment, with delight at the grandeur, and beauty of the richly sculptured marble case immediately enclosing the Santa Casa, which occupies the centre of the church, and is placed directly under the great dome; hence, heretics as we were, we ventured to enter the Holiest of Dwellings, being a poor and miserable habitation of stone, about twenty-nine feet long, thirteen feet broad, and thirteen and a half high. At the one extremity is the window through which the Angel

* Ah, dear Sir, when we have no visitors, we have no victuals.

Gabriel flew when he entered the house to communicate the will of God, or to make the holy Annunciation; at the other end is the fire place, being in dimension rather more than four feet high, and two feet broad, above which is the niche wherein is placed the sacred, and most sumptuously adorned effigies of the Virgin and infant Jesus; the first nearly three feet high, the latter about fourteen inches. This smaller portion of the house, or Sanctum Sanctorum, is divided from the larger by a rail of silver, &c.

Magnificence here blazed around us, and in every aspect: gold and silver lamps perpetually burning, while costly effigies and ornaments, the gifts of sovereigns and of pontiffs, deck the sacred house and altar; contrasting strikingly with the mean, and little habitation; its smoky, and down tumbling walls. No sound disturbed the hallowed silence of the place, or interrupted the solemn mass performing, while all within the holy precinct were reverently on their knees.

Passing through, we stepped behind the altar into that more sacred part of the habitation where is the Fire place, and the cedar Image asserted to have been wrought by St. Luke. The Virgin holds the infant in her arms, while both are black as Indians. Little else than their faces are seen owing to the costly robes, and profusion of jewels which deck their effigies. On this morning the

Virgin's robe was silver, trimmed with black velvet flounces for the better display of her diamonds, &c. On her head, as well as upon the infant's, are costly crowns; the little Jesus displays a sumptuous ring upon his finger, while the Virgin is resplendent from the diadem on her brow to the hem of her robe in jewels of every description, asserted to be, and certainly if genuine, of inestimable value.

After gazing some time at this splendid show, and all its corresponding accompaniments; feeling, but not at that moment betraying, regret and pity, for such a superstitious and useless appropriation of wealth, on quitting this Santa Casa I looked down with some interest at the marble pavement which girds it, in order to trace the groove hollowed in its hard substance simply by the knees of pious pilgrims, who, formerly, were wont to do the meritorious act of penance of walking from the remotest regions, and of then making the circuit of the Holy House on their knees, in such countless, ceaseless throngs, that the very marble being worn away was of necessity renewed at certain periods. But such excess of devotion is no more; the French ransacked Italy; the sacred treasures and riches of Loretto were all in a moment swept away; nay, the holy image itself, which legions of angels guarded, and which could not be looked upon by profane eye, or blindness would have followed; this too was torn from its shrine, and speedily pack-

ed off; though now again it is replaced with some few remnants of its former wealth, and some few new offerings as atonements.

It may amuse to give a summary history of this Santissima Casa.

We all know that Nazareth of Galilee where the Saviour was born, had been, so early as seventy years after his birth, pillaged and very greatly destroyed by the armies of Titus Vespasian; when Jerusalem likewise was devastated; also that about the close of the thirteenth century all Galilee was in possession of the Infidels; and that throughout Syria every professor of Christianity was put to the sword; and every vestige of such a religion, as far as possible, exterminated.

Accordingly, this Holy House in the which not only Christ was born, and bred for twelve years, but his mother Mary also; moreover, consecrated as a chapel by the apostles after the death of their Lord, and still existing, spite of all the vindictive infidel ravages around; yet being now at length in the most imminent danger; this house was suddenly, on the tenth of May, 1291, lifted from its foundations, was transported by angels, and put down on a hill near the village of Fiume, or Fiune in Dalmatia, having thus travelled through the air from Nazareth!

But lo! and behold! exactly three years and seven months afterwards, this house chose to take

another voluntary excursion; so it flew across the Adriatic, and put itself down, in the dead of the night, in a forest some few miles from the village of Recanati; and by certain pious folks it was asserted that, hereupon, all the trees bowed down to the ground, and thus remained bent in reverence so long as the Holy House continued among them.

This marvellous matter of a house which nobody had ever beheld before, being discovered in a wood, and which some one was hardy enough to declare he had seen flying on the wings of the wind, accompanied by seraphic music, astounded every body till the Virgin Mary herself condescended to appear to two of her servants, and to tell them the rightful story.

Devotees and riches now flowing fast to the sacred dwelling, the Devil tempted some bands of thieves to associate in this neighbourhood in order to rob and plunder the pilgrims on their pious penance, so that the poor house being quite abandoned, in the short space of eight months, was so out of sorts, and in such high dudgeon, that it flew off about a mile further, and set itself down on some land, the joint property of two brothers. By this fortunate flight, the Santa Casa was again so lavishly enriched from the devotion of the faithful that the two brothers quarrelling about the division of the spoil, murder, and fratricide, were the next crimes; whereupon as may be expected the

House got up again, took its fourth and final flight, and popping down where it now is has ever since been duly reverenced by the good people of Loretto, who have, very politicly, built over it so solid a church that I humbly apprehend the Holy House will never break through that massive dome to take any further aerial flights.

The case immediately enclosing the Santa Casa is of Carrara marble; its four sides are beautifully sculptured with scriptural designs, and appropriate emblems and ornaments; neither is the Heathen mythology forgotten, the Sybills being introduced, as well as the Prophets, from the assertion that they likewise foretold the coming Saviour.

On the façade of the church, which owes its grandeur mainly to the labours of Sixtus V, we read this inscription:

Deiparæ domus, in quâ Verbum Caro factum est.*

As may be expected, religious honours and immunities, Indulgences, and Absolutions, have been showered upon Loretto; among others, seven years Indulgence for the tour of the Holy House upon one's knees.

Its treasury was once a dazzling astonishment. Lamps, censors, statues, chalices, vases of gold and silver; jewels, gems, robes, pictures, mosaics,

* The House of the Virgin, equal with God, in which the Word was made Flesh.

the gifts, and *ex-voto* offerings of nobles, and crowned heads here abounded. Of these splendors there are yet some remnants; among them, the fruit of that vow made to the Virgin by the mother of Louis XIV, who being at length blessed with this son offered a golden infant of precisely the same weight as the babe when born, presented to Heaven on a cushion borne by a silver Angel.

There are two further great curiosities, which by some chance that I cannot account for we did not see, but of which so many have spoken. I mean the Scarlet Gown that the Virgin had on when the Angel Gabriel appeared to her; and the *Santissima Scodélla,* or most holy Porringer, or Pap-pot, the very identical, undoubted one from which the infant Jesus was fed by the Virgin! This is, as I understand, a vessel of coarse earthenware, broken in several places, and stuck together.

But, nevertheless, broken, or whole, great, great indeed are its virtues. Any Agnus Dei, rosary, crucifix, &c. &c. shaken about reverently in this pot by the proper priest, immediately acquires the efficacy of curing various diseases that might affect its possessor; nay, even of resisting, and of keeping off the Devil himself, and his temptations! and be it further known, that those pious pilgrims who travel for traffic through Roman Catholic countries, when they produce their treasure of treasures, viz. aught that, as they affirm, has been

shaken in the Holy Porringer of Loretto, then, indeed, do they inflame their auditors by descanting upon the inestimable, the *invaluable value* of such relics;—although, most disinterestedly, and purely to further the peace of our souls, they consent to part with them much beneath their price, so that you may even, and absolutely, obtain plenty of such little leaden crucifixes for a penny a piece!

Ancona, seen afar off, perched on a lofty eminence, commands the Adriatic; and having a free port, founded by Clement XII, there is much interest and amusement to a foreigner in observing the activity on the quays, and the many operations of commerce; together with the varying individuals of different nations, and their changeful costumes, which may be seen here, but which are so uncommon, generally speaking, in Italy.

Its origin mounts as high as the period of Dionysius the tyrant of Sicily, above 300 years B. C., it being founded by a colony of Syracusians, who here fled to escape the oppression of their king.

We also know that Ancona was a principal Roman station of Picenum on the Adriatic; and that therefore, in order to protect its harbour, a noble mole had been erected by Trajan, the massive ruins of which yet remain.

But the more striking object is the beautiful, though dilapidated Honorary Arch erected to that Emperor in gratitude for this great public

benefit. It is of the Corinthian order, and of Parian marble; its pillars, with all its proportions, noble, and the effect further heightened by the purity of the marble, which retains its lustre of colour owing to the perpetual operations of the salt vapours of the sea upon it, and from its exposure to the winds. There are medals yet extant in further commemoration of this work.

Clement XII, and Benedict XIV, being equally zealous for the commercial importance of Ancona, undertook the modern stupendous mole, which I have understood is to be 2000 feet long, about 100 broad, and 60 deep. This noble work is crowned by another Honorary Arch to Pope Benedict XIV. The inferiority of the modern one to the ancient is but too apparent, and is therefore best left without comment.

Vanvitelli was the architect, who also built the adjacent Lazaretto, in form of a pentagon; and which is so invaluable to this maritime port.

The Cathedral on a lofty, and commanding summit is of ancient date, and supposed erected on the site of a Temple of Venus. Its architecture is of the Lombardo Gothic character, and although its medley style certainly will not recommend it to an architectural critic, yet the toil up to it will be amply repaid from the magnificence of the prospect around; the busy town spread out beneath the eye, the distant "cloud-capped" Apennines, the

expansive Adriatic, and its coasts; with Dalmatia opposite;—also from some subterranean chapels containing a few relics of art worthy of notice. Here is a picture by Guercino for which an English amateur has offered in vain 8000 crowns. It represents the female saint Palatias offering incense; while an angel is hovering over her.

All religions are tolerated in Ancona, and the inhabitants having many other advantages are proportionately contented, and wealthy; they are also esteemed handsomer than the majority of Italians. The streets are not at all recommendatory; and I close my account of Ancona with the recollection that Juvenal, in his fourth Satire, alludes to it when speaking of the immense turbot once caught upon its coast, and which the fisherman reserved for the Emperor Domitian.

In the evening of this day we arrived at Senagaglia, which owes its foundation to the Senones, the barbarian inhabitants of Gallia Transalpina, who, after waging war with Rome, settled in these provinces in, and near to, Umbria, about 2100 years ago. The town is reputed handsome and spacious, but I am totally unable to speak from my own observations, owing to some mishaps that here befel us.

My friend and self had made an agreement at Rome with a Vetturino to provide us a carriage with two horses, to find us, regularly, breakfast, sup-

per, and two beds, and to convey us to Bologna for thirteen Louis d'or, exclusive of *buona mano.* We thought ourselves uncommonly clever to have made such a bargain, having been asked eighteen Louis; but the sequel proved that most money is sometimes spent in trying to save it, and that our *vetturino* was more than a match for us. Often, and often, when he took us to those shabbier inns where alone he was known, and when he gave us such indifferent fare, did I wish that we had hired some better guide, and willingly would I have paid the difference; but, however, at Senegaglia he put us down at a most miserable place, and retired.

At night, he came to say that he would not take us a step further, and accordingly offered us another vetturino, and carriage with only one horse. We were indignant, enraged, and might have compelled him to fulfil his engagement, or abide by the punishment; and, in truth, so dissatisfied were we with him that we heartily wished him at the Devil; but in the midst of this storm he touched me by the right chord, for he declared that one of his horses was ill; and it was but too true that having observed with pain the incapacity of the poor beast (perhaps thus purposely selected) I could have endured almost anything rather than urge the animal to labour on. However, we vowed we would have two horses; with his talk and his attempts to cheat, he kept us up, depriving us of our little rest; he

brought in the landlord, his wife, daughter, family, ostler, other vetturini, &c. &c.; and thus we were sputtering, and fuming, altogether, at one and the same time, in bad Italian, bad French, bad English;—at length we prevailed; we were promised two fresh horses, and settled our terms. Then we had the trouble of drawing up a new agreement; no easy matter to understand and write the jargon of language of all the genteel company present; and after the fellow had given us all this torment, he begged so abjectly for some of the gratuity, or *buona mano,* that we threw him some money merely to get him out of our sight.

When at length we retired, I found my miserable bed close to a window of which more panes of glass were broken, or quite gone, than remained, and my friend was little better off. We would have secured our rooms, but that was found impossible, and altogether we considered we stood an excellent chance of being robbed, perhaps worse. My friend slept with his drawn Yattigan, or Turkish scymetar, under his pillow, but though we were both awaken in the night by some one departing in great haste, which immediately led us into a long and agreeable conversation as we laid in the dark about what we could do if our baggage had departed also, yet our apprehensions in this case were proved needless.

At the dawn of day, when prepared to start, we

discovered that the carriage had been plundered; but only of both our hats; we certainly had a fresh disputation with our old friend the *vetturino*, but the idea of redress was vain, and off we set.

These temporary troubles have afforded us some laughter and fun in those social hours since when we have amused each other with recalling to mind these, and such like other difficulties, so big at the moment, so insignificant now; and which have "vanished, and left not a wreck behind."

On the succeeding day we passed the celebrated Metaurus, now better known as the Metaro, or Metro; and whose classic banks, and neighbourhood are immortalised by one of the most splendid and decisive victories that grace the annals of old Rome; a victory which atoned for the sanguinary defeats sustained at Thrasymene and Cannæ; a triumph which established for ever the supremacy of Rome over her relentless and powerful enemy; a contest so vitally important that, probably, upon its results depended whether Rome, or Carthage, should henceforth be Mistress of the World.

It is from Livy, in 49th, &c. section of 27th book, that the details of this great battle may be gleaned; the glory of the gain of which is shared between the Roman Consuls, Claudius Nero, and Livius Salinator; a battle which terminated with the loss of 56,000 of the enemy slain, and 5,400 taken prisoners; 8,000 Romans were also killed, though

for an atonement about 4000 soldiers were recaptured, besides obtaining great booty.

Yet, let us give the due meed of praise, the tributary sigh, to the memory of the brave Asdrubal, who, with a Roman spirit, brooked not life after such defeat, and mindful of his father, and of his brother, alike relentless to, and dreaded by, Rome, stooped not to survive when by his defeat Rome was all triumphant; and, therefore, spurring his horse, rushed into the middle of the fight, and perished—*concitato equo, se in cohortem Romanam immisit. Ibi ut patre Amilcare, et Annibale fratre, dignum erat, pugnans cecidit.*

This battle occurred 207 years B. C.; the scene of action might have been from twelve to eighteen miles from Senagaglia; and there is a hill even yet bearing the name of Il Monte Asdrubale, from the supposition that the Carthaginian warrior fell near to it.

Fano was the next town, deriving some little celebrity from having possessed in ancient days a Temple of Fortune, Fanum Fortunæ, and hence perhaps its name; however, it still boasts a dilapidated Triumphal Arch, of which the æra is disputed, whether of Augustus or Constantine, but which may combine the architecture of both.

Two hours and a half were allowed to Pesaro, anciently Pesaurus. The churches have nothing of very particular attraction. The fountain in the

great square sports its central stream in one of the prettiest and most appropriate devices of the kind; forming a vase, resembling some of the handsomest of those ornaments in glass so commonly seen in London.

In passing by the prison, a very pleasing looking young woman let down her basket from the upper stories for charity. Struck with her appearance, I asked her crime. Her imprisonment was for one year, and, will the offence be believed? it was for giving a man a slap on the face! I am bound to add, however, that it was given to a soldier, who complained to his officer, who complained to the Governor, who ordered the punishment.

Our late Queen Caroline had a large house about a quarter of a mile out of the town. Bergami is now resident here in a capacious mansion, formerly a nunnery, which was purchased since his connexion with royalty. It is said that he is particularly shy of being seen by strangers, especially by the English. I was at a loss to discover any striking beauties in Pesaro, compared with many other towns of Italy, to account for its selection as a residence.

From Pesaro the next stage is Rimini, which is entered under a Triumphal Arch of Augustus, beautiful in its proportions, but most strangely disfigured by a vile battlement, erected, I presume, by the Goths in times of war's alarms, yet allowed

still to remain. The pediment also is so poor, and so strikingly disproportionate to the other antique beauties, that it is but just to conclude that it is not as the Romans, but as the Barbarians, left it.

The Bridge of Augustus, at the opposite extremity of the town, is a model of beauty. It consists of five arches of unequal span; of which the three central appear in remarkable preservation; the whole is of marble, while the beauty, and boldness of the design must please even the most casual observer. Its solidity, too, is an additional tribute of merit; remaining so perfect, after resisting for so many centuries such a broad, and rapid stream, the Marecchia, the former Ariminus.

Rimini, anciently Ariminium, is famed as the town where Cæsar first appeared, and which he first claimed by the laws of conquest, when, after having dared to cross the Rubicon, he marched in rebel arms against his parent country.

This most celebrated stream is crossed at some few miles beyond Rimini. There being three several rivers which intersect the Via Emilia in this march from Ravenna to Ariminium, and which uniting subsequently form one stream, the Fiumicino, there has been endless controversy as to the particular point, and to fix the identity of the Rubicon which Cæsar overstepped; but I waive this learned discussion, and when I likewise tra-

versed the stream, or streams, afterwards I thought not so much of ascertaining the precise spot, as I did of the historical reflections which the locality excites; of the mighty events which this simple act of overstepping a stream had induced; what civil wars, what sanguinary battles, what loss of lives, and changes of empire; what additional glory to Rome, and to Cæsar, though that glory, by inspiring ambition incompatible with the freedom of the government, was purchased by the premature sacrifice of the hero's life.

The ancient historians, and poets, having dwelt much upon this most important feature in Roman history, it would have been interesting, could it have been ascertained, to have paused, as Cæsar did, on the very spot where for some fleeting moments he hesitated, and revolved the deed he was about to dare to do; till Fortune triumphed, and to her omnipotent power he abandoned himself, exclaiming, "Te Fortuna, sequor!"*—or, to have again conjured up in fancy the phantoms which the poets feign Almighty Jove here sent to warn the daring, rebellious chief. (Lucan.)

But, alas, such precision is not allowed;—three streams, the Pisatello, the Rugone, and the Borco, now contend for the honour of their waters having formerly flowed as the classic Rubicon; so that the exact locality of this aquatic boundary of Cæsar's

* I follow thee, O Fortune!

government in the provinces of Cisalpine Gaul cannot now be fixed.

In the market place of Rimini is shown a kind of column, or high stone, asserted to be the very one which Cæsar mounted to address his comrade soldiers in this place; but I must add that the authenticity of this relic is very much doubted. It bears this inscription, and in this form:

C. Cæsar
Dict:
Rubicone
Superato
Civili Bel:
Commilit:
Suos hic
In Foro Ar:
Adlocuit. *

Leaving Rimini, we passed on the left San Marino, whose unimportant and singular, but liberty-blessed republic has now existed pure, and free as when first founded, 1400 years ago. The town seems seated midway up the snowy precipice, though its commanding castle towers upon the lofty summit. The entire possessions of this little state may be comprised in a few mountains, a population of a few thousand souls; two or

* Caius Cæsar, Dictator, having passed the Rubicon, and thus excited civil war, on this spot of the Forum of Rimini harangued his soldiers.

three castles, and about half a dozen churches; yet while all the great kingdoms of Italy have been repeatedly convulsed, and overturned, yet has this petty republic existed for 1400 years free, and unmolested in the enjoyment of their own laws, habits, and religion.

The people are, as may be supposed, honest and hardy; their laws simple, and rigorously enforced. A Council of forty or sixty selected equally from their nobles, and plebeians, forms the main feature of the government; and in order to preserve the stream of justice yet purer, their chief judge in criminal, as well as in civil matters is always a foreigner, and elected only for three years. The Physician is likewise a foreigner, similarly elected, and is deemed the fourth personage of the state. Among their decrees is one to punish any individual who should attempt to enter the town by a new path; one only road being wisely allowed up the steeps of this, otherwise, inaccessible place.

The founder of this humble, but happy commonwealth was a mechanic who retired to this mountain to lead a hermit's life. For his piety, and an asserted miracle, the mountain was made his own by a gift from the proprietor; he obtained converts; they submitted to his will; he gave them laws, and became founder of the republic. At his death he was canonised as St. Marino; time has not impaired his power, or his precepts; and by

his people he is still deemed as next in sanctity to the Virgin Mary.

I very much regret that we did not diverge to visit this little state, deeming that I should have been much interested in observing the people, their manners, soil, and produce, &c. &c.; and a government presenting so singular a contrast with the present artificial state of the rest of Italy.

It may be remembered that when Napoleon during the early period of his brilliant career passed on through Italy, a triumphant conqueror, he particularly respected, and honoured the republic of St. Marino, not solely in preserving it inviolate from aggression, but even by offering his special assistance if needful, together with a donation of four pieces of ordnance, and 1000 quintals of corn. (In 1796.) Yet did this sage, and happy commonwealth refuse the offers of Bonaparte, and, to use its own words, "reject any aggrandisement which might ultimately compromise its liberty."

From San Marino we crossed the supposed Rubicon, and Cesena was the next place reached, which has little to excite notice, save a bronze statue of the late Pius VI. whom Cesena claims as her native citizen. Hence by Forlimpopoli, anciently Forum Popilii, to Forli, anciently Forum Livii; and in the evening to Faenza, anciently Faventia, where we slept.

In thus advancing into Lombardy the towns ap-

pear more and more pleasing by regularity, cleanliness, and comfort. Faenza is strikingly so. The principal piazza has long ranges of arcades around it, enclosing the principal offices of state; and here also is the Cathedral. When we arrived, the sun was shedding his last brilliant rays; when, soon after, we explored the town, the moon in her brightest effulgence was gilding with her paler beams every pinnacle and spire; she shone bright on the great piazza, where the long range of corridors partly lit up, and the multitudes in the square, each sitting before his own additional lamp, or light, gave to the whole a most pleasing, picturesque effect.

Faenza was once celebrated for its manufactory of earthenware and china, and hence the modern term *faience*.

Continuing to roll along the Via Emilia, and passing through Imola, the Forum Cornelii of the ancients, and of which the present Pope* held the Bishoprick before his elevation to the throne, we arrived at Bologna about one o'clock in the afternoon; a happy termination of a harassing and fatiguing journey of nine successive days.

* Pius VII., lately deceased.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BOLOGNA—BRONZE NEPTUNE—TWO TOWERS—MATCHLESS PICTURES—UNIVERSITY—CHURCHES—ARCADE OF THREE MILES—HISTORY OF, AND OF THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE—ERRECTION OF ARCADE, AND NOBLE CHURCH—SACRED PICTURE—BOLOGNA GENERALLY, AND PHOSPHORESCENT STONE—FERRARA—HISTORY—AZO I, AND II.—GUELPH—DUCHY OF MAINE—THE FIVE DUKES OF FERRARA—LOSS OF SOVEREIGNTY—PARASINA, AND HUGO—ARIOSTO, AND RELICS—TASSO, AND PRISON—LAGO SCURO, AND ACCIDENT—PADUA—ORIGIN, AND ANTENOR—CHURCH, AND MIRACLES OF ST. ANTHONY—CHURCH OF ST. GIUSTINA—TOWN HALL, AND LIVY—SINGULAR SCULPTURE—ST. ANTHONY'S MIRACLES, AND SERMON TO THE FISH—FUSINA—POSTING REGULATIONS—VENICE.

In the days of the Romans, Bologna was known as Bononia, or Bononia Felsina. As may be supposed, it has undergone almost as many vicissitudes as its former Imperial Mistress, but at the present day it is subject to the papal power, and has been so since the period of Nicholas III, in 1278, though generally under a limited and peaceable sway.

The city is entirely surrounded with a wall, while the general appearance of Bologna is more clean, and regularly neat, than perhaps any town I have yet seen in Italy. One uniform beauty pervades almost all the streets; Arcades; and certainly no arrangement is more commodious, no object more pleasing, than these long vistas of corridors.

Of the remarkable public buildings and decorations, first we notice the famous fountain of Neptune in the great square, executed by John of Bologna. The bronze figure of the God is noble; the expression majestic; all that is worthy of so great an artist, whose mighty chisel could so well fashion the raging Ocean-God, is here displayed; but the accompaniments seemed to us insignificant. At the angles of the pedestal of the statue are four children; beneath them four syrens with dolphins. The little boys spurt a pigmy stream; the syrens, if so they can be called, compress the water from their bosom. I cannot altogether admire this aquatic design in an inland town, little consistent also, owing to the want of a sufficient volume of water, with the terrors of this earth-shaking deity with trident in his mighty grasp, thus surmounting, or governing, only these petty figures; and I must add that this otherwise sublime statue is greatly indelicate.

Two other public objects are also stared at by all, though I should think, admired but by very few; the two towers, close to each other, Il Torre Garrisenda, and Il Torre Asinelli, both built between the years 1110 and 1120, the first being about 140 feet high, and nearly nine feet out of the perpendicular; the next about 330 feet high, and two feet and a half out of the upright. They are both of brick, and square of form, while around

their base are a circle of dirty shops. Any erections more clumsy, more frightful, or deformed, I do not know; the smaller one seems like the smoky chimney of a manufactory, blown aside by some explosion; for the other, the head aches as it bends backwards, and the eye is fatigued as it travels upwards to the top of a shapeless load of bricks, apparently piled one upon the other till of their own weight they warped from the upright, and now terrify all beneath least they should tumble down and crush them.

But enough, let us now speak of beauties; of the pictures of the Gallery of Bologna; a city ever so famed for its excellence in this art; second perhaps only to Rome; the birth place of Guido, and containing his immortal paintings and *chefs d'œuvre*, in company with those of the Caracci, Domenichino, Guercino, Albano.

The first corridors entered are hung with the earliest specimens of the art; among which are chiefly those of Giotto, who painted 500 years ago, and of the two brothers, Vivarini, a century afterwards. The productions of this æra are much the same; harsh lines, unbending forms; no expression; but plenty of gold laid on every where, instead of grace. Here is, however, as a greater curiosity, Guido's first effort at twenty years of age.

The other galleries contain, though compara-

tively few, yet some of the very choicest pictures that the world can boast.

First and greatest is the divine Guido. Here is his Murder of the Innocents; and his Crucifixion, introducing the Virgin, the Magdalen, and St. John. Of the first picture that were a cold character indeed that could look upon it only with a technical eye. Rather let me gaze, and feel the sorrows it pourtrays. The mother in the foreground, whose innocent babes lie cold and pallid at her feet; her hands clasped in silent despair, her head uplifted to the God above. What expression! what dignity! the intensest grief! the most exquisite feminine loveliness! The four other mothers, each diplaying the same agonized feelings, though each so differently expressed, yet in all how sublime the conception, how exquisite the execution!

There is also his picture of Saints imploring the Virgin to stay the pestilence.

Thou Prince of Painters! some ministering angel seems to have expanded thy conceptions, and shed celestial grace upon thy colours; and heretics might worship the Virgin as thou hast painted her!

Next comes Domenichino: Wonderful contrast, with equal power, force, and variety of colour; the painter is similarly great, but the art is more evident. His large allegorical pictures of Il Rosario,

on the Persecution of the Albigenses; with his Martyrdom of St. Agnes are equally grand, striking, and inimitably finely coloured.

Such is the boldness, energy, and perfection displayed in the works of this great artist, that although I may prefer Guido, yet I cannot venture to style Domenichino second.

By Ludovico Caracci there is the Conversion of St. Paul; most spirited; and the Transfiguration:—there is Raphael's famed St. Cecilia, and Guercino's St. Bruno, the founder of the order of Certosa, imploring the Virgin.

These are some which most struck me; and which perhaps are efforts of the pictorial art that no future ages can surpass. As they have all been engraved, it is not necessary to say more.

After the Gallery of Pictures we explored every other department of the national museums, but found nothing which may not be seen in equal, if not in greater variety, and perfection in the similar public institutions of Europe. The collection of philosophical instruments is very good; and there are also some excellent specimens of the old Faenza china, once so celebrated because it had no rivals; but to which the modern French *faience* is so incomparably superior.

Bologna has many literary academies, and its University was at one time the most celebrated, as well as by repute the oldest in Europe. Though

still maintained, and boasting much talent, and merit, it is but natural that the institutions of the other greater capitals of Europe should long since have eclipsed this.

The Churches, that is to say the principal, are remarkable for the profusion of gilding, and ornament. In that of St. Salvadore, the best of the many pictures there is one by Gandolfo, pourtraying the Marriage at Canaan.

The French had doomed this for Paris, but its immense weight, it being executed upon massive wood, saved it.

In the Church of St. Paul, there is on the high altar a most finished, and beautiful sculpture of the Saint, and his executioner, as large as life, at the moment of decapitation. The Church of St. Catherina is all gilding, and picture. That of St. Dominic has some finished bassi rilievi on the high altar, allusive to the life of the Saint; and a fresco by Guido depicting Paradise. I observed that the supposed enjoyment was Music, and that there were violins in abundance; but, although angels may play as there represented, I am sure that no mortal man—

> "Could hold his bow,
> And fiddle so."

The Church of St. Petronius, in the Gothic style, is the largest, and most imposing in Bologna. It is also valuable for a very famous Meridian

traced on its pavement by the labour of the learned astronomer Cassini; while it is further memorable as having been selected for the coronation of Charles V by Clement VII.

I have spoken of the predilection of the Bolognese for arcades; I have now to speak of one continued range of arcades of not less than three miles in length. The history of this singular erection is very curious.

In the years 1143, or 1160, two sisters, Azzolina and Beatrice, retired from the world, lived in a hermitage on the summit of the Monte della Guardia, above three miles from Bologna, and had there erected a small chapel to St. Luke. In 1160 a hermit of Greece, Theocles Kmnia, being inspired by God, determined to undertake a pilgrimage to the Church of S^{t}. Sophia at Constantinople. Arrived there, and having performed his devotions, he chanced to see a painted effigy of the Virgin, with this inscription:

"This was done by St. Luke, Chancellor of Christ, and must be carried to the Church of St. Luke, built upon the Monte della Guardia, there to be placed upon the altar."

Fired with religious zeal, the hermit deemed himself selected by God for this great task; but the result of all his inquiries was, that no one, up to that hour, had ever been able to find out such a place; nevertheless he implored, he entreated,

he promised, till, at length, he obtained permission to take the sacred image o'er all the world till he did find out the proper resting-place, or else return it. With weariness and fatigue, still he travelled on, walking with his relic through Turkey, Greece, the Morea, Albania, Venice, and upon the shores of the Adriatic; yet hearing no tidings of such a hill, the hermit rested not till he arrived at Saint Peter's at Rome.

Here, in passing through the street where was the house of the Embassador from Bologna, it chanced that he was observed by this nobleman, who sent a servant to invite him to walk in, that he might know what it could be which he carried so carefully with him, wrapped up in his clothes.

No sooner was the tale told, than all present fell on their knees before the relic, while the Embassador, deeply moved, told the Man of God that his labours were at an end, since the desired Mount of Guardia was near Bologna, his native land; so called from its being the usual spot for the Guard in the contests between the Bolognese and their neighbours.

On the ensuing day, the hermit departed for Bologna, accompanied with every additional mark of respect to the sacred image; and on the 8th of May, 1160, after a most solemn procession through the city, the relic was placed on the altar of the little chapel of St. Luke on the mount, Kmnia,

although intreated to stay, soon after this returned to Greece.

Much contest arose in the course of years about religious matters, and between the right heirs of this ancient chapel and possessions, and the canons and bishops of the diocese, but, after several revolutions, an edict of Clement VIII, in 1602, once more restored this effigy, the church, and patrimony, to the care and authority of the rightful guardians.

Worshippers and adorers of the image now multiplied, and in 1672, a priest by name Zenaroli, regretting the difficulty of access to this church at such a distance and height, and through such impassable ways, conceived the project of the present arcade. At first, he was derided, but persevering, he did at length sufficiently inflame others, and the first stone was solemnly deposited on the 28th of June, 1674.

As this portico now stands it exhibits one regular series of arcades, winding up to the threshold of the church on the summit of the mountain, and which were finished in 1716. They extend three miles in length, having 690 arches, 514 steps, and fifteen lateral chapels, each painted with some incident in the life of the Virgin. Towards this enormous expence, all ranks, nobility, gentry, trades-people, servants, clergy, military, even mendicants, paid a share; and the various contributors

and contributions are registered on the respective portions of the portico.

In 1723 the present church was began, occupying forty years to complete; and in the disastrous period of 1796, the Bolognese were so pressed for funds that almost every species of property was surrendered, even to the valuables of this, with other churches, although the devotion of the people has long since repaired the loss of the treasures of their beloved image and sanctuary.

This noble structure has the form of a Greek Cross, upheld by twenty-eight Corinthian columns of the grandest and fairest proportions: the choir and high altar are parted from the nave by an ornamental railing, and behind this is a second recess, or chapel, wherein is deposited the sacred picture. The high altar is wrought with the choicest marbles, principally of *Verde antique;* around its beautiful *ciborio,* or tabernacle, are fourteen golden candlesticks, with flower pots intermixed, while the silver lamps that burn before it, and all other appendages, are equally symmetrical and ornamental.

The interior chapel, enriched with marble columns, displays in its centre, surmounted with golden rays, the outer covering of crimson damask, deeply embossed with silver, which conceals the relic; while its lofty dome is exquisitely painted.

I much wished to see the sacred picture, and

accordingly the candles being first lit with due solemnity, and the priest having made his orisons, the outer case was removed; and, with difficulty, I could dimly trace a wretched daub, resplendent in votive offerings of crowns, jewels, rings, bracelets, surmounted with a silver dove, bearing an olive branch of diamond leaves.

This picture is also, of course, a great worker of miracles, and has been so for centuries; since we find that in 1443, Bologna being most grievously injured by incessant rains for three months, but which ceased at length, (entirely owing to the fervent supplications offered to this effigy!) it was ordered in grateful acknowledgment, that henceforth, and annually, being then about Whitsuntide, this picture should be taken from its sanctuary, and be borne in solemn procession to, and through, the city. This custom still prevails; besides which it has, repeatedly, on occasion of any grievous national calamity, been thus carried in pomp, and exposed in the church of St. Peter to the view of the faithful, for more or less time, according to the greatness of the disaster.

Such is this church and its institutions. As I walked slowly away, I forgot such miserable delusions and priestcraft, and adored the great God of Nature, whose mightiness, and goodness were so apparent in the sunny, boundless prospects expanding all around. Plains of endless luxuriance

stretching even to the verge of the horizon, and teeming in the fragrant spring with every bounty of creation.

However, ere I conclude my notices of Bologna, let me say that though the people may be so credulous as to believe in the many miracles asserted to have been effected by this picture, yet I wish not to deride the religion of any one; and I must, by way of contrast, speak of one trait of virtue in the Bolognese, which stands unparalleled in any town that I have hitherto explored. In this great city, having between 60 and 70,000 inhabitants, there is not, as I was assured, a single *Donna del Mondo.*

I must also acknowledge the civility, the good fare, and the comfort of the hotel where we are lodged, L' Albergo Reale di San Marco.

The neighbourhood of Bologna is remarkable for the production of a singular phosphoric stone, called La Pietra di Monte Paderno, and being of that class of earths distinguished by chemists as Barytes. Being reduced to calcination, and then, although sometimes even after a lapse of five years, exposed to the light of the sun, or other flame, it will reimbibe its phosphorescent or luminous powers, and shine and glow in the dark, perhaps for ten minutes. It will also shine even in water.

It was accident that imparted this discovery to an Italian shoemaker, named Casciarole.

I procured two small boxes of this calcination to

bring with me to England, but my carriage being soon after overturned, they were unfortunately crushed.

We left Bologna at seven in the morning, and arrived at Ferrara about twelve. This city, in former days so flourishing, so gay, and still exhibiting noble streets and palaces, once so splendid, though now decaying; whose brilliant court of times that are past was graced by Ariosto and by Tasso; at the present hour, shews more desolate and melancholy features than almost any other town in Italy.

Its decadence may be traced to its usurpation by the papal power, in the sixteenth century, upon the resignation of Don Cæsar, of the noble house of D'Este, the last Duke of Ferrara, since which period it has been alternately possessed and pillaged by various parties, till at the present day neither commerce, prosperity, or funds remain.

The history of Ferrara presents some incidents sufficiently interesting to induce a summary account of them.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries, Albert Azo I, and Albert Azo II, of the illustrious house of Este, were conspicuous among the princes of Italy for their previous ancestorial honours, their wealth, and for filling the high office of Duke, or Marquis of Milan.

Azo II, who died in 1097, is further memorable

from having enjoyed the high honours, and dignities attached to his illustrious birth through a term of life protracted to the unusual length of more than a century. Three times was he married, while from his first alliance with Cuniza, or Cunegonda, a damsel of the noblest German blood, sprang one son, inheriting his ancestorial name, Guelph, and the founder of that elder German line of the Princes of Este from whom our sovereigns of Great Britain lineally descend; but it is in the annals of Germany, and not in those of Italy, that we must search for the life and posterity of this distinguished son of the house of Este.

The fruits of Azo's second marriage with Garsenda, heiress of the Counts of Maine, were two sons, Hugo and Fulk, from the latter of whom are sprung the Dukes of Ferrara. It may be here worth while to observe that this latter period is contemporary with our William the Conqueror, who, taking advantage of this foreign marriage of Garsenda, possessed himself, by force, of her Duchy of Maine, but which Azo recovered at that time when William having led his forces from Normandy had encircled his brows with the more splendid diadem of England; however the Duchy was re-obtained by the Normans; once again at the intercession of the people of Maine, or Cenomani, restored to their liege lords, the sons of Garsenda; but ultimately lost, and abandoned by the pusillanimous Hugo,

who sold his rightful inheritance to his Norman foes for a bribe of money.

To revert to Ferrara. In the year 1208, Azo VI,[1] great grandson of Fulk, became chief of the republic of Ferrara; in 1240 his son Azo VII, was absolute here as Marquis d'Este; and in 1270 his descendant, Obizo II, reigned over Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio.

The year 1470 witnessed the elevation of the good Borso, Marquis of Este, to the higher dignity conferred by Pope Paul the Second, of Duke of Ferrara. Five successive princes of the house of Este inherited this regal title—Borso, Hercules I, Alphonso I, Hercules II, and Alphonso II, and these were the unrivalled brilliant days of Ferrara. The accounts of their wealth, magnificence, equipages, and trains of attendants, almost put to shame the display of modern monarchs;* and even in other countries was the grandeur of their house apparent, since among several, the noble Villa d'Este, at Rome, was the erection, in 1542, of the Cardinal Hippolitus, brother to Hercules II.

Yet the greater boast of Ferrara at this period was the cultivation of literature; the possession of Ariosto, of Tasso, of Guarini; and the production of their immortal works.

In 1597, Don Cæsar, first cousin to Alphonso II,

[1] Vide book entitled, Chivalries of Ferrara.

succeeded to the ducal sovereignty of Ferrara, but the papal power coveted the fair inheritance:—Clement VIII vowed he would, and he did obtain it. Don Cæsar abandoned a country which had been swayed by his ancestors for almost 400 years, and assuming the title of the Duke of Modena and Reggio, there reigned during many summers, contented with a more limited empire; while his sons, and descendants possessed that sovereignty even to the recent period of the French Revolution.

The annals of the reign of Nicholas III, of Ferrara, and in the year 1425, record that deep tragedy where the father, and sovereign, discovering the mutual love of his own son Hugo with Parasina, his wife, Hugo's step-mother, immediately summoned his judges, proclaimed his own shame, and put them both to instant death.

So beautifully, and affectingly is this tale told by our immortal bard, Lord Byron, that to him do I refer my reader for the further pathetic incidents; although it was in reflecting on such events, and such poetical illustrations, that the gloomy towers of the proud, and once deemed impregnable castle of the Dukes of Ferrara, as I gazed upon them, became so deeply touching, inspiring a melancholy interest, while fancy busied herself in conjuring up the sad, and mournful procession of the valiant Hugo, with the beauteous Parasina from dungeon

to dungeon, even to the innermost fearful one where they were both beheaded.

Ferrara was the birth-place of Ariosto.—His tomb was long in the church of the Benedictines, but on the arrival of the French General Miollis, in 1801, who wanted this edifice for military purposes, the sacred remains of the bard were removed with all due pomp to the Museum.

We explored this national institution, which contains a noble library, though its chief treasures are the original manuscripts of the Orlando, and the Jerusalem, with autograph letters both of Ariosto, and Tasso; while at the termination of the great hall we viewed with reverential feelings the tomb and bust of the former poet.

Ariosto was born on September 8th, 1474, and the first impression of his works was in 1515, which is also shown as a curiosity; but what our librarian most prided himself on exhibiting was the identical worm-eaten wooden chair in which the bard had set to compose; and the very inkstand in which he had dipped his immortal pen. By the bye, this said chair is much the worse from the repeated pickings, and stealings, of its visitors. There were also shown some of those manuscript letters and compositions never edited, which, by very special favour, Lord Byron obtained leave to copy;—for great indeed is the veneration felt by the Ferrarese for their author of the Orlando.

Some missals, also, are to be seen, the highest wrought, and colored, I have yet inspected, executed in the 13th century by the monks of La Chartreuse. They consist of many folios, comprising chiefly the Psalms, set to music.

From hence we proceeded to view a very different, and a very saddening object; the prison in which Alphonso II, Duke of Ferrara, dared to confine the immortal Tasso; the motive for which has been so repeatedly canvassed, yet still remains so disputed.

It is attached now, as then, to an Hospital, that of St. Anne, and is as wretched a dark, stone-cold prison as the greatest malefactor could deserve. Here, or in some adjacent rooms, rather better than this miserable cell, did the illustrious, immortal poet pine for seven years, and two months; and how great were his sufferings his pathetic letters remain to prove; though he was at length liberated in July 1586 at the intercession of the city of Bergamo, and of Don Vincent Gonzago, Prince of Mantua.

> O, but man, proud man!
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> ——————like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
> As make the Angels weep. *Measure for Measure.*

Posterity has long since awarded its judgment, its eternal opinion on the value of both poet, and

sovereign. The proud towers of the Duke, with his grandeurs, and his honours, have been swept away like the dust of the earth; and, for this act at least, his memory is execrated;—while the grated prison of the bard is hallowed throughout all time by the sighs, and the veneration of the votaries of genius who are ever flocking to it with the offer of their tributary tear.

Leaving Ferrara we proceeded three miles further to Ponte di Lago-scuro, the lake separating the papal from the Austrian dominions, where, upon arriving, we found we had been misinformed as to the possibility of getting a boat immediately to Venice.

Rather than be detained twenty-four hours for the arrival of this boat, we determined to procure horses, and to travel to Padua that night. Unfortunately, we had to send back to Ferrara for post horses, and thus delayed, it was eight in the evening before we started to perform forty-five miles further. About eleven o'clock at night, and on the banks of the Po, our postillion ran foul of a sand bank, the carriage was dashed to the ground, and the animals ran off with the post boy. Though encumbered up to our knees with baggage, we were either thrown, or scrambled out of the vehicle, somehow, happily without receiving any injury worth notice. We found the carriage much shattered; the night was very dark, and we were

still five miles from the next post; nevertheless we contrived to tie the scattered portions together, and thus we walked on clogged and fatigued by a very sandy shore to the end of the stage.

In this lucky escape my only loss has been a book, and the box of the phosphorescent stone of Bologna.

Padua we reached at five in the morning.

The appearance of Padua is far more striking on entering, than on exploring, it. At some distance are seen the many cupolas, domes, and spires of its two most admired churches, St. Giustina, and Il Santo, while the approach to these is by the Prato della Valle, a circular public promenade, inviting in its aspect, and ample in its dimensions.

Padua, anciently Patavium, boasts an antiquity greater than Rome herself; an antiquity the more interesting from being connected with the Trojan war; since it was founded by Antenor, about 1180 years before Christ, when that prince, fleeing from the desolation of his native Troy, landed upon the shores of the Adriatic.

This incident is beautifully alluded to by Virgil, Æneid, b. i. when he introduces Venus, suffused in tears, imploring the sire of Gods and men on behalf of her son Æneas; and contrasting his hard doom with that of Antenor, who, although a fugitive, like himself, yet once again was at peace, having already founded the city of Ante-

norea, now Padua, here settling his Trojan warriors and companions.

The church of Il Santo, thus preeminently named in compliment to St. Anthony, the peculiar guardian of Padua, possesses six cupolas, and four organs. The chapel of the Saint himself is still rich in the marble sculptures, and bassi rilievi allusive to his life, and miracles; the more current wealth, the silver altar service, lamps, candelabras, &c. were carried off by the French to the loss of 70,000 ounces weight.

Yet the more curious miracle distinguishing this chapel above all others, which used to attract crowds of devotees, and which still continued to manifest itself to the faithful till within these few years past, was the perpetual distillation of sweet perfumes, even through the marble tomb, from the carcase of the Saint!

I need hardly add, that this notable mummery proceeded from the infusion of some aromatics into certain crevices of the monument.

This Saint being the acknowledged protector of animals, has already, as before observed, elicited my sincere and special good-will; yet I really could hardly forbear from hearty laughter, even in the church, when my *custode* told me so gravely that on that Saint's day, viz. 13th June, that no flies, or insects, ever bite, torment, or even touch horses, cows, dogs, or other animals!

The church of St. Guistina was built by Andrea Riccio from a design by Palladio, being esteemed one of the finest works of that illustrious architect. Among the minor details and ornaments of this pile, so noble from its dimensions, was a pavement of richly variegated marbles, and in the choir a very elaborate and beautiful series of carvings, in walnut wood, of scriptural subjects from the New Testament; being the work of a monk, named Alicardo, and which occupied him twenty-five years.

The town-hall, or Palazzo di Raggione of Padua, is 300 feet long, 140 broad, and proportionately high; unsupported by pillars. Padua boasts that she gave birth to Livy, whose honoured bust is in this *Salone*. Among the moderns she also claims Belzoni; and some Egyptian antiquities are here shown, the gift of this distinguished traveller to his native city.

A private palace here has a singular and most elaborate piece of sculpture by a living artist, Agostino Fazolatto. It represents the Angel Gabriel hurling the Devils from Heaven. Here are sixty-six figures all cut out of one solid block of Carrara marble, about six feet high. The artist has purposely preserved the unity of the whole by not having in any one instance totally severed or divided the marble between any two figures. My praise of this production may not much signify;

but it may be sufficient to say that it has been admired by Canova.

In exploring Padua we shall recollect that her University was at one time among the most celebrated of Europe; though from various causes, and the general diffusion of knowledge, its pupils, and exclusive fame, have long since been wonderfully abridged.

Should I e'er again visit Padua, or its vicinity, let me hope to make an excursion to the village of Arqua, where is still preserved with religious care the house of the immortal Petrarch, with the tomb where his bones repose.

I prefer making this simple memento for a future traveller, rather than to insert an account of this villa and its relics, copied from some previous voyager.

Having alluded to St. Anthony and his miracles, to repeat all which, as firmly believed at Padua, might be very amusing, but would be very long, I must confine myself to the speaking of two notable ones only; but I cannot avoid inserting, thinking it may be entertaining to peruse his famous sermon to the fishes, and which I translate from the original Italian, as circulated at Padua.

For the miracles there is that by which he obtained a convert, who, declaring he would believe in the Saint if he could throw a drinking-glass out

of window without its breaking; the holy man immediately hurled it out, when lo! and behold! the glass remained perfect, while the stone on which it fell it shivered to pieces!

Then again—Once did he give the power of speech to a new-born babe, purposely that the infant, to the marvellous astonishment of all the company, and to the utter confusion of certain folks present, should declare out loud who was his father!

The Sermon is thus.

St. Anthony, finding that people did not attend to him, walked to the sea, where the river Marecchia flows into it, and, in the name of God, he began to invoke the Fishes to come and listen to him. And immediately there appeared above the waters an amazing variety both of fresh, and of salt-water, fish. And they classed themselves in order according to their species, and were tranquil and attentive that they might listen to the word of God. Whereupon, the Saint being penetrated with affection, and equally smitten with the marvellous obedience of these irrational creatures, thus addressed them:

"Dearly beloved Fish! Although in all things is manifested the power, and infinite providence of God, as in the heavens, in the sun, the moon, and the stars; in this world, in man, and in all other creatures, nevertheless in you particularly,

ye fish! does the goodness of the divine majesty shine, and blaze forth; for seeing that you are but reptiles, a medium between brutes and stones, confined in the profound abysses of the waters, agitated by billows, tossed by storms, deaf to hear,* mute to speak, and horrid to behold; yet, notwithstanding all this, in you marvellously appears the divine greatness, and from you are drawn the greater mysteries of the goodness of God; nor ever does the holy scripture speak of you but what there be hidden some profound sacrament.

Do you think that without some most deep mystery that the first gift bestowed on man by the omnipotent God was of you, ye Fishes? Do you think that without a mystery this can be, viz. that sacrifices have been ordained of all creatures, and of all animals, except of ye, O Fishes?

Do ye think there is no secret in this that Christ, our Saviour, next to the Paschal Lamb, delighted so to eat of ye, ye Fishes? Do you think it was by chance that the Redeemer of the world being compelled, as a man, to pay a tax to Cæsar, should find the money in the mouth of a fish?

All, all these things are mysteries, and sacraments, for which ye are peculiarly obliged to praise your creator.

* Where then was the use of the Saint talking to them, and what becomes of the Sermon?

Dearly beloved fish! From God you have received life and being; motion and sense; he has given you the liquid waters for your habitation, as is most suitable to your inclinations; there has he made for you most spacious lodgings, chambers, grottoes, caverns, and secret places, more dear and more grateful to you than regal halls and palaces; and for your dwelling-place ye have the water, an element diaphanous, transparent, and always clear as crystal, or glass; and from your profound and deepest chambers can ye see all that is done, or that passes on the surface of the waves, for ye have the eyes of a lynx, or of Argus. Moreover ye are guided by an unerring cause, so that you do what is good for you and pleasing, and avoid what is hurtful; ye have a natural desire to propagate yourselves according to your respective species; and ye do, and ye operate, and ye travel wheresoever nature dictates without any molestation.

Neither the frosts of winter, nor the heats of summer, offend you, or hurt you; be the heavens serene, or clouded, no harm can come to your dwellings; be the earth blessed, or bereaved of its fruits, to you it signifies not: rain, thunder, lightning, thunderbolts, earthquakes, what matter they to you? neither the promise of spring, or the heats of summer; the fruits of autumn, or the frosts of winter, affect you a jot; neither the fleeting hours,

or days, nor the passing away of months, or years, nor the mutability of times, nor the change of seasons, ever give you a thought, but you live on always secure, and tranquil, and joyful. Oh, how great, how very great, is the majesty of God seen in ye! Oh how wonderful his power! Oh, how stupendous, and marvellous, his providence! since you only, of all the creatures of the universe, did not perish in the universal deluge; nor feel the miseries which it brought upon the world; and all these things which I have told you ought to move you to praise God, and to thank his divine majesty for so many, and such singular benefits which he has done for you; for so many favours which he has conferred upon you; and for so many kindnesses which he has shown you; so that if you cannot unloose your tongues to thank your benefactor; and if you know not how by words to express his praise, at least make some sign of reverence; bow down at his name; show some appearance of gratitude in any way you are able; and return thanks for his goodness in the best mode you can. O, ye Fishes, ye do know, ye are not ignorant of his benefits, and be ye not ungrateful for his favours."

St. Anthony having talked thus much, O marvellous to say! the fishes as though they had been endued with human intellect and discourse, immediately, with gestures of profound humility, and with reverential appearance of religion, bowed

down their heads, and twisted about with their bodies, in token of their approbation of what the holy father St. Anthony had been preaching to them!

From Padua we continued our drive along the banks of the Brenta, pleased with the fertility and verdure of the scene around, and interested with the passing inspection of the adjacent villas of the Venetian nobles.

Fusina was soon reached, which being situated on the shores of one of the Lagune, or shallows which flows immediately to Venice, here it was that we were to embark.

Having, as already observed, been compelled from accident to take post horses from Lago-scuro to Padua, we were, by the regulations of Padua, also compelled to take post horses on to Fusina; and by similar regulations, obliged at Fusina to take the government water post to Venice.

This compulsion certainly signified not at all to us, who had not our own carriage and horses, the only difference being a trifling expence greater than if we had wished to have made a bargain with some individual to convey us from Lago-scuro to our destination; nevertheless this notice may be serviceable for the guidance of others.

Embarking therefore in the government Gondola, we glided o'er the glassy wave, absorbed in the singular scene before us. The isle of St. Giorgio,

mid way up, was passed unheeded, for all our thoughts and attentions were rivetted upon the once proud and splendid Venice, appearing in the distance, crowned with towers, enriched with palaces, impregnable in herself, without art, or fortification, disdaining connexion with earth, or aught besides herself, and reposing in calm and tranquil majesty mid the waves of the Adriatic!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VENICE—ITS APPEARANCE—ORIGIN—CESSION OF RIGHT TO BY CHARLEMAGNE—FOURTH CRUSADE—HENRY DANDOLO—STIPULATIONS BY VENICE—CAPTURE OF ZARA—ALEXIUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE—CAPTURE OF THAT CITY—REVOLUTION BY MOURZOUFLE—RECAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE—NICETAS—BALDWIN ELECTED EMPEROR—PORTION GAINED BY VENICE—LOSS OF CONSTANTINOPLE—RIVAL COMMERCE OF GENOA AND VENICE—MARCO POLO—VENICE IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY—PASSAGE TO INDIA BY CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—LEAGUE OF CAMBRAY—BATTLE OF LEPANTA—DREADFUL CONSPIRACY OF 1618—ITS PROJECTORS—PROGRESS—DISCOVERY BY JAFFIER—ITS FAILURE—HIS DEATH, &c—VENICE IN ARMS AGAINST THE TURKS—FINAL CONQUEST BY FRANCE, AND AUSTRIA—NATURE OF THE GOVERNMENT—FIRST DOGE—HISTORY OF THE HAPLESS FOSCARI, AND OF HIS FATHER, THE DOGE.

VENICE is unique; a mighty city, seven miles in circumference, that once contained 200,000 inhabitants, standing isolated in the ocean; built amid the waves of the Adriatic.

As the gondola skimmed swiftly o'er the gulph, the distant city appeared to most advantage, splendour only was shown, the lofty spire, dome, tower, and palace; the immense range of human habitations reposing tranquilly in the bosom of the crystal seas; and the lesser isles around, each with its little church, and petty dwellings; occasional verdure, and distant trees peeping out of the ocean diversified the prospect, while in the remoter

distance were seen the main land, Istria, and Dalmatia, with the snowy, tinted, yet cloud-veiled mountains of Friuli, and the Tyrol.

Passing from the gulph into some of the numberless canals that intersect the city in every direction, all that we saw showed the glory of Venice gone by; ruined houses, deserted dwellings, with the proud palaces of former days left to neglect and decay.

Venice was originally gained from the sea, being peopled by the Veneti, and by those who fled from Rome during the persecutions of Alaric, and Attila. In more modern days its government gradually obtained a celebrity, a splendour, and a fortune, vying with the greatest monarchies of Europe. The might and glory of Venice lasted for fourteen centuries, a duration of empire long as, or longer than of any other nation on record. In 1797 the republic was annihilated, and the power of its Doges extinguished in the person of Manini. France first, and Austria now governs Venice, absolute, by her own ministers, civil and military.

The history of this city presents so many interesting and extraordinary features that I am fain to give a more detailed account.

The modern Venice owes its origin to the irruptions and devastations of the barbarian Huns under Attila, about the middle of the fifth century.

Aquileia, on the shores of the Adriatic, and a

boundary of Italy on the north, had been so proud a city of the Roman Empire as to be termed Roma Secunda; when ruined by the invading hordes, its inhabitants, together with those of Padua and other towns, conjointly fled to the hundred little isles at the extremity of the Adriatic Gulph, and associating with the very few and unknown natives whom they there found, established the basis of the future Venice. It may be remembered that the Paduans selected that particular islet known then as the Riva Alta from which Venice more immediately arose, and which spot is commemorated to this day by the famous bridge of the Rialto.

There is an epistle of Cassiodorus extant, written about the year 523, in which he compares these Venetians to water fowl; fish their only food, salt their only merchandise.

Nevertheless, this state continued to multiply its resources and increase its power, particularly in the maritime department, till we find that about the year 800, Charlemagne, though Emperor of Rome, resigned all pretensions to Venice; and that his son Pepin was defeated in attempting to take it.

Great and important as now were becoming the commercial transactions, and increasing wealth of this republic, it was the capture of Constantinople in the year 1203 that exalted her to such an

enviable splendour. In 1192 the renowned Henry Dandolo, then eighty-four, or eighty-five years old, and blind, was raised to the dignity of Doge; and in 1201, during the Pontificate of Innocent III. he received the French embassy entreating the aid of Venice in the approaching fourth Crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land.

Terms were ultimately agreed upon, and all the conditions were to be fulfilled by the ensuing year. Vessels were to be provided by Venice for 4,500 Knights, and their horses, with twice the number of Squires; 20,000 foot were also to be transported; the republic were, further, to man fifty gallies with their own troops, and were to victual this immense armament for nine months; 85,000 marks of silver were to be paid before departure, while all booty of conquest was to be equally shared.

When in due time, Venice was fully prepared, and all her stipulations had been executed, 34,000 marks were yet deficient to her in payment; the republic demurred till these just demands were liquidated, and a compromise was accordingly made by the crusaders reducing the rebel city of Zara, in Dalmatia, to the power of Venice; although this act drew down the fulminations of the Pope against them for having thus diverted their arms to shed the blood of Christians instead of Infidels.

About this period, Alexius, a youth of twelve years of age, was a wanderer in Italy, and an

exile from Constantinople, where his uncle Alexius had usurped the throne, driving his brother Isaac into captivity, yet sparing this, his royal son. At this critical juncture, when so mighty an armament was unemployed, the cause of Alexis prevailed over that of Jerusalem; and, for the immediate sum of 200,000 marks of silver, with further promises, it was decreed that the Byzantine Empire should be the destination.

So brave a force had rarely been seen, and so chivalrous an armament ploughing the broad bosom of the Bosphorus, in gallant array, might well intimidate the usurper Alexius; 240 transports, with 50 gallies, laden with men and ordnance, besides 70 storeships, and 120 vessels for the horses.

Conquest, glorious as it was merited, crowned the efforts of the crusaders, and Isaac was replaced on his throne; yet the universal theme of admiration was the immortal Dandolo, the blind and venerable warrior, who, at ninety-five years of age, was seen aloft on his vessel, conspicuous; foremost; the first who leaped from his galley on the hostile shore.

Yet too soon after this splendid achievement, a counter revolution, combined with treachery, robbed both Isaac, and his young Alexis of their throne and life; while for a brief time a Greek, by name Mourzoufle, or Murtsuphlo, assumed the Imperial Purple.

Him to depose, and to take Constantinople for themselves, was now the unanimous resolution of the confederate crusaders; three months were consumed in the siege, but, at length, the proud city, with its countless treasures, fell a prey to the victorious Latins. Rapine, lust, sacrilege, and pillage unbounded were, as usual, the concomitants of the conquerors; three devastating fires annihilated further immense possessions; among the noble Greeks and Senators who lost their palace and their all, was the Byzantine historian, Nicetas; while posterity to this hour lament the destruction of the libraries of Constantinople, and of so many invaluable relics of art, the more sacred since most of them were the selection of Constantine from Imperial Rome: while it was at this period that Dandolo sent the four famous antique bronze horses to his native Venice as a memorable trophy of his victory.

The empire of the East was now to be shared among the illustrious victors; Dandolo, magnanimously, refused the sovereignty, and the crown of the Greek monarchy was conferred upon the young and illustrious Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and a descendant of Charlemagne. Yet it was stipulated that he should obtain but a fourth portion of the empire, and that the remaining three should be equally partitioned between the Barons of France, and the republic of Venice.

This latter, wisely adhering to her maritime and commercial policy, obtained the islands of the Archipelago, Candia, with various other important sea-ports, extending her dominion even from the Adriatic to the Bosphorus.

After a brief reign of the Latins for fifty-seven years, and many a struggle, Constantinople was lost to them irrecoverably, being retaken by the Greeks under the Emperor Michael, in July 1261. The venerable Dandolo had long since sank into the grave in that capital, while the illustrious Baldwin, a captive to the fierce barbarian Calo John, chief of the Bulgarians and Wallachians, had perished in prison in 1205.

The grandeur of Venice, arising from her commercial prosperity, continued to augment equally irresistibly, and splendidly. By the late access of her citizens to the capital of the Greek empire they obtained those two such important branches of traffic, the silk trade, and the commerce with the East Indies; and though at the recapture of Constantinople in 1261, the Genoese, in consequence of their having aided the Greek emperor, had obtained as a reward the important suburb of Pera, or Galata, to be held as a fief of the emperor, together with other valuable commercial favours, by which concessions this most industrious people contrived to engross such a vast portion of the traffic of the Black Sea, and of the Indies, that the Ve-

netians were proportionately circumscribed, and further compelled to make Alexandria their chief town and rendezvous for their share of the commerce of the East:—yet, when Constantinople was fated again to fall, henceforth to be the capital of the Turkish empire, and which conquest was achieved by Mahomet II. in 1453, the Genoese lost, irrecoverably, all that they had possessed for nearly two centuries; they were expelled from Constantinople, from Pera, from Caffa, that important station in the Black Sea, as well as from every part of the Crimea; they sank daily in the scale of nations, while Venice reassumed her pristine commercial preponderance.

Let me not here omit to mention honourably the patriotic efforts of the noble Venetian, Marco Polo, whose travels in the East for twenty-six years, in the thirteenth century, elicited such discoveries as ultimately proved of the most essential benefit to his country.

At the close of the fifteenth century, Venice touched perhaps her highest point of glory. In this æra her naval force amounted to 300 large ships, and 8000 sailors; 3000 trading vessels, and 17,000 sailors; with forty-five large galeasses (a heavy low built vessel, commonly worked by rowers) manned with 11,000 sailors; and employing altogether about 16,000 ship carpenters.

Yet at this very period two most important and

unexpected events humbled but too effectually the pride of the haughty republic. The first was the happy termination of a voyage to the East Indies by the newly discovered passage of the Cape of Good Hope, the immortal achievement on the 22d of May, 1498, of a Portuguese, Vasco di Gama, and which naturally created new channels for the streams of Eastern commerce; while the second event was the formidable League of Cambray formed in 1508 against the republic by the confederation of Pope Julius II. the Emperor Maximilian of Austria, Louis XII. King of France, and Duke of Milan, with Ferdinand, King of Arragon and Naples; while to this League were further joined the forces of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, who, in the sequel, was so peculiarly unfortunate.

Venice, though worsted, and despoiled by this overwhelming confederation, yet saved herself from absolute ruin by policy. Julius was induced to form a counter-league for the protection of the republic, whose sacrifice of territory ultimately was but small.

Although from various causes, particularly from the loss of her commercial greatness, Venice, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was palpably on the wane of glory, yet the year 1570 shed a bright beam of splendour on the decaying republic. The Ottomans, under Solyman II. having, after the most flagitious and perfidious conduct, ob-

taned possession of the isle of Cyprus, the Venetians, in order to avenge themselves, procured the aid of Pius V. and of Philip II. of Spain. The confederate fleets, the Papal commanded by Marco Antonio Colonna, who on this occasion immortalized himself, and the Venetian, commanded by Sebastian Veniero, attacked the Turkish armament in the Gulf of Lepanta; while the historians and the artists of Venice continue even yet to perpetuate the glories of that day.

The year 1618 gave birth to that conspiracy, so unparalleled in its atrocity, and so fearful in its intended results, that its very enormity relaxed the iron heart of one of the leaders of the plot, induced his discovery of the infernal machinations, and their prevention at the very moment of execution.

It is Anthony Jaffier to whom, for this, Venice owes her entire preservation; and which incident Otway has dramatised; though the very brief historical summary I must here content myself with giving is gleaned chiefly from L'Abbé St. Real's work upon that subject.

The chief projector was Don Alphonso de la Cueva, Marquess of Bedmar, and Embassador at Venice from the Court of Spain. His principal coadjutors were Don Pedro de Toledo, Marquess of Villa Franca, and Governor of Milan, with the Duke d'Ossono, Viceroy of Naples. The chief subordinates to further the plans of these three

principal nobles were Nicholas de Renault, a man of a fearless soul, and enterprising spirit, one who heeded not whether his enterprise were right or wrong, provided it led to conquest and to fame; also a renowned Corsair Captain, Jacques Pierre, a Norman by birth; with his naval friend, Vincent Robert, from Marseilles; an English naval commander, named Haillot, or Elliott; and Aquilina, a well-born Greek courtesan of great beauty and talent.

This latter, while resident in an island of the Archipelago, was seduced by the Venetian governor, who also murdered her father because he claimed the performance of his promise towards his injured child. She had expended the little property left her in journeying to Venice with the vain hope of obtaining redress, and thus destitute, her charms were her only resource; yet while one of the most celebrated, the most distinguished beauties of the "*nostrè bene merite meritrici*"* of Venice, she secretly nourished the most deadly hatred against that state whose injustice had driven her to such a recourse.

By a series of deep political intrigues on the part of these noble representatives of sovereignty, and by every other artifice, the plot was now matured; the city was filled with hostile troops in peaceable disguise; the palaces of the embassadors

* Thus are they styled in a decree of the Republic.

and conspirators were loaded with the most deadly implements of destruction, while the execution of the plot was fixed for the period of the jubilee upon the elevation of Anthony Priuli to the Dukedom, vacant by the death of Donato.

But it so happening that the auxiliary fleet of the Duke d'Ossono on its way to Venice being first attacked by some Barbary corsairs, and then dispersed by a tempest, the projected attempt was judged impracticable, and therefore deferred.

The approaching Feast of the Ascension was then selected as the important day, while additional troops were poured into Venice, disguising their fearful intentions under the very specious pretext of strangers coming to this grand fair of Venice, which always attracted such crowds.

On the evening preceding the eventful morn the conspirators assembled finally to mature their plans. So successful had they been hitherto that in this meeting they vaunted with implicit confidence of the approaching glorious issue of their machinations, and of the conquests that would infallibly crown their deep laid plots. They boasted of the naval force of the Duke d'Ossono; and of that furnished by the English Captain Elliott; of the further armament of twenty Venetian vessels, and of the various bodies of land troops amounting to 10,000 men.

Venice, the proud, the guilty, the oppressive,

was, in anticipation, already in flames; her sumptuous palaces were burning to utter destruction; her venerable senators were being murdered; her government, her laws, her existence, were annihilated; her navy was burnt, sunk, or seized by a rebel force; her arsenal, her chief pride, the terror of the world, that which propped her sovereignty of the seas, and contributed to bring all the treasures of the East, this also was consuming away in raging flames; her brave sons who might resist were being poignarded without mercy—and Rapine, Lust, Flames, Destruction, were stalking every where, and throughout the devoted city:—while all this was to be done for the most laudable and pious purposes; for the extirpation of evil, and regeneration of good; amidst incessant shouts of Liberty! and, in fine, to promote and produce Peace and Innocence!

Such was this conspiracy and its intended horrors! The fatal moments were fast approaching; the dreadful doom appeared inevitable; when the faltering resolution of one individual; the compunctions of remorse, friendship, and conscience, in one solitary breast, averted the fall of Venice.

Anthony Jaffier, by some unwonted emotions, had so far excited suspicion that Renault had proposed to have him poignarded on the spot. Reassured by oaths of unalterable constancy, Jaffier was spared, while time was given for his apostacy, and to conjure

the Doge, and Senate, to give him instant audience. Here he first declared that the most horrible tortures they could devise should never force from his lips one syllable of what it so deeply imported to them to learn; but would they but grant the one favour he implored, then should they freely know all.

He demanded that they should spare the lives of twenty-two persons whom he named, be their crimes what they might; and that they should ratify their promise by the most solemn oaths.

It was granted; and he confessed.

As may be expected, the Senate took ample revenge; more than 300 officers were secretly strangled, or drowned. Renault, with some others was first racked, then strangled, and lastly, publicly hung up by the leg as traitors.

The unhappy Jaffier lost his reward, and his life too; for the majority of the Senate availing themselves of an equivocation, that they had been also apprised of the conspiracy from another quarter, which was the case soon after his confession, they no longer spared the stipulated lives.

To him they offered indemnity, money, place; but he was inexorable, implacable; for ever haunted by the images of his friends, thus murdered by his means, he refused all consolation; and in despair headed an insignificant rebel force against the republic. Quickly overpowered, he was con-

veyed on the morrow to Venice; where a speedy order for his being drowned released the government from all further fears of Jaffier.

The Grecian courtesan, with a few others, had contrived in the first hurry of the discovery to make their escape. The Marquess of Bedmar was, of course, recalled, but it was only for the exchange of representing his sovereign at Flanders, and he was subsequently honored with the further dignity of a Cardinal's hat.

In 1645, Venice was again urged to the most heroic though ruinous efforts in resisting the aggressions of her implacable foes, the Turks. Candia, the ancient Crete, or Hecatompolis, the Island of the hundred cities, was the object which these Infidels, under Mahomet IV, coveted; and in 1668, after the unparalleled duration of a twenty-four years' siege, and after prodigies of valour on the part of the Venetians, they resigned the struggle, and the island.

In subsequent years, Venice had still to contend with the Turks, and various were the mutual successes; among which it may be remembered that the Morea was gained by the republic in 1687, and again lost in 1715.

Venice continued gradually to decline. Accordingly, the fatal period of the French Revolution, with the powerful ascendancy of Napoleon, found this once haughty state so far reduced in spirit

and resources, as to yield to the victor almost without a struggle.

The conquests of this latter warrior are quenched for ever, yet Venice daily sinks, and dies away, oppressed by the yet greater tyranny of her present lord, the sovereign of Austria.

Many historians have descanted upon the superior wisdom, and extraordinary firmness displayed in the Venetian senate and councils during their many centuries of glory; and to which they attribute such long duration of grandeur.

No one, I presume, will deny these assertions in the aggregate; but all who read the records of Venice will deprecate the extraordinarily arbitrary, despotic, and tortuous system of government by which her rulers thought to maintain her power; together with the encouragement given to spies and informers, whereby no man was safe from the malice of his enemies, had he only whispered to the winds his opinions of the state; or, worse still, where he might perish in secret tortures the victim of mere suspicion, or of falsehood; and we must surely shudder when we reflect on the unparalleled powers of those fearful, and irresponsible agents of tyranny, the three State Inquisitors.

The power of the Doge himself was much limited and circumscribed by them, nay, his very life was at their mercy; although in the early

ages of the republic, the annals are replete with the sanguinary contests of these Dukes with the people, arising from the abuse of their despotic power, but which, after a lapse of six centuries, was most materially abridged, and finally reduced almost to a non-entity by the addition of these three State Inquisitors to the previously existing absolute Council of Ten; and which addition was made about the year 1500.

The first elected to the post of Chief Magistrate, or Doge, was Paulo Luca Anafeste, in 697.

Among the sad mementoes of the inflexible persecution of the Venetian senate, even upon the bare supposition of crime, the case of the hapless and noble Foscari stands pre-eminent.

Illustrious by birth, and at one time the pride of the youth of Venice; married to one of the fairest and noblest damsels of the state, the maiden Contarini, a family that boasted of eight Doges in their own line; their nuptials graced by a tournament of three days, and a concourse of 30,000 people, upon which occasion the Bucentaur, in all its finery, was put in requisition for the bridegroom, and his suite; *—this distinguished youth unhappily in the year 1445 incurred the displeasure of the Senate by having received some presents from a foreign potentate,

* Sanuto.

from Philip Visconti, Duke of Milan;—For this infraction of the laws of the republic he was first put to the torture till he confessed the fact, then doomed to perpetual banishment at Napoli di Romania.—On his way hither he fell sick at Trieste, and by extraordinary favour his sentence was then commuted into permission to remain at Treviso, but with an obligation here to present himself every day to the governor of the place, under penalty of pain of death.

Five years subsequently on 5th Nov. 1450, Almor Donator, one of the chiefs of the dreaded Council of Ten, was assassinated.—Suspicion fell upon one Oliver, a servant of Foscari; he was put to the rack, he denied all knowledge of the murder; the Senate tortured him to the utmost extremity, and then sent for his master, the illustrious Giacopo Foscari, him also to stretch on the rack, in order to elicit a confession of guilt from the guiltless.

The hapless Giacopo denied the foul aspersion, and the noble youth was, at length, released from the torture only to hear his dread doom, and from the lips of the Doge, his own father—Banishment for Life to Candia.

For five long years did he pine, and languish; intercession had been vain and fruitless, and to a foreign ally, to Francesco, Duke of Milan, did he at last venture to write, conjuring him by the memory of past services and friendships, to

appeal to the Senate for a mitigation of punishment.

The fellow to whom he entrusted this sacred epistle betrayed him, and the Senate of Venice did recall him, but only to stretch him for the third time on the rack for the high crime and misdemeanor of having sought the mediation of any foreign power in aught that concerned the government of the republic.

The hapless youth, amidst his tortures, avowed his exultation that he had been betrayed; he confessed that he had thus planned it, and wished it, since it had recalled him to Venice, where once, if only for once, he besought that he might again embrace his wife, his little ones, his father, eighty years old, his aged mother.

The mournful interview was granted, and when the fleeting, bitter moments were past, from the Doge himself, from the lips of that father, came the dreadful sentence to his noble-minded, innocent son—To submit to the laws of his country which decreed Banishment for Life:—Imprisonment for a year:—Imprisonment perpetual, if e'er again he appealed to aught out of Venice.

Ere the sun had set, Foscari was once more on the seas ploughing his way to his distant cell. Here he long lingered in protracted, bitterest anguish, and here he expired:—when lo! some time afterwards, the death-bed confession of Nicholas

Errizzo stamped himself as the foul murderer, and proclaimed aloud the entire innocence of Foscari.

The fate of the unhappy father, Francis Foscari, so sad a sequel to the catastrophe of his son, I briefly dispatch.—Pursued with the bitterest, the most unrelenting hate by Giacomo Loredano, for some real, or supposed injuries to his family, the venerable, but heart-broken Doge after thirty-four years sovereignty in Venice, after twice fruitlessly intreating to resign his dueal honours, after adding Bergamo, Cremasco, Ravenna, Brescia, with part of Lombardy to the sway of Venice, and after thus living to the glory of his country till he had attained 86 years of age; at this date he was by cabal and faction constrained to resign his sceptre, to doff his ducal bonnet, and break his mystic ring; and on 30th October, 1457, Pasqual Malipieri, Procurator of St. Mark, was elected in his place.

The great bell of St. Mark that rang the peal which announced another Doge while the rightful one yet lived, tolled the death-knell of Foscari, for no sooner did it strike upon his ears than in his agitation he burst a blood-vessel, and sank lifeless on the spot.

Father, son, widow, children, all, now desolate, heart-broken, or in the cold grave; Loredano the implacable went to his desk; he took out his book

of commerce, he turned to the page wherein he had written Foscari. "Debtor for the death of my father and my uncle;" and he inscribed on the opposite blank leaf, on the creditor's side—"He has payed me."*

* Sanuto—Daru—Simonde de Sismondi.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SENATE HOUSE OF VENICE — PICTURES—SCULPTURES—CANOVA'S HEBE—THE DOGE MARINO FALIERO—HIS HISTORY—INSULT TO THE DOGARESSA — CONSPIRES AGAINST HIS COUNTRY — DETECTION — DECAPITATION—VENICE GENERALLY — RIALTO — PROMENADES — GONDOLAS—ARCHITECTURE—CHURCH OF ST. MARK—EMPEROR BARBAROSSA, AND ALEXANDER III—ANTIQUE BRONZE HORSES—STEEPLE—PIAZZA OF ST. MARK—PIAZZETTA—CHURCHES—ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL—S^A. MARIA DELLA SALUTE—IL REDENTORE—SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE—JESUITS—I FRATI, AND TITIAN'S TOMB — SCALZI — ST. ROCCO — OPERA — PICTURES IN THE ACADEMY—COLLECTION OF IL SIGNOR MANFRINI—TITIAN.

THE spot at Venice most fitted to excite the vivid recollection of her former despotic, yet venerated senators; and to recall that melancholy reverence felt for departed greatness, is the Grand Hall of the former palace of their Doges, where these

"Most potent, grave, and reverend, Signiors,"

met to seal those laws which exalted their city to such a pinnacle of glory.

I was much interested in traversing this once so august a place of assembly. Around it are a series of portraits of Doges. Beneath these are a collection of paintings by the first Venetian masters, allusive to the glories of their country, chiefly during the æra of Pope Alexander III and the Doge Zeani, whose victories over Frederic Barbarossa replaced the pontiff on his throne in 1177.

On the opposite side are depicted the victories of one of the greatest warriors Venice can boast; of the Doge Henry Dandolo, to whom I have already so amply alluded.

At one end of the room is a representation of Paradise, by Tintoretto, a picture of prodigious size, as well as a work of incredible labour from the multitudes of figures; and a painting which is certainly, in many parts, very excellent. On the centre of the ceiling is the very finest picture of Paul Veronese I have yet seen, being really a *chef d'œuvre.* It represents Venice crowned, and seated on the clouds. All the accompanying figures, but particularly the colouring, are in the finest style of art.

Here also are ranged some antique sculptures. There is an Eagle and Ganymede, asserted as the work of Phidias; but there is also a Leda and Swan, so exquisite as hardly to allow looking at; much less, description.

We, moreover, saw the original Hebe of Canova, the property of an individual here resident, with her golden fillet, vase, and cup. It were almost profanation to find fault with an artist I so much reverence; yet I could not help observing how firmly her entire hands grasped both vase, and cup; but in the Academy we have subsequently seen a cast from his second Hebe, executed for Lord Cawdor, in which her taper fingers just hold the goblet with a goddess grace.

Whilst I slowly paced this once so august, yet dread place of assembly; while my eye was arrested, and my imagination lit up, by the art of the painter in commemorating so poetically the splendors, the victories, the glorious destinies, and the long career of conquests that immortalized Venice;—yet while reason, coolly reflecting, recalled to mind the tyranny of her government, the petty suspicions by which it was ever swayed; the insecurity of character, property, life, all that was valuable, by the encouragement given to anonymous information; by the fearful powers of the Council of Ten; by secret trial, tortures, imprisonment, and death:—how many contending and opposite emotions arose!

While I yet fluctuated in feeling, I was the more powerfully arrested by the black funereal cloth, instead of portrait, suspended o'er the frame where, amidst his illustrious compeers, we should otherwise view the venerable head of Faliero: and by the punishment-perpetuating motto there inscribed in indelible characters.

*Hic est locus Marini Faletro decapitati pro criminibus.**

This singular incident in Venetian history merits some detail, and it may therefore be hoped that a brief account may interest those who may not happen to know it.

* The place of Marino Faliero beheaded for his crimes.

Marino Faliero had greatly distinguished himself in the service of Venice, when as Generalissimo of their forces he defeated the Hungarians at the siege of Zara. He had also been chief commander of their naval armament; he had been created Count, and invested with the fief of Val di Marino. Moreover, he had been Embassador at Genoa, and was such at the Court of Rome, during the papacy of Innocent IV; when on the eleventh of September, 1354, being then about eighty years of age, he was elected Doge of Venice.

About nine months afterwards, on the evening of the Thursday when the annual Bull-hunt had taken place, the Doge and Dogaressa gave their usual ball and supper at the palace to the nobles.

Marino was old, his bride was young and beautiful, but her fame was pure and unsullied as a cloudless dawn.

Among the company was the youthful Michael Steno; he was enamoured of a damsel of the duchess; he behaved improperly, and was publicly turned off by order of the duke.

Being thus irritated to madness, when all the company had retired, he returned, and in revenge, wrote thus upon the Duke's chair.

> Marino Faliero della bella moglie;
> Altri la gode, ed egle la mantiene.

A great reward was offered for the discovery of the culprit; the exertions of the Avogadori were

successful, and Steno was brought to the bar of the Council of Forty. His youth, with his warmth as a lover, mitigated the severity of his judges, and he was only condemned to two months' imprisonment, with one year's banishment.

The fiery Doge was maddened at the little retribution thus offered to his insulted honour, and to that of his beloved Dogaressa; while at this critical moment, a concurring accident kindled his passions into the fiercest flame, and made him resolve to annihilate the whole Senate of Venice.

On the very day after this sentence, the Admiral of the Arsenal, even when on duty, was insulted, and finally struck over the eye by a gentleman of the house of Barbaro.

The indignant officer, with his bleeding face, rushed into the presence of the Doge to demand justice.

"Why appeal to me," said the offended sovereign: "Think upon the insult I have just received, and the little respect paid to my person."

"Then," replied the Admiral, "unite but with me; we will cut these cuckolds of senators to pieces; and you shall reign Lord of Venice."

The conspiracy was matured, and Wednesday the fifteenth of April, 1355, was the day fixed for the sanguinary deed.

In the interim, one Beltramo Bergamesco having, somehow, heard of the approaching catastrophe,

determined, at all events, to try to save his patron, the noble Niccolò Lioni of San Stefano.

Having obtained an interview, his mysterious words, and dreadful import so alarmed the Venetian senator that he ordered his faithful Bergamo to be detained in confinement; he then aroused the whole Senate and Council; and ultimately all was confessed and discovered.

Many of the conspirators were already condemned, and hanged, some with gags in their mouths, when Saturday, the seventeenth of April, was doomed for the beheading of the Doge.

His property, as well as that of the other conspirators, was adjudged to be forfeited to the State; but by special favour, Marino was allowed to dispose as he pleased of 2000 ducats.

On the fatal morning, the Doge, preparatory to execution, first suffered the Cap of Dignity to be taken off his head; then he was conducted to the landing place of that stone staircase of the palace, called the Giant's Staircase, where the Doges take their first oaths upon entering upon their sovereignty; and here he was beheaded.

One of the Council of Ten then took the bloody sword, and showing it to the assembled multitudes on the Piazza of St. Mark cried out, "Justice hath been done upon the Traitor!" And the doors being opened, all the people rushed in to behold their executed sovereign.

His corpse was subsequently buried in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo.*

At first visiting, how singular seems this city, where there is neither horse, nor ox, nor sheep; where animals are never seen, nor scarcely a tree, a plant, or a herb; where there are no promenades, (except one, or two of which we will speak presently) little or no walking, and meeting your friends, and the fair; where there is no provision of any sort or kind, grown, and where the inhabitants depend solely upon importations from the main land; where all is comparative stillness and silence, where water usurps the place of streets and the rattling of equipages, the only communication from place to place being by the light skimming gondola; where no sounds are heard save the splashing of the oar, with the gentle rippling of the wave: and finally, where a carriage wheel never rolled.

The Grand Canal is superb from its great breadth, as well as equally picturesque from its curving line. Most of the principal palaces are, of course, on its banks, while over this stream is thrown the Rialto, or chief bridge.

The original design by Palladio for this structure far exceeds the present in beauty; but want of funds, as usual, prevented its execution.

However, this noble bridge of one single span, being twenty-four feet high, and ninety wide; is

* Chronicles of Sanuto.

therefore sufficiently capacious as to admit a passage in the centre between a double range of shops, besides two lateral passages.

The number of canals that intersect Venice is almost countless. As they have always a free passage, and thus flow through from the ocean at the one end to the same at the other, the town is not exposed to the usual shocks and dangers, consequent upon maritime situations. Many of these channels have been lately covered over, more particularly since the occupation of Venice by the French, leaving a subterraneous passage for the waters, and thus making a place for walking, instead of rowing.

These little allies, or courts, are therefore innumerable, and very much resemble the narrow rows and allies about Drury Lane, and the City; some few of the very best may remind an Englishman of smart Cranbourne Alley.

These many courts, with the multitude of bridges, that is to say single arches, thrown across from house to house, being above 400, afford a very sufficient means of walking for the inferior gentry, who choose to go round from bridge to bridge rather than pay the expense of crossing the water; though all the higher orders naturally have their Gondola.

The French established a Public Garden on the banks of the river; this, with the Quay and St.

Mark's, are the only frequented promenades. We have our Gondola, which costs us at the rate of seven francs a day; no motion or mode of travelling can be more easy.

In days of yore, the Venetian nobles were wont to keep six, or eight for one family; now it is rare to keep even two; while the decorations of these appendages of grandeur had become so extravagant a pursuit that a law passed the Senate forbidding any other colour for them but black. Hence, the bark is black, outside and inside, the cushions, and the trappings are black, while the outer cloth and fringes of the tented cabin are also black.

How forcibly does this funereal look of the once gay Gondola of Venice assimilate with the sunken, decayed fortunes of the erst haughty republic! Nevertheless, it is luxurious thus to recline stretched at length on these downy cushions; to see, or not be seen at all; to reach the destined place without one rude motion to disturb our meditations; or in mere luxury of indolence and ease, to be lightly wafted o'er the gentle wave, gazing upon Italian cerulean skies, and inhaling the zephyr's fragrant breeze.

A handsome Gondola may cost about forty guineas.

At night, there is much additional picturesque

effect, when the Gondola being invisible, the lights attached to it, only, are seen floating and flitting across the dark waters.

Some amusement, and much study may be excited at Venice in observing the great variety of its styles of architecture. In a republic that took fourteen centuries to attain to, and to decline from, such a height of grandeur, it naturally follows that her prelates and nobles would build churches and palaces according to the fashion, domestic, or foreign of the day.

Hence, every order of architecture may be seen at Venice, and, sometimes, no order at all from the admixture of so many styles; Turkish, Greek, Gothic, Roman, Saracenic. Yet Longhena and Sansovino may ever be admired; while, chief of all, Venice is beautified by some of the finest productions of Palladio.

The ancient Church of St. Mark is the best known at Venice; the most striking in the exterior, the most disappointing in the interior. It was undertaken about 800 years since; and the church of S^{a} Sophia, at Constantinople, was to be the model. The five domes which rise from its roof, with the Saracenic ornaments in front, give the effect of a Turkish Mosque. Yet there are Gothic pinnacles; Roman arches; Grecian columns; Christian saints; Mosquish cupolas; Ba-

lustrades; and mosaics without number intermingled in the same façade.

On entering, all is gloom, confusion, and darkness; the mosaics are patched as thick as possible in every direction; and though there be many beautiful Oriental marbles, yet neither do the light, or the arrangement permit one to see them. Great richness of material is here, but greater poverty of design, with equal contradiction and confusion of style.

This church is very memorable as having been the scene of the famous interview of peace, after such long struggles of war between the Emperor Barbarossa, and Pope Alexander III, during the dogeship of Sebastian Zeani.

This ceremonial occurred on Sunday, July 24, 1177, when Alexander, previously a refugee at Venice, having first, in solemn state at this cathedral, absolved Frederic from his former papal denunciations and excommunications; then the Doge, with his nobles, immediately sailed to the Isle of Lido, distant about a mile and a half, and brought the Emperor, with great pomp, to St. Mark's where His Holiness awaited.

At this moment when the haughty monarch was approaching the sacred person of the Pope; him whom, so lately, he had chased from his dominions; he who in his extremity of need, "had

not where to lay his head," and who had actually, while in the Venetian states, slept all night under the bare canopy of heaven: at this moment, the proud and triumphant king, adoring the Almighty in the sacred person of his representative, prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the aged and imbecile Pontiff; there remaining a suppliant till raised up again by him, and till he had received his blessing.

O'er the portal of this church are displayed the former pride of Venice, those trophies which recall the elevating recollections of Venetian victories over Ottoman arrogance; viz. the four antique bronze Horses sent by Dandolo from Constantinople in 1204. These horses had graced many a proud triumph in ancient Rome, and have been asserted to be the work of Lysippus, 300 years B. C. They were transported to Rome from Corinth by the Consul Mummius, and were re-transported by Constantine to grace his new Oriental court. These steeds had, of course, subsequently gallopped from Venice to Paris, but have now quietly walked back, and resumed their old station.

In looking at these famous horses of antiquity, I cannot avow that I was so much struck with that fire and beauty in them which some panegyrists see: to me their chief charm was in the recollections they excited. Beneath them

is recorded this inscription in golden characters.

Quatuor . Equorum . Signa . A . Venetis . Byzantio.
Capta . Ad . Temp . D . M . A . R . S . M.C.C.IV . Posita.
Quæ . Hostilis . Cupiditas . A . M.D.C.C.IIIC . Abstulerat.
Franc . I . Imp . Pacis . Orbi . Datæ . Trophæum . A.
M.D.C.C.C.XV . Victor . Reduxit.*

Adjoining to the Cathedral stands the Steeple, being a tower of about 320 feet high. We mounted to its summit to gaze upon the commanding view, to be gratified with the panoramic effect of Venice, its towers, its palaces and its inhabitants seen far beneath us, with the boundless expanse of distant prospect, and chiefly of the billowy ocean on whose broad bosom fancy conjured up the former proud republican fleets again ploughing their way, and returning laden with the riches of commerce and the spoils of conquest.

The square in which this church stands is the great attraction and promenade of Venice. The opposite front and two sides include that extensive, and noble range of buildings entitled the Procuratie Nuove, consisting of arcades surmounted with architecture equally rich and admirable; but, strange to say, no one side is like the

* These four bronze horses, captured by the Venetians at Constantinople, placed in the Cathedral of St. Mark in the year of the Republic 1204: and which were borne away by an avaricious Foe in 1797: Francis I, Emperor and Conquerot, restored as a Trophy of Peace given to the World A. 1815.

corresponding, so that although the general effect be at first grand and striking, yet to stop and examine with a critical eye is to discover that disagreement in the various parts which is in opposition to the beautiful uniformity required by pure architecture.

Under these arcades are the principal cafés and shops; and, of course, all the loungers and belles. When lit up at night the effect is very pleasing; resembling, though inferior to the magic gaiety of the Palais Royal of Paris.

One other trophy is also in this Piazza: three lofty poles from whose summits there once waved the flags of the three vassal kingdoms of Venice: viz. Cyprus; Crete, or Candia; and the Morea.

Adjoining to this Piazza is the Piazzetta; not so frequented, but more pleasing. It is flanked by the Ducal palace on one side, and by the Public Library on the other: in front, are two superb granite columns, the spoil of Greece, the one topped by the effigy of St. Theodore, with his crocodile; the other by the winged Lion, the emblem of Venice; and between which pillars it was customary to execute criminals; while beyond these and the grand Quay, are the Lagune, or shallow Lakes which reach to the distant ocean.

When the government of Venice was at its height of splendor and celebrity, equally celebrated was the Place of St. Mark for gaiety, show,

wit and intrigue; and here too was all the fun of the Carnival; the Carnival of Venice which attracted crowds even from distant kingdoms.

As may be expected, with the decay of the state came the decay of popular hilarity, and St. Mark's at no time that I lingered in it corresponded to what I had read of it. Yet still it is the great magnet, the centre of attraction. In the evening all ranks are here promenading; the shops are dazzling; the cafés are splendid and crowded; music exhilirates, and the fair sex captivates.

The Mask, once so commonly worn at Venice, that happy disguise for intrigue, is not seen as heretofore; neither are the Casinos adjoining St. Mark's, those former pleasant resorts of Venetian nobles and fair dames, such as they were.

Yet Venice retains charms which neither chance, nor changes of government can minish; for it is the scene of the imagery of Shakspeare, and of Otway; and here we trace, and here we recall Portia, Othello, Desdemona, Belvidera.

The Churches of Venice are among the most distinguished objects worthy of a traveller's notice. I record a few of the many I have seen, not intending to multiply technical distinctions, but only to insert those observations which may serve to recall the principal beauties.

That of St. John and St. Paul, has some exquisite marble bassi rilievi of scriptural subjects,

executed by the Bonazzi of Venice in 1730, as also by Giovanni Toretti, Canova's master. The ceiling is painted by Tintoretto; and here is also that most celebrated production of Titian, the Murder of St. Peter, (not the Apostle) and which formerly belonged to the Dominican Friars.

The churches of S^a^ Maria della Salute and Il Redentore were both built as votive offerings of gratitude to heaven for the cessation of the Plague in 1576. The latter is the work of Palladio; pure Corinthian, simple, elegant, majestic.

The next, San Giorgio Maggiore, is also by him. If greater ornament, and greater richness of design be preferred to the simple severity of Il Redentore, this will bear away the palm. To my eye it was pleasure to observe, and to contemplate its numberless, and diversified beauties; and its grand Composite mixed with the Corinthian; though I believe that this admixture of orders is sometimes condemned by rigid critics. It was here also that the present Pontiff, then an exile from his throne and country, was crowned. These last two named churches are, justly, the pride of Venice.

The church of the Jesuits displays more wealth than taste. It appears entirely hung with green and white damask, beautifully tinted, but which is composed of Carrara marbles, with *Verde antique.* The ground being white, the green marble flowers intertwined imitate in their veins the soft, silky,

and varied hues of nature. Before the high altar is spread a rich Turkey carpet, also formed of inlaid marbles.

Thus far all is well, but the ceiling, &c. &c. are so divided into compartments, angles, and curves; there is such a profusion of gilding, and such an intermixture of colours, &c. that the fatigued eye seeks in vain for a reposing point. There is also at the high altar an immense overpowering cupola of marble containing the *ciborio* fixed upon some spiral columns of exquisite shape, composed of verd' antico. The eye involuntarily revolts at the barbarism of thus supporting so heavy and solid a mass upon a foundation so light and elegant. In one of the chapels is Titian's Martyrdom of St. Lawrence; but it has travelled to Paris, and has been a little injured.

The church of I. Frati contains the tomb of the immortal Titian: yet no effigy decks his honoured remains; no effort of sculpture, or painting is here to point the hallowed place: on the floor only is seen this inscription:

> Qui giace il gran Tiziano di Vercelli;
> Emulator di Zeuzi e d' Apelle.

There is also a relic of no little value to good Catholics preserved in this church, a gift from the holy fathers of St. Anthony of Padua; being a vial brought from Constantinople by Melchior

Trevisan, containing some of the precious blood of the Saviour.

The Chapels in the Scalzi church were severally erected by noble Venetians to the honour of their respective families. That of the last Doge, Manini, cost 34,000 crowns; the entire church, which is very handsome, consumed 336,000 ducats.

The Scuola, or Confraternity of St. Roch remains in architectural pride to speak its former riches, although its members and its revenues are long since dispersed. In one of its noble halls is a superb picture of the Crucifixion, by Tintoretto. This painting is of immense size, replete with living men and horses; original, vast, and spirited, besides being coloured in a style truly to heighten the effect, and add to the beauty.

Enough of churches for the present. In the evening I was at the Opera, which exceeded my expectations. The warbling of Signor Festa, with the fine tenor voice of Crivelli, will thrill to a musical ear. This, the first night I could go, proved also the last; the opera having been allowed thus far in Lent only to afford a benefit on this evening for the poor.

All the amusements of Venice are late; the plays do not begin till between eight and nine o'clock; while it is after midnight that the nobles hold their revels, and that St. Mark's is most gay.

The Academy of Arts possesses Titian's justly vaunted picture of the Assumption of the Virgin; and contains also his St. John.

It has moreover two other paintings with which I was much struck: a Miracle of St. Mark in favour of a Slave condemned to Death: by Tintoretto: and another by Bordone representing the Fisherman who had found the Ring of St. Mark offering it to the Doge.

But the greatest depositary of valuable pictures at Venice is the palace of a *Gentiluomo Veneto*, Il Signor Manfrini. This collection, liberally open to visitors, detained us long and delightfully yesterday morning. Among so many good productions I can only give a summary of the best; and let it suffice to say, that they all possess those requisites of art best suited to their respective subjects.

Giordano's Lucretia: —A Statue of a Vestal veiled by Corradini—Titian's portrait of Ariosto—Guido's Musical Contest of Apollo and Pan—David with the Head of Goliah, by Domenico Feti: —The Prodigal Son—Guercino—Titian's Deposition from the Cross, for which 10,000 crowns have been offered, and refused. The endless labour and finish of Gerard Dow, exemplified in his Physician and Patient:—Cattle by Paul Potter:—Holy Family by Palma Vecchio—Guercino's Rinaldo and Armida—Carlo Dolce's St. Cecilia, and Magdalen; a Cartoon by Raphael of the Entrance

into the Ark—Guido's Lucretia—Luca Giordano's Europa; also his Fortune; and Bassan's Noah's Ark. Besides these there are many curiosities in petrifactions, &c. together with some beautiful silken embroidery, executed by a man.

The sights of this day concluded with seeing some further productions of Titian in the Barberigo Palace, where this great artist latterly lived, and ultimately died in 1576, when full of honors, and glory he had attained his 99th year, and was then carried off by the Plague.

CHAPTER XL.

PRISONS — BRIDGE OF SIGHS—LION'S MOUTH—SCULPTURES IN GRIMANI PALACE —ARSENAL — ARMORY—THE BUCENTAUR, AND FORMER CEREMONIES — ORIGIN OF THEM — PICTURES IN DUCAL PALACE—ARMENIAN MONKS—ISLE OF LIDO—MANUFACTORIES OF VENICE—PRACTICE OF SINGING TASSO, &c.

THE incidents of to-day have been equally interesting with any preceding adventures. The first visit was to those dreadful instruments of despotic power, to those prisons of Venice, unknown to all save the government and their jailer.

Such was the Senate of Venice; mere suspicion of disaffection to the state sufficed for torture; and who is he that ever dared to question that dreaded tribunal? The sufferer disappeared, mayhap he might return; mayhap his blood had already besprinkled his prison walls, and there was none to avenge his wrongs.

The prisons I saw to-day were of this nature; they adjoin the Ducal palace, and were known only to the governors. The communication between the tribunal in the palace, where the accused was arraigned, and the horrid cells where confined, was by a covered stone bridge over the intermediate canal, which was so appropriately named, and so well known as the Bridge of Sighs: *Il Ponte dei Sospiri.* At the foot of this bridge are

those Pozzi, or horrid cells where the hapless victims were incarcerated. They are small, dark, damp. Once a day, for a brief interval, while they took their wretched meal, a light was allowed, and some of the captives had employed these few minutes in scratching their names, together with some memento of their feelings on the wall, which sad inscriptions may yet be traced.

One unhappy being had here dragged on sixteen years of life, and was liberated only owing to the invasion of Venice by the French. Yet his restoration to freedom was sorrowed by a misery consequent upon his long detention in darkness; for his eyes were unable to bear the bright light of heaven whence he had been so long excluded, and he became totally blind the instant he gazed upon it.

From these Pozzi the prisoners were led in the dead of night to a cell upon the Bridge of Sighs, and being here strangled, or beheaded were thrown into the canal beneath. Death was also the penalty to any one who sought to explore this canal in any mode, or to seek for the corpses which its gloomy waters concealed.

In these dreadful subterranean vaults we were also shown the dark spot where the hangman did his office; and the captive's cell besprinkled plainly with human blood.

Happy, happy England! in thy favoured land

still flourishes freedom, with equal distribution of law and justice, openly, and in the face of heaven. May thy sons never so abuse these privileges as to forfeit them; and if not duly sensible of such inestimable blessings, let them in foreign lands feel the iron tyranny of despotic will instead of the equitable liberty allowed to them in their own!

Besides these horrid receptacles, there were others yet more hideous—down beneath, and buried in the waters.

These however, to their praise be it spoken, the French destroyed; as well as that terrible Lion's Mouth, wherein any one from pique, revenge, or other base passion, might throw an anonymous fabrication of treason or conspiracy against the state, and thenceforward woe to the wretch thus miserably snared.

From the Prisons we proceeded to the Grimani Palace. The collection of antique sculpture here is the fruit of many years of labour and research; but what collection can satisfy after the Vatican? Thus it is, that enjoyment is limited in proportion as judgment is matured, and taste is attained.

The chief boast of this collection is a statue of Marcus Agrippa, supposed the only one in existence, and formerly in the Pantheon. The size is demi colossal; the figure nude; in his right hand he grasps a sword, the sheath being suspended

from the shoulders by a *balteus*, or belt of twisted cords.

In one of the rooms up-stairs was a bust which made me smile at the time, and since. It is called a young Hercules; the Nemæan lion is plain; yet, in the general look, the open eye, and curly hair, it resembles so strongly a handsome young lady whom we knew at Florence that I was instantly struck with the likeness, and my friend with me equally so.

The tour of the arsenal came next, a glorious monument of the former naval pride, and supreme maritime dominion of Venice.

Its circumference is three miles, while its entry is graced by two Lions taken "*triumphali manu*" from the Piræus, or Arsenal of Athens.

The Venetians are now restricted by treaty from building large vessels, and little or nothing was therefore in progress; some bulky sixty-four gun ships, half finished by the French, seem left to rot upon the stocks.

We went into the rooms containing the models of various vessels, with curious naval and other machines, &c. In one of them is a bust of the Venetian hero, Admiral Emo, further graced with appropriate trophies by Canova. We also explored the Foundery, and the Cordage manufactory; this latter is 1000 Venetian feet long,* and was planned by Palladio.

* A Venetian foot is above an inch longer than an English.

Among the curiosities in the Armory is a complete suit of armour worn by Henry IV of France, and presented by him to the Venetian Senate when he had been enrolled as a "*Gentiluomo Veneto*:" a Buckler given by the King of Persia: many arms from the Ottoman Porte; a Leather Bomb; and a dreadful instrument of torture formerly used by the Venetians, being a Strangling Machine, called the *Guadiana*. It resembles a half suit of armor; the offender was buried mid way in the earth, and this being then put on, the upper part of the body was contracted and screwed till the irons had crushed the frame.

The wretch, Francis Carrara, Prince of Padua, has also here several mementoes for the execration of posterity. Among them there is an iron collar for the neck, which being too tight, lacerated the skin, and admitted the poisoned points with which it was studded.

In this Arsenal is also religiously preserved that singular memento of Venetian arrogance, and Venetian festivities, the Bucentaur. All who have seen it agree that it may once have been a very splendid bark from its profusion of gilding, &c. but that it always must be deemed a very clumsy vessel. The one now shown may be above 100 years old. It was on Ascension Day that all ranks, headed by their Doge in person, came forth annually to swell this triumphal and festive pomp. Gallies, yachts, gondolas innumerable, accompa-

nied the Duke and his nobles, music and parade were superadded to the scene, and thus they slowly rowed on to the Isle of Lido.

Here the sovereign taking the ring from his finger, gave it to his betrothed wife, the Adriatic, by dropping it into her bosom, repeating these words. "We espouse thee, O Sea, in token of our just and perpetual dominion." (*Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum veri, perpetuique dominii.*) And thus the marriage ceremony was consummated.

This singular usage dates from the æra of Alexander III and the Doge Ziani in the twelfth century: for this Duke having, in behalf of the Pontiff, attacked the hostile fleet of Barbarossa, and having been favoured by fortune with a complete victory, and the capture of the Emperor's son Otho; his Holiness, in grateful acknowledgment, gave him a ring, commanding him henceforth and for ever, annually, with such a ring to espouse the ocean, promising that his bride, the sea, should ever be obedient and subject to his sway, and to his dominion of the waves, even as a wife is subject to her husband.

We then went over some other state apartments of the ducal palace. Their size and decoration may be passed over, but not their pictures.

I believe I have somewhere spoken too lightly of Paul Veronese, and I ought now therefore the

more readily to acknowledge his extraordinary force, coloring, and finish, as here displayed. In that style of art termed the Venetian school, so full of glowing colors, rich draperies, velvets and satins, allegory and parade, Paul Veronese seems, at least in this palace, to excel even beyond competition. His female faces are much the same, and certainly very different from Venetian physiognomy; but in his allegories every attribute is appropriate and perfect; it is Venice herself whom we see, haughty and beauteous, sitting in the azure clouds, and frowning on the admiring, vassal world.

Titian also has surpassed himself in these productions of his pencil. There is a picture by him in the Great Hall, representing a Doge, St. Mark, and Faith, being a large allegorical painting formerly at Paris. I do not think it possible to conceive or to paint finer than this. Carletto Cariari, a son of Paul Veronese, has also extraordinary merit; together with a "*Gentiluomo Veneto*" Contarini, who has contributed a representation of the Siege of Verona, which I deemed as noble a battle scene as I had ever admired.

Yesterday was occupied in paying a visit to a fraternity of Armenian Monks, who occupy the little island of St. Lazzaro, and who devote their time to literary, and scientific pursuits. One of the brotherhood accompanied us to the several

libraries and studies, showing us also the various works in oriental languages then in progress through their own printing press.

This society has been established here above a century; was left free by the French, and still remains under the protection of Turkey. To those who travel into the East they teach the oriental tongues.

I must notice the ready attention they show to all foreign visitors like ourselves, who thus intrude upon their time, obtaining no other recompense than the thanks which we thus willingly offer them.

We afterwards ordered our gondoliers to row us to the island of Lido. Here we landed, and roved on the shores of the expansive Adriatic, amusing ourselves with picking up the shells with which the beach is so plentifully strewed, without the admixture of a single pebble, or stone. It is from these adjacent shores that some of the choice specimens of conchology are gleaned.

This islet has a plain sufficiently large for the exercise and manœuvring of a body of cavalry; a portion is also allowed to the Jews as a cemetery.

The only horses to be seen by Venetians were kept here by our countryman, Lord Byron, during his stay at Venice, and to this isle his lordship regularly rowed every day in order to obtain a gallop.

I had much wished to see an early production

of Canova which is in the Barberigo palace. Dædalus fixing wings on Icarus; but after two several attempts, we found it unattainable.

Venice has been famed for its manufactory of glass; and is still famed for its gold chains. I took much interest in exploring some of the principal glass factories, and in watching the various processes which the workmen exhibited for our inspection; but it were superfluous to expatiate upon a manufactory at Venice which is now so far excelled in England.

The gold chains are however still peculiar to this city. So exquisitely minute are they as to be worked only by the assistance of microscopic glasses; while the beautiful specimen which my companion procured to bring home was bought, by recommendation, of a jeweller on the Rialto.

There is one further object of much interest at Venice, although in alluding to it, I avow myself to be entirely guided by the reports of others; not having, individually, either met with it, or sought it.

I allude to that ancient and classical custom of the *gondolieri* chaunting alternately, and in regular succession, the stanzas of Tasso, and Ariosto.

The Venetians are a musical nation; their veneration for the authors of the Jerusalem and the Orlando is very great, and there are, or were, many of the lower orders, besides the *gondolieri*, to whom the practice was familiar of singing aloud

some portion of their favourite bard, and if aware that a husband, or son, &c. could possibly hear them, however distant, they would vociferate their stanzas while their friend alternately responded.

But this practice was common among the *gondolieri*, although now almost forgotten by all, and renewed with difficulty but by few.

It was in the hours of ease and leisure, that the gondolier would thus indulge. While reclining in his boat amid the tranquil waves, and when scarce a sound murmured through the air; frequently in the calm and soothing hours of the moon, he would burst forth in song; Tasso would be the bard, and he might not long chaunt those well-known themes ere some distant voice would respond in alternate strophes; and thus they would continue to the utmost extent of their memory, even though their song were protracted throughout the night.

This knowledge, and familiarity of the lower orders with the strains of their great bard is a peculiarity of Venice. Individually speaking I felt prepossessed in favor of a city where poesy, and song are appreciated and cherished even by the humblest beings of the state; but that I may not give too romantic a hue to the coloring of my picture, I must add that occasionally this recitative is harsh, loud and unmusical, deficient both in voice and flexibility; while it is distance only

that wafts it gratefully to the ears, and by which medium those impressive feelings may be excited which Ariosto, and Tasso are wont to inspire.

I must further observe that these effusions thus poured forth are, I believe, invariably not in the Tuscan, but in the Venetian, dialect.

CHAPTER XLI.

JOURNEY TO TURIN—VICENZA, AND ARCHITECTURE BY PALLADIO—OLYMPIC THEATRE—VERONA—ANCIENT AMPHITHEATRE—HISTORY OF CITY—MONUMENTS—SHAKSPEARE—ROMEO AND JULIET—TOMB, AND SARCOPHAGUS OF LATTER—LAGO DI GARDA, OR BENACUS—SIRMIONE—CATULLUS, AND VIRGIL—GORGONZOLA—MILAN—CATHEDRAL—OPERA, AND PALLERINI.

THE most memorable objects, hitherto, in our journey to Turin have been the architectural beauties which so abound at Vicenza, anciently Vicentia, or Vicetia, the birth-place, and the burial ground of the immortal Palladio.

This name is known and honored throughout Europe; yet it is at Vicenza that some more adequate ideas may be formed of the powers, and beauties of architecture when its symmetry, its proportions, ornaments, and style, are directed by such taste and genius. It is doubtless a proof of superior merit that the creations of Palladio will satisfy the critic; while at the same time they strike, and please the most careless observer.

There are here various beautiful palaces by this artist; one of which, built for the Capra family, was a model for the grander erection of the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick.

The church of the Madonna, on Monte Berico,

has an arcade more than a quarter of a mile long; but the circumstance of the present church being an alteration by Palladio from an antique edifice has naturally much cramped his powers. The adjacent Triumphal Arch, also by him, will arrest the attention, and be found worthy of the artist.

In the public building of Il Palazzo della Ragione, the façade exhibits open arcades, with the purest specimens of the Doric order, surmounted by the Ionic.

There are one or two public gates of his erection, but his greatest work here is the original, and bold design of an ancient Olympic Theatre.

This covered building exhibits a stage front decorated throughout its entire length, not with mimic painted canvas, but with admirable bassi rilievi, representing the labors of Hercules; statues, Roman and Grecian, in niches, and on pedestals; together with graceful columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order. In the centre appears one grand gate; there are two smaller ones also in front, and two lateral. These several gates open into "streets of palaces, and rows of state," with temples vanishing in distant perspective.

In front is the stage; then the orchestra in the *podium*, or pit, while beyond these rise the seats for the spectators; thirteen ranges disposed in an elliptical form, crowned at their summit with balustrades, statues, and Corinthian . columns;

forming an edifice equally admirable for its intrinsic beauty, and unique representation of the ancient Grecian stage. It records on its front this inscription:

Virtuti ac Genio.
Olympicor. Academia. Theatrum. Hoc.
A. Fundamentis. Erexit.
Ann. 1584. Palladio. Archit: *

Palladio died while this monument was yet in its early progress, and Scamozzi was decreed to complete it. It is no little grief, and shame to add that this immortal artist, Palladio, was buried nobody knows where, excepting in some part of the church of S^a^ Corona at Vicenza, and that his bones lie undistinguished from the common throng even by a name.

In the evening we reached Verona, and hastened, though the sun was then rapidly dimming his beams, to view the ancient Amphitheatre, cotemporary with the reign of Trajan, and inferior only to the Coliseum of Rome. Its form is elliptic; it contains sixty-four Vomitories, forty-four ranges of steps; with two grand principal gates; while its magnitude is best conceived by its capacity of accommodating nearly 24,000 people, although very recently there have been numbered within its circumference more than 60,000 spectators.

* To virtue and genius; The Olympic academy erected this Theatre from its foundations in the year 1584, Palladio being the architect.

Of the once lofty, graceful, outer circular wall, there remains but the little portion of three stories of four arches, rising about eighty feet high. The whole construction is of the most massive blocks of stone; and it is supposed that the Tuscan order of architecture prevailed.

Within these few years, and, I believe, chiefly by the order of Napoleon, this ancient structure was rescued from impending decay, and was thoroughly cleared from the disgraceful huts, and sheds that had burrowed within it; although I am bound to add that the Veronese had, previously, from time to time, voted various sums for the conservation of this glorious relic of their Roman ancestry. This care having been continued, this Amphitheatre remains at this hour as perfect in all its inner arrangements as when first crowded by the ancient masters of the world.

Yet this very care, so laudable, destroys that veneration with which we are wont to approach, and explore the productions of antiquity. When viewing this theatre, apparently so new with modern work, it seems an effort for the mind to revert to its hundreds of years of age; and we, involuntarily, contrast it with its parallel, the Coliseum, those ever venerable, shattered ruins, so picturesque in their fall; o'ergrown with ivy, and the moss of centuries, so silent and so dignified; reminding us, amid such wrecks and desolation, of

the furrows, and grey hairs of old age, which need no tale to tell how many years have passed away.

But this destruction of antique veneration is as nothing compared with the modern barbarism of filling up the entire arena by a pitiful wooden play-house, where the French, first, amused themselves at any rate, if they shocked every one else, by acting some sort of a comedy; which trumpery erection still remains, and is, I believe, still, occasionally, used for the same purpose.

There have been two grand shows given here, deemed worthy of particular inscriptions.

The one was the presence of the Emperor Joseph II, with his queen and nobles, at a Bull-fight; the other was the Blessing bestowed upon the kneeling crowds by Pius VI.

Verona itself has much beauty of situation to recommend it:—the Adige, anciently the Athesis, runs through it, dividing the town into two unequal portions, while in the remoter distance are seen the Rhetian Alps.

In the annals of Roman literature it may boast the names of Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, Pliny the Elder, and Vitruvius; while, more modern, we may add Paul Veronese.

Its history presents, naturally, the same series of disasters and vicissitudes incidental to every province of ancient Rome, more particularly to Verona, as being a northern frontier, and a ready

communication from Germany to Italy. Its foundation has been asserted to date from the Gallic chief, Brennus, above 300 years B. C. and we remember that it was in the commencement of the fourth century that Verona sustained a gallant siege by, and ultimately surrendered to Constantine, opposed by the intrepid general, Ruricius Pompeianus, but who, like his master, Maxentius, was fated so soon to fall.

In the recent wars of France, a cessation of hostilities was obtained by a compact in which the Adige was declared the boundary, and partition of the territory, and city of Verona; the one portion being yielded to Austria; the other incorporated with the then termed Italian Republic.

There is here an ancient Gate, erected in the reign of Gallienus, about the year 260, having two gateways, one, I presume, for entrance, the other for exit; while in another public street are two Gothic tombs, erected by the noble Scaligers for themselves, yet which have preserved their light, fantastic Gothic tracery, and ornaments, unimpaired and uninjured, though thus publicly exposed for 500 years.

But there is another monument at Verona, to me fraught with as deep an interest as any I have yet seen, or spoken of. With what feelings of fond, and pensive melancholy did I approach that shrine sacred to hapless, blighted love, and

immortalised by the brightest poetry of Shakspeare:—The Tomb of Juliet.

The approach to this tomb is little consonant with the feelings such a spot must excite. The avenue is marked by neglect, and desolation: the place of the "Monument of the Capulets" was converted into a garden belonging to a monastery of Franciscan Friars; they have been turned adrift, dispossessed, and ruined; their convent is now a Charity School; the Garden sacred to Juliet is a desart; a wilderness.

Yet my soul was absorbed in the recollections of Shakspeare; of Romeo; of Juliet: I heeded nought else, and slowly walked on pondering o'er the sad funereal pomp that erst had borne a bride,

> "Flower as she was,"

not to a husband's love, but to a living grave: I bethought me of those mournful chances that changed bliss to woe; when, in the words of the blighted father,

> "All things that we ordained festival
> Turn from their office to black funeral;
> Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
> Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse."

And, thus meditating, I stood in the spot of that "ancient receptacle" where Juliet was entombed:

> "In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,
> Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
> Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie."

The very stone sarcophagus, asserted as that which once entombed the living Juliet, is here; it has been shattered by the thunders of war, and by the lightnings of heaven, but still it remains in tolerable preservation; and shows the various orifices for the admission of air, with the impress made purposely in the stone for Juliet to recline her head.

I was much affected; I mused with deepest interest o'er the fate of these hapless lovers, as the tale, too true, is sung by their deathless bard; and with such feelings, I hastily inscribed, with a pencil, a slight effusion in the book kept for such purpose:

Ah! hapless pair! at whose deep woes
So oft I've sighed sincere;
Here, at thy shrine, my heart bestows
The homage of a tear.

Snatched by some pitying power above,
Far from this world of strife,
Now joys thy brightest, ardent, love
In purest realms of life.

Those transient pangs of earth, now past,
Immortal fame have won;
From age to age that tale shall last
Which Shakspeare's muse hath sung.

Circumstances obliged us to vary our intended route to Turin, and instead of passing through Mantua, Cremona and Lodi, to arrive there, viâ Milan. By this deviation we have seen, and par-

tially explored one of the noblest, and most classical Lakes of Italy, Il Lago di Garda, or, as Virgil terms it, the Benacus.

The extreme breadth of this lake is about ten miles, its length nearly forty, and its depth, in some parts, between 2 and 300 feet.

It certainly does not rank in picturesque beauties, great as they are, with the Lake of Como, or the Lago Maggiore; but all its banks are classical, and all its streams are sung.

We first beheld it at the fortress of Peschiera, and after riding by its banks for a few miles we sent our carriage forward to Desensano, and walked to the town, and promontory of Sirmione, which forms a peninsula in the lake. Here we roved exploring the remains of the villa, and the grottoes of Catullus, and marking those beauties of nature, those soft scenes of cultivation, with the distant bolder, rocky, Alpine views which he also had viewed, and delighted to sing.

We then embarked on the lake, while a row of four miles on its tranquil waters brought us to Desensano, and to our destined inn, La Posta Vecchia. While at dinner, and with windows open, we feasted on the prospect of the sun setting apparently amid the clear and glassy waves, where zephyrs only wantoned; and gazed with calm pleasure upon the purply tints and wanton colours cast in such misty, varying shadows upon the

mountains, and all around, by the last beamy rays from Apollo's golden car. This luxuriant landscape, and tranquillity was the more memorable because we contrasted it, in imagination, with the sudden, furious turbulence and rage by which the lake is occasionally agitated, and to which Virgil alludes in Georgics ii, l. 160.

This Lago di Garda flows into the Mincio, or Mincius, a name well known to all who have read the Mantuan bard, and this latter stream again into the Po; the ancient Eridanus, one of the noblest rivers of Southern Europe; flowing more than 300 miles; receiving thirty tributary streams; and giving irrigation, fertility and beauty to fifty towns and cities.

This "King of Floods" finally disembogues itself in the Adriatic.

In our rapid progress to Milan we, nevertheless, found time to stop at the village of Gorgonzola, to admire a church opened for divine service within the last year, and erected at the expense of the Duke of Serbelloni.

This edifice by Simeon Cantoni is well worth a traveller's notice; to my eye and judgment it appeared equally appropriate, symmetrical, and chaste.

We reached Milan at four o'clock.

Rome, Florence, Naples, all these must yield to this city in the general display of modern architectural pride; in the breadth and grandeur of

its Corso, and in the glitter of its streets, and shops.

Of the very few hours we could spare in this second visit some portion was again given to the Cathedral, and to the impressions conveyed by its solemn, venerable aisles; its lofty vaulted roof, and clustered pillars; its sculptured saints, and martyrs' tombs, which dimly shown, and tinged with many a *sombre* hue, reflected by the sun's fading rays glimmering through the lofty, antique painted glass; inspired the soul with holy, pensive thoughts, and bade us wish that we, like those honoured effigies around us, might thus repose in peace.

From this serious mood we adjourned to a very different scene; to the Opera: the last night of performance. My disappointment was great in neither hearing Bellochi, or Schirra, whose melodious strains still vibrate in my ears, although such a time has elapsed since I before heard them here; but I am bound to acknowledge the gratification I felt in the warblings of the Signore Pisaroni and Tosi; not omitting to notice the fine bass voice of Lablanche.

The opera, L'Esule di Granata, was by Meyerbeer; it seemed a composition of great vigour of mind; occasionally some sweetest strains; and, above all, it was original.

There were two Ballets; the dresses and parade were endless; that of Alfred the Great was deficient in the grand requisites; interest and meaning; it seemed produced only to display expense, and magnificence; but in the other ballet, *Nina pazza per l'amore*, I looked, and I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on my favourite, the incomparable, Pallerini. She felt, or seemed to feel, and made all around vibrate with her to every vicissitude of her changeful fate: her joy, when happy in her lover's choice; her black despair when forced to abandon him; when at one moment decked with smiles and roses, in the next, oppressed with woe, she sinks to the earth, and rises pallid, and disheveled; reason fled! Then displaying all the terrors, and all the blanks of madness; sometimes a transient gleam of returning sense, some scalding tears, some strugglings of the mind to cast the foul fiend off, and bring conviction back again: finally, and gradually, the triumph of reason, with the restoration of peace and happiness! These changeful emotions easily felt, hard to feign, did Pallerini pourtray;—with how much truth and pathos, the deep interest she excited was proof. This Opera detained us till past one in the morning; I went home with my friend, and here we parted. Our routes are now, unavoidably, different, and after a long and amicable association

we have, at length, separated: it is, though, but for a time; and I may add that the regret is mutual.

In less than one hour the carriage was at the door, and after two days further rumbling I am just arrived at Turin.

CHAPTER XLII.

TURIN GENERALLY—PICTURES IN THE PALACE—ANTIQUITIES OF MUSEUM—TABLE OF ISIS—SANTISSIMO SUDARIO, AND CHAPEL—CHURCHES, AND LA SUPERGA—HISTORY—ROYAL MAUSOLEUM—MONTE VISO, AND THE PO—SUZA—MONT CENIS—CONVENT—HANNIBAL—GALLERY IN THE ROCK—PONT BEAUVOISIN, AND CUSTOM HOUSE—LYONS—FOUNDATION—HUMOUROUS ALLUSION TO BY JUVENAL—PARIS—MONSIEUR REGNAULT—ENGLAND—CONCLUSION.

TURIN has pleased me more than I had expected: the regularity, cleanness, and extent of its streets; the spacious promenades around the city; the grandeur of its squares; its many churches; with its architectural decorations in every quarter arrest the eye, though they may not always satisfy the rigid critic.

Besides these enumerations here is a situation at the very base of the gigantic, fantastic, snow and cloud capt Alps, with Monte Viso;—wonders of nature whose summits have ever been admired but ne'er profaned by the haunt of man; while here further are wonders of art in fortifications not only above, but below ground, more extensive, and stronger than were, before their late destruction from invasion, to be found in any other city of Europe. To range through the Arsenal only, and to examine its many departments, occupied me nearly one entire day.

I have also been much gratified with the collection of pictures in the royal palace, and from which the French despoiled His Sardinian Majesty of above three hundred.

The rarities which most struck me were two paintings by Vandyck of Charles I with his three children:—A Venus by Carlo Cignani:—St. Jerome by Guido; and a St. John by the same:—Albano's Air, Earth, Fire, and Water:—Gentileschi's Annunciation:—Rembrandt's Resurrection of Lazarus:—Two matchless Claudes. One Gerard Dow; and two by Micris; also one entire room filled by about fifty of Breughel's choicest cabinet productions, snatched away by the French at one fell swoop, though at length restored.

In the Museum, the objects of art peculiar to itself are:—The Table of Isis; the oldest, and most valued Egyptian relic in the world; its antiquity may be between 3 and 4000 years; its numberless hieroglyphics have been admirably copied and engraved by the French, spite of the injuries from time, and the yet greater barbarity of its having served not long ago as a table for soldiers, whose ruthless violence has much disfigured it. This table is a perpetual feast, and provocative to antiquarian lore, though no one has, I believe, hitherto absolutely decided and proved whether its mysterious characters are an exposition of Laws, Politics, Science, or Religion.

There are, also, some antique swords, and helmets of singular beauty; with a thunderbolt of Jove, supposed once grasped in his imperial hand of marble, brass, or bronze; and further there is a collection of medals of the happiest design, and allegorical beauty, ordered by Napoleon in his proudest days, all commemorative of his omnipotence, and of the grandeur of France; and a similar set to which were placed by him in the foundations of the noble bridge which he has here thrown over the Po.

The Chapel attached to the Cathedral boasts of possessing one of the rarest, and most precious relics of the christian faith: *Il Santissimo Sudario.*

This article of devotion is deemed so sacred as to be exposed but very rarely; the last exposition was to the present Pope * when he passed through Turin on his way to his dominions; while twenty, or thirty years sometimes elapse between the repetition of the ceremony.

The Chapel in which this treasure is preserved was built by Guarini; the materials are entirely black marble brought from the neighbourhood of Como. Its dimensions are noble; the general design magnificent; but the artist having introduced a cupola of a novel, and fantastic design, intersections forming a kind of triangular lattice work, he has been greatly censured as debasing the

* Pius VII., lately deceased.

steady rules of architectural dignity. I beg leave to differ from those who argue thus. The chapel struck me as doing honour to the artist who erected it; nor do I assent to those arbitrary laws which would restrict an architect of such acknowledged powers as Guarini from displaying a fantasy of taste in the interior construction of a cupola.

The church of San Lorenzo is also by him; and displays all his peculiarities, and singularities of construction.

That of Santo Filippo Neri, built by Guivarra, ought also to be seen.

But there is another church at Turin which, independently of its intrinsic beauty, and grandeur, is yet more memorable from its historical recollections.

In 1706 the French were besieging Turin. Prince Eugene, and the King of Sardinia, Victor Amadeus, were encamped on a lofty hill about four miles from the capital, and on this spot they made a vow to the Virgin that if she gave the battle to them that here they would erect a magnificent church to her honor.

Fortune crowned them with victory on September 7th; but these princes kept their oath religiously, and this sumptuous church is the fruit; being a truly noble edifice, and built at a most enormous expense, owing, among other matters, to the additional cost of dragging the materials up so

long, and steep an ascent. It was completed in less than twenty years.

The Superga commands prospects which alone are worth the toil of mounting to it. The church, with all its accessories of beauty and taste, is maintained in the highest state of preservation; while the apartments allotted for the canons are immediately contiguous.

Within the church is seen this inscription:

Virgini Genetrici,
Victorius Amedeus, Sardiniæ Rex,
Bello Gallico Vovit;
Et Pulsis Hostibus
Fecit:—Dedicavitque.*

Beneath the church is the royal sepulchre. Three sovereigns, with their respective queens, and offspring, here repose in peace.

An inner chamber is appropriated to the Princes of Carignano.

According to custom, the last deceased monarch's tomb, and sculptured regalia, are placed in the middle of the sepulchre; when another king takes that place, his predecessors are then consigned to their proper recess.

Some of the best sculpture here below is by a Torinese artist, named Collini.

* To the Virgin Mother:—Victor Amedeus, King of Sardinia, vowed this church, during the Gallic War; and the enemy being defeated, for Her he hath built it, and dedicated it.

This royal mausoleum is well worth seeing; though I could hardly forbear smiling, while reading them, at the labour, and toil of giving some decent difference to the fulsome, endless adulations with which the memory of these sovereigns was loaded.

Turin was anciently known as Taurinum, and as Augusta Taurinorum; it is memorable as having yielded to Constantine after a desperate battle in the adjacent plains with the troops of Maxentius; and as the classic, and magnificent Po which bathes its walls is so often alluded to, and immortalised by the fictions of the poets, particularly by Claudian, Ovid, and Lucan, as well as by Pliny the Elder, b. iii. as it takes its rise also from Mount Vesulus, or Viso, in this neighbourhood, alluded to by Virgil, and distinguished for its pine trees—"*Vesulus pinifer*," (Æneid, x. v. 708.)—what tranquil pleasure greater than to explore its oft sung streams!—but a few days was all that could be spared for Turin, and, accordingly, on Tuesday morning I set out for Lyons, anticipating by the route of Mont Cenis a repetition of that sublimity of scenery which I had so admired by the other two grand Alpine passes of the Simplon and St. Bernard.

Our journey by the Diligence occupied four days and nights, having slept successively at Susa, St. Michel, Chamberry, and Bourgoin.

Suza, it may be recollected, was besieged, burnt,

and conquered by Constantine, A. D. 312, during his civil wars with Maxentius for the sole possession of the sovereignty. The conquest of Suza was followed by the more difficult and splendid achievement of the capture of Turin; the victory and surrender of Verona; and finally, by the death of the tyrannical and abandoned Maxentius in the Tyber, from the breaking down of the Milvian Bridge, close to Rome.

But to revert to our journey.

In point of picturesque grandeur, and sublimity of scenery, Mont Cenis, generally speaking, falls so short of the Simplon as not to admit of much comparison. Some few spots there certainly are, on the descent into Savoy, on which I gazed, and gazed, with those feelings of awful admiration, and expanding delight inspired by such wonders of nature, which bear not the impress of man's dominion, but remain, from age to age, in the same stupendous grandeur as when first rudely piled by the great hand of the Creator.

Yet there is much to interest in this passage. On one portion of the mountain, and at an elevation of more than 5000 feet above the level of the sea, is a plain of some miles extent where verdure blooms for a few months every year, spite of Alpine snows; and here is also a lake of about three miles in circumference, in certain parts almost unfathomable, and very famous for its fine trout.

On this plain is the Convent, having much the

same benevolent pursuits, and views as its sister institutions on the Simplon and St. Bernard. Its foundation is, I believe, as old as the date of Charlemagne.

It was in its highest glory during the reign of Napoleon, when its walls would contain 2000 men and 300 horses.

The various houses of refuge with the number of men employed in the constant preservation of this pass are, however, kept up complete; and Mont Cenis is therefore that one main entrance into Italy which throughout the year is always practicable.

Among the conflicting opinions and arguments as to the passage of Hannibal into Italy, this pass of Mont Cenis, or its vicinity in these Cottian Alps, has been assigned. Where so much probability, although no certain proof exists, imagination may be allowed to indulge; and classic recollections will therefore make this ground doubly dear.

Still advancing, and on the very confines of France and Savoy, the road becomes one of those monuments which immortalises the name of its founder, and proves the wonderful powers of human art and ingenuity.

Nature had forbidden the access between Savoy and Dauphiny; gigantic rocks, and granite walls defended the pass; but in 1670 Charles Emanuel II. Duke of Savoy, pierced the adamantine boundaries, and effected a road equally safe and commodious.

Yet it was reserved for Napoleon to perfect this path, and to achieve that stupendous rocky gallery more than 2000 feet long, and perched aloft amid the clouds; for it is on emerging from its gloomy grandeurs that we view with the greater astonishment, far beneath us, the precipice, the torrent, and all the expanding landscape, with its varying features, alternately soft or terrific.

There was formerly an inscription in honour of the founder, but it was destroyed in the early period of the French Revolution by the French; and certainly it had the less chance of remaining to tell of this achievement of the Duke, since its greater improvements were due to Napoleon. It ran thus:—

Carolus . Emmanuel . Secundus.
Subaudiæ . Dux . Pedemontis. Princeps .
Cypri . Rex .
Publica . Felicitate . Parta .
Singulorum . Commodis . Intentus .
Breviorum . Securioremque .
Viam Regiam .
A . Natura . Occlusam .
Romanis . Intentatam . Cæteris Desperatam .
Dejectis . Scopulorum . Repagulis .
Æquata . Montium . Iniquitate .
Quæ . Cervicibus . Imminebant .
Pedibus . Præcipitia . Substernens .
Æternis . Populorum . Commerciis .
Patefecit .
Anno . M.D.C.L.X.X.*

* Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy, Prince of Piedmont, King of Cyprus; having promoted the public weal, yet

From hence the distance is but trifling to Pont de Beauvosin, in which town the bridge over the Guiers marks the boundaries of the states of France and Savoy.

I have been several times on the Continent but never was subjected to such a rigorous examination as we all underwent here.

Being first led into the *bureau d'octroi* we were desired to read the long list of prohibited articles; then we were formally asked whether we had any such matters, and finally a French *Gens d'armes* proceeded to search our persons. This latter proceeding however I escaped, owing to the circumstance of being detected in telling the simple truth; for the only suspicion I excited was about my watch fob which certainly showed something more than one watch.

Being suspected of having two I denied it, but my veracity was questioned, and I felt indignant when desired to exhibit it.

Extreme, indeed, was the disappointment of my grim grenadier when instead of his expected seizure, and his anticipated share of my fine, he pulled out, not a watch, but what I had already assured him was there, *viz.* my purse of gold, so

anxious for the accommodation of every individual, in the year 1670, opened this shorter, safer, and royal road, forbidden by Nature, never attempted by the Romans, despaired of by others; yet by perforating rocks, levelling mountains, and making paths of precipices which threatened life: thus eternally promotes the commerce of his subjects.

put for greater security:—and thus ceased all further questions and suspicions of me.

But one of my companions was not so fortunate. I was aware that he had many matters about his person for which he would much rather have paid duty than at all involve himself, but having inadvertently, and perhaps from ignorance of the French language, declared that he had not such, and such articles; and when afterwards, from some suspicions excited, he was desired to go into a private room to undress, and there a belt which he had concealed was found, all that it contained was seized, and a fine of 500 francs imposed.

This belt contained three watches, besides trinkets. Owing to some circumstances, and from a declaration that one or two of the watches had been worn, a part of this property was returned; although in the subsequent rummage of all our trunks, bags, and movables, some new silks, boots, shoes, &c. of his were further captured.

Lyons may be justly considered as a city of France second only to Paris. It's Bridges, Quays, Squares, &c. give it an air of unusual magnificence, while most of the public buildings are in the same style. It is also embellished, and enriched by two rivers flowing through it; the Rhone, and the Saone.

There are in Lyons several edifices which I should have wished to have seen; its Hospital is one; and there are in the neighbourhood many

Roman antiquities of interest and curiosity; but a strong desire to reach home beginning now to operate forcibly as well upon my companions as upon myself, our stay here was limited to one day, and that time was chiefly occupied in their Academy of Arts, or Hôtel de Ville. It happened to be the period of the exhibition, and there were some productions of these French artists, both in sculpture, and painting, claiming an higher excellence than usual.

These same rooms contain a museum of ancient art, together with many valuable Roman fragments and relics.

The classic reader will remember that Lyons is the ancient Lugdunum, founded about 1840 years since by Lucius Munatius Plancus, when Prefect here; whose merits as an author are known by the elegance of his epistolary correspondence with Cicero; and his rank, by the offices of Consul, and Governor of the Province of Gallia Celtica, or Lugdunensis.

It is to him that Horace has dedicated that pleasing Ode, the 7th of book i.

The Rhone, and the Saone are the ancient Rhodanus, and Arar; and we feel additional interest in gazing here upon these celebrated streams because we remember that it was either at, or near to Lyons that Hannibal, with his mighty army, crossed the Rhone.

Juvenal has a humourous allusion to Lyons when he says in his 44th line of 1st Satyr:

" et sic palleat
Ut———————————
Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram."

(and turn pale like an orator about to speak in public at Lyons.)

which alludes to a custom, instituted by Caligula, among the Lyonese, of a contest between orators, both in Greek, and Latin, when those who were worsted were compelled to reward those by whom they were surpassed; while, in certain cases, the vanquished orators might take the agreeable preference of being either thrashed, or ducked!

At five the next morning we started for Paris, taking the route of Moulins, Montargis, and Fontainbleau, and accomplishing the journey in three days.

At Paris neither the Louvre, nor the Luxembourg were to be seen; the former being closed in preparing for the Triennial Exhibition of the Arts, Produce, and Manufactures of France.

The promenade of Longchamps was very brilliant, and the equipages most dashing, but my intention, during the very few days I staid at Paris, was rather to recruit after much fatigue than to explore new sights, or to revisit old ones.

The only gallery of art I saw was that of a distinguished French professor, Regnault, who avows

that his chief pleasure is the delineation of feminine beauty, and whose pictures are almost all of this character.

The very large one at present occupying his time and study, represents Socrates between Vice and Virtue; and although I cannot, speaking impartially, admire all that Regnault paints, yet certainly he has here succeeded in depicting the most exquisite, and voluptuous female beauty, and which when courting man, as here she does, requires an almost more than mortal effort, or, at least, nothing less than the virtues of Socrates to fly from.

Two, or three plays by night, and two, or three lounges by day, were all that, in my impatience to reach Old England, sufficed to fill the now idle hours; curiosity had been feasted; science had been gratified; distant wonders had been explored; and I looked upon all other, and nearer objects with that comparative listlessness, and indifference so natural to the human mind when engrossed by the one hope, and approaching certainty of reaching home after long absence.

Thus feeling, I hurried to secure my place in the Calais Diligence, which journey, by the bye, occupies but about half the time it used before the late frequent passage of the English into France: I reached that port in thirty hours; crossed the channel next morning by the Rob Roy,

Steam Packet, which effected the voyage in three hours and a quarter:—sprung joyfully upon my native land, the only land of liberty, and freedom; and in a very few hours reached the consummation of all my wishes:—Home.

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